April - 25 Cents SET

True Stories from Real Life

Cline



No line of work on this great big Earth of ours is so fascinating so THRILLING—as electrical work. Just think how closely re-lated is Electricity to every great achievement of modern times— the radio, that does away with both time and distance and carries knowledge and entertainment to even the farthest lands; the globe-encircling airplane that depends upon its electrical motors to escape the dangers of sky, land and sea; the telegraph, which safe-guards trains and speeds our communications; the giant ship at sea, and the lighthouse which stands sentinel through the long night; the street car, the automobile, the industrial plant, the motion picture, the farm and the home. And millions of other activities and achievements of mankind depend upon Electricity, that mysterious force which is unlike any other power on Earththat wonderful thing which has lightened mankind's burdens and advanced civilization many centuries in a few short years.

Complete Electrical Training in 12 Happy Weeks

I have perfected an unusual course of instruction in Electricity, a course that is absolutely thorough, that is easy to master, that covers every single phase and factor of the subject, that fits you for the BIG elec-trical jobs—the HIGH-SALARIED thrilling jobs.

Three Months from Now You Can Be an Electrical Expert

I mean every word I say. I stake my reputation and the reputation of my world-famous COYNE School on my statements to you. Your success means my success! I have already started THOU-SANDS of men, young and old, on the road to permanent success and prosperity; have guided them to true happiness and independence. I have plenty of evidence to back up my claims—thousands of letters from men who never knew what it was to earn more than a few dollars per week or month until they took my splendid course in Electricity.

You Don't Need **Education or Experience**

Education or Experience

My course is not something that you merely study from books and letters. It is a practical LEARN-BY-DOING course. Every student receives individual and personal instruction in the great COYNE Shops in Chicago. Here you will find thousands of dollars worth of electrical apparatus, every bit modern and all installed for your use and instruction. Along with my shop training, you visit the great industrial organizations and power plants in this unparalleled electrical center. You learn everything about Electricity by taking my course at COYNE. That's the only way to be an Electrical Expert—a real one, a thorough one, one able to be a BIG BOSS and to command a BIG SALARY, And you can learn in twelve interesting weeks at COYNE, regardless of your education, knowledge of mathematics, or previous experience.

Free Railroad Fare

to Chicago, the Electrical Center of the World

Make this the most profitable and enjoyable time of your life. Be sure to write at once regarding my special offer of FREE RAIL-ROAD FARE to Chicago from any point in the United States

ROAD FARE to Chicago from any point in the United States.

Master Electricity right in the Electrical Cen-ter of the World. You see everything Electrical here. Along with my Shop Training you visit the big organizations and power plants—you see the greatest electrical plants in the world.

SUCCESS COUPON

H. C. LEWIS, President COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL 1300-10 W. Harrison Street Dept. 6154, Chicago, Illinois

Dear H.C.—I sure want one of those big hand-some 12x15 books, with 151 actual photographs printed in two colors. Send it quick. I'll be look-ing for it on the next mail. I want the facts with-out placing me under any obligation. Be sure and tell me all about the Free Railroad Fare and Two Free Courses.

Name .	 		8					*			×			 	
Address	 	 												 	

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Send Coupon NOW for My Big, NEW FREE Book

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Not a Correspondence Course; All Practical, Personal Training!

What do you know about antiseptics?

Here is a page of condensed information You may want to read it Better still, send for the booklet to keep

Right in the middle of reading an advertisement, do you often want to ask questions? Do you want to raise new points, or demand new light on certain aspects of the subject? We believe many people do feel this way, so we have taken the commonest questions people ask us about antiseptics and woven them into a series below. If you have additional questions, please write us.

- Q: In plain English, what is an antiseptic?
- A: In plain English, an antiseptic is a substance that retards or discourages the growth of germs or bacteria. It may also actually kill the germ growth, stamp it out. In that event the substance is not only an antiseptic. It becomes a germicide.
- Q: I have always associated the word "germicide" with burning, caustic chemicals. Is this correct?
- A: In general you are quite right. Germicides like carbolic acid, for instance, are only once removed from the searing redhot iron which preceded them in the treatment of wounds. Until recently, there was no other recourse but these corrosive poisonous germicides.
- Q: You say "until recently." Is there in fact a powerful germicide that is harmless to human tissue?
- A: Not only does such a germicide exist, but it is on sale right now at practically every drugstore in the United States and Canada. It is called Zonite.
- Q: Is Zonite comparable in strength with the burning poisonous germicides?

- A: As a matter of fact, Zonite is far stronger than carbolic acid in any dilution that can be applied to the human body. Many of the most famous hospitals in the country are using Zonite regularly in their surgical work.
- Q: You speak of putting this powerful germicide-antiseptic on a cut or scratch. I can understand that. But I have seen references to the use of Zonite as a gargle or nasal spray. How can it be suitable for uses so far apart and so unlike each other?
- A: True, the uses of Zonite are many, but really it does only one thing. It kills germs. The

At your druggist's in bottles 25c, 50c and \$1 Slightly higher in Canada



Zonite

	ZONITE PRODUCTS CO.
Postum	Building 250 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.
	se send me free copy of the Zonite or booklets checked below. (S-12)

- ☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
 ☐ Nursery and the Baby
- Feminine Hygiena
- Name

Address

City State.

germs may differ in character. They may enter through a cut or break in the skin. They may exist in drinking water. Or they may colonize on the mucous membranes that line the cavities of the body; for instance, the membranous lining of the throat and nose. That lining is the favorite breeding-ground for the germs of colds, grippe, influenza and more serious respiratory diseases.

- Q:Do dentists recommend Zonite?
- A: Thousands of them not only recommend it as a mouthwash and preventive against pyorrhea, but actually use it in their own homes. Ask your own dentist if he does.
- Q: Should it be diluted for use on these membranes of the body?
- A: Yes, according to directions in the package; but remember that even when pure it will not destroy human tissue, for it is non-poisonous and non-caustic. This is true when it is used for purposes of an enema, or for feminine hygiene. This last is where Zonite has brought about one of the most important of its reforms. No longer need women risk the dangers of bichloride of mercury or carbolic acid compounds. Zonite gives complete surgical cleanliness without danger. No chance of accidental poisoning. Zonite is safe in the hands of a child.
- Q: How can complete information be obtained about Zonite and antiseptics in general?
- A: By sending for one or all of the free booklets (see coupon).

ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY

250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

VOL. 78 NO. 2

SMART SET

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APRIL 1926

True Stories from Real Life

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Although manuscripts and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable

Apple Cores

LIFE gave to this boy the appearance of a big, rosy cheeked apple. He coveted the luscious delight of the first bite—but that he was denied.

All that he touched was the core. And whether he ate fruit or battled with fate, he was sure to see all about the richness of plenty—while he must be satisfied with what was left.

Then came a girl—and a rival—and the rival said, "She is mine first." But suddenly the boy began to fight—

Read
"Apple Cores"
in the
May SMART SET

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Would You Like to Discover the Way to Make More Money?





At the left—the agency staff of Raleigh District, Durham Life Insurance Company, Raleigh, North Carolina. All of the men in this picture, including R. F. Harward, District Manager, are enrolled with LaSalle for homestudy training in Modern Salesmanship.



in Salaries

in Salaries

"We, the undersigned representatives of the Raleigh District of the Durham Life Insurance Company, desiring to equip ourselves for better service to our Company and its policyholders, enrolled in the course of Modern Salesmanship conducted by LaSalle Extension University of Chicago, Illinois.

"We feel that the study required by this course, coupled with the training given by our own Company, has afforded us a larger vision and therefore more enjoyment from our work. Since enrolling in the LaSalle course, we believe that we have rendered more efficient service, and we do know that our salaries have shown a material increase.

"We heartily recommend the LaSalle Modern Salemanship course to all salesmen who are ambitious to improve their methods and increase their earnings."

(Signed)

crease their earnings.

(Signed) (Signed)
T. Moye J. W. Bobbitt
H. Whitford R. B. Ellis
Peele N. F. Parham
D. Johnson J. K. Dunham
W. Butts C. W. Hall
E. Barnes Cleo P. Whitford
S. B. Marley

All These Men Have Found It Thru "Modern Salesmanship"

The group of men shown in the above illustration comprise the local sales force of the Raleigh, N. C., District of the Durham Life Insurance Com-They are seasoned salesmen, all of thempost-graduates in the school of practical selling.

Unlike many salesmen, however, these men are not content to stop growing. They recognize that no man ever reaches the point in selling goods or services where he cannot improve. To them the secret of more money and greater progress lies in constantly developing and applying a more thoro and practical understanding of MODERN SALESMANSHIP. They have therefore sought training from the

largest business-training institution in the world. One and all, they have enrolled with LaSalle Extension University. Read their enthusiastic letter, at the left. Commenting on their progress, R. F. Harward, their District Manager, writes: "I have noticed a marked increase in efficiency and a material increase in the earnings of my Agents since their enrollment."

Take This Shorter Route to Increased Earnings

Is it possible to acquire a mastery of Salesmanship by extension methods?

Take O. M. Albe, for instance. As salesman for

the Lindsay Disc Sharpener Company, Cleveland, he landed the biggest order ever written for that Company - from one of the large mail-order houses of Chicago-solely on the strength of sales pointers he had got from his first assignment in "Modern Salesmanship."

On the strength of the gains made by Mr. Albe as a result of his training, he has since been made Sales Manager of that company. His work so impressed D. W. Reinohl, President of the Lindsay Disc Sharpener Company, himself a salesman of twenty-five years' experience, that he has likewise enrolled in "Modern Salesmanship."

Send for Free Copy "Modern Salesmanship"

The widespread opportunities in selling are clearly outlined in a 64-page book, "The Modern Salesman." The information it contains is of priceless value to the man seriously ambitious to make a real success in the selling field. The coupon brings it FREE.

Whether or not you have had sales experience, if you have average intelligence and will follow the LaSalle plan approach to the selling field.

the LaSalle plan, you can quickly multiply your earnings. You have often thought you would send for one of these free books. This time—for the sake of a brighter future—ACT!

ASALLE EXTENSION

FIND YOURSELF THRU LASALLE!

Dept. 450-SR

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Other LaSalle Opportunities: LaSalle opens the way to success in every important field of business.

If more interested in one of the fields indicated below, check here:

- Higher Accountancy: Leading to position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- Business Management:
 Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- Traffic Management— Foreign and Domestic: Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traf-fic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- Industrial Management: Training for position in Works Management, Pro-duction Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- Law: Training for Bar;
- Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:
 Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.

 Beating and Flance.
- Banking and Finance. Modern Foremanship and Production Methods.
- Personnel and Employment Management. Railway Station Management.

ment.
Commercial Law.
Expert Bookkeeping.
Business English.
Commercial Spanish.
Effective Speaking.
C. P. A. Cosching for Advanced Accountants.



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Opportunities in Salesmanship—If you are especially interested in learning of the opportunities in Modern Salesmanship, check below and we will send you an outline of our salary-doubling plan, together with a copy of "The Modern Salesman," also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

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Leading to position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.

1	Name	
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Present Position ... coupon

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EVERY day, every hour—everywhere you go—your Clothes talk about you. "She's Beautiful," they say,—or "She's Old-fashioned"—"She's Poor" or "She's Clever." Send for my Free Book. Learn how you can have all the beautiful things you want—stylish Clothes and hats that speak well of you—and save money at the same time!

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My Free Book "Fashion Secrets" shows how you can learn to Create Beautiful Gowns, Wraps, Hats, Lingerie, QUICKLY, EASILY, at HOME. See how give you Professional Secrets and Short-cuts to fashionable

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Get this amazing new Free Book—find out how you can be well dressed at all times. Learn how you can have THREE charming, dresses—created just for YOU—for what you now pay for one ordinary factory-made garment. I show you how to make one dollar do the work of two or three. See how you can save HALF to TWO-THIRDS on ALL of your clothing bills or earn up to \$75 a week in your spare-time!

Create the Prettiest Dresses You Ever Had

I'll Teach You to

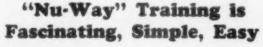
I train you the "Nu-Way" to create Clothes that bring out your natural beauties—clothes that reflect your own individuality. I bring you the Secrets of Professional Designers—teach you the little touches that separate the \$30 dress from the \$300 gown.

COUPON 3 Clothes-Making OUTFITS

Right Now I am offering three valuable Working Outfits Free of Extra Charge. Includes a full-sized Dress Form, made according to the latest improved standards. Also a beautiful Oriental Work Basket which contains 8 inch Shears, 4 inch Scissors, Buttonhole Scissors, Bodkin, Tracing Wheel, Emery, Tailor's Chalk, Needles, Dress Snaps, Hooks and Eyes, Pearl Buttons, White Cotton Thread, Black Cotton, White Cotton Thread, Black Court, Simplified Dressmaking Chart, combining Rule, Square, Front Curve, Back Curve, all Miscellaneous Curves, Skirt Gauge. Buttonhole Marker and Scallop Marker. Also

tonbole Marker and Scallop Marker. tonnoie Marker and Scallop Marker. Also Complete Millinery Outfit, including special Milliner's Side Cutting Pilers. Crinoline. Ruckram, two sizes of Ribbon Wire, White Silk Base Wire, Black Silk Base Wire, Edge Wire, Tie Wire, Thread, Milliner's Needles and Millinery Cement.

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"Nu-Way" Training includes Clothes-making, Design, Millinery, Pattern Drafting—all at the price of ONE COURSE. Also Lifetime Advisory Service. Lifetime Employment Service, Monthly Fashion Bulletin, and 3 Blg Outfits all Free of Extra Charge.

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My Book "Fashion Secrets" is the same book that has shown Thousands of women the QUICK and SURE way to Distinction in Dress with great sav-ings in money. I'll send it to you ABSOLUTELY FREE if you SEND COUPON NOW!

VEVA GIFFIN MOODY, Director of INSTRUCTION THE FASHION INSTITUTE

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Our Big Bargain for 1926!

Here it is! Our latest Fifth Avenue style silk Charmeuse dress, cut and made to our special design, and offered at a price that is simply baffling!

We have ordered just about enough of these ultra fashionable dresses to supply by mail ONE dress for each town. And since we've made it a leader (just look at the price!) a quality leader, we must tell you, Madam, "First come, first served." (A dollar deposit and not one cent C.O.D. buys the dress if you act quick—your dollar back if you don't want the dress.)

We make this sensational price and offer easy monthly payments in order to attract to our monthly payment plan many new customers who can afford to pay cash and want the biggest bargain obtainable.

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for Silk

Charmeuse

Latest Spring Style

This charming frock of lovely silk Charmeuse priced at only \$14.95, is indeed a rare bargain. All the style of real expensive garments and even more serviceable.

Attractive convertible collar can be worn high neck as illustrated or in the open neck effect if desired. Notice the pretty streamers and buttons, the smart flared skirt in front, and the stylish puffed sleeves of contrasting color silk crepe de chine. Your choice of black, navy, grey, palmetto green, pencil blue or rosewood. Sizes 34-44. Misses 16-20.

Order by No. S-1. Terms \$1.00 with coupon, then only \$2.35 a month. Total Bargain price, only \$14.95.



6 Months to Pay

Even with this special bargain price we offer you 6 months to pay! Try our plan of buying better clothes at sensational prices, and paying for them out of pin money you have heretofore frittered away. From Elmer Richards Co. you get value, that is why so many women who can afford to pay cash twice over, choose our easy payment method—then they can dress better than before out of nickels and dimes so easily saved.

To prove all this, we offer this remarkable, up-to-date, newest Spring style, silk Charmeuse Lress for \$1.00 deposit and \$2.35 a month—total \$14.95. And we'll send it to you on approval. Get it, try it on, examine for yourself the material and workmanship—see if you can duplicate it in quality or style, even for spot cash, anywhere else. If not absolutely convinced in every way, send the dress right back and your \$1.00 deposit is returned at once. You've risked not one cent to find out what we mean by our big bargain of 1926. If perfectly satisfied, take 6 months to pay. Remember, the supply of these dresses is limited. You must act quick. Send only \$1.00 deposit now!

Send "No Risk" Coupon Now

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. 1914 W. 35th Street, Chicago deposit. Send me the Silk Charmeuse Dress No. S-1. If I am

I enclose \$1 deposit. Send me the Silk Charmeuse Dress No. S-1. If I am not delighted with the dress, I can return it and get my \$1 back. Otherwise, I will pay \$2.35 a month until I have paid \$14.95 in all.

Black Grey Navy Green Blue Rosewood

Black Grey Navy Green Blue Rosewood

(Check Color Wantec)

Bust Hip Length

(Be sure to fill out the chove lines)

Name....

No Risk!
Money Back
If Not
Satisfied

Send for Free Style Book



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Maybe The Cat Has His Tongue!

TO me social life was a painful duty. I would go to a party expecting a wonderful time, but I would be slighted, forgotten, left out of the jolliness and the happiness. And each time I would go home disgusted and sore because I wasn't popular and sought after. Then one day I overheard two of the girls talking about me.

"Why, he can't even talk!" said one of them. "Every time he tries to open his mouth it is actually pathetic. All he can say is, 'Yes mam', and 'No mam'. I can't see how he'll ever amount to anything—I just heard Jack say that he wasn't making good on his new job."

"Oh, well," the other girl replied flippantly, "Maybe the cat has his tongue!"

And that was just it. All my life I had been timid and retiring. I simply couldn't converse. I had no "small talk." My best efforts consisted of a bunch of stupid banalities and commonplace remarks. When I was alone I would plan a lot of wonderful things to say, but when I got out in company my tongue would seem to freeze to my mouth. And worst of all the same trouble was affecting my business success.

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me into a good talker—an easy versatile conversationalist—almost over night. I learned how to say just the right words at the right time, how to win and hold the attention of those around me, how to express my thoughts simply and clearly, yet in a pleasing, interesting and amusing way. My self-consciousness began to vanish. Soon I had won salary increases, promotion,

popularity, power—for I found that easy fluent speech was as necessary for business success as for social popularity. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker-a brilliant, easy, fluent conver sationalist. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others-men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation. Another from a small, unimportant territory to a salesmanager's desk. Another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national

importance as a campaign speaker, a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

FREE Book Gives Full Details

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the request blank. This book is called, How to Work Wonders With Words. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position, and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by writing at once. Just mail the request blank.

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Get Ready-

I can help place hundreds of men in fine Electrical jobs at salaries from \$60 to \$125 a week. They need not be high school graduates (the grades will do) but they must be willing to devote part of their spare time to

learning Electrical principles and practice by a new Job-Method built by 23 leading Electrical Engineers, and simplified for homestudy. 3 Lessons sent you absolutely Free to prove how interesting and easy and valuable this instruction has been made.

Training Built by **D** Engineers

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Commonwealth Edison Co.
Crockte-Wheeler Co.
Crockte-Wheeler Co.
Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co.
American Yei. & Tei. Co.
Westinghouse Elec. Co.
Western Electric Co.
Underwriters Labs., Inc.
Dartmouth College
Columbia University
Massecousetts Institute
of Technology
Lehigh University
University of Vermont
AND MANY OTHERS

Your name here Mm. C. Campbell When you enroll for my home-training when you enroll for my home-training in ELECTRICITY I agree to give you. In ELECTRICITY 1 agree to give you:

1. Complete training, including Electrical

2. Four outfits of standard tools and materials.

2. Four outfits of standard tools and materials.

3. Four outfits of standard tools and materials.

3. Four outfits of standard tools and materials. including \$10 motor.

I WILL HELP YOU GET A GOOD JOB AND

A RAISE IN PAY.

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Or I will refund every come of your money. A RAISE IN PAY. By Chief Engi I will

make this contract with you:

A MILLION DOLLAR INSTITUTION stands back of this agreement to PREPARE you to fill a wellpaid Electrical job and then to help you FIND THE JOB—or to refund the small amount charged for your training! Here is your opportunity to get out of the class of under-paid, money-worried men, always out of a job or afraid of losing one. To step into the rank of men who are paid Big Salaries for what they KNOW, instead of receiving starvation wages for what they DO! Get details of this wonderful opportunity today!

PROOF! that we place men in Jobs

"I received your letter today and hurried immediately to the Bodine Electric Company, with the result that I soft the position." JOHN ALMQUIST, III,

Louisiana Public Service Co.

New Iberia, La.

'Under your caption (3-045 you have a construction superintendant whom we might be interested a construction with the interested at the construction with the construction with the construction reparting a character and qualified at 15.

have just received a notifican from the Commonwealth Edito. employment department to
to work in their concating
the I am very gratical to you
this below to grave a."

JEROME OVERHOET.

J. G. DIX, President.

Costly Electrical Outfits Given!

I send you absolutely without extra cost, as a part of this training, 4 costly outfits of standard size tools and materials, so you learn Electricity BY DOING actual Electrical jobs. One of these outfits is a \$10 Electric Motor-a real motor and generator, the same type as the big fellows in a power plant. I send it to you "knockdown" and have you wind the field and armature and assemble it. Thats the way I teach every branch of Electricity! House-wiring outfit, etc., included.

Get my job and raise offer quick

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QUICK! For a "Funniest Story"

SMART SET Readers

E. K., Santa Ana, Calif.

"MOTHER," cried little Mary, as she rushed into the farm-house they were visiting, "Johnny wants the listerine! He's just caught the cutest little black and white animal, and he thinks it's got halitosis."

H. R., e, R. I. Provid

COLORED boy: "Pap, ah needs a new pair o' shoes,"
Pap: "Ah can't buy shoes all de time.

Dem ain't so bad, is dey?"

Colored boy: "Dey sho is. De soles is so thin dat ah can step on a dime and tell if its heads or tails."

* * * *

Northport, Mich.

WO Scotchmen were riding on a train. They were both heavy smokers. first Seet said to the other:
"Have you a match?"

The second Scot handed him a match.
The first Scot feeling around his pockets
said, "By George! I 't find my tobacco."

The second Scot holding out his hand said. "Well, you won't be needin' the match then."

D. W., Roberts, Ill.

COP: "Why didn't you stop when I called to you back there?"

Driver: (With great presence of mind)
"I thought you said 'Hello, Senator'."

Cop: "Well, you see, Senator, I was going to warn you about going too fast in the next town."

* * * * C. H., Victoria, Canada.

MUMMY, what's that statue in the bathroom?"

"Hush, dear; that's the plumber."

M. K. Donora, Penn.

"HAVE you any complaint to make?" asked the prison visitor.
"Yes, I have," replied the life convict.
"There ain't nearly enough exits from this place.

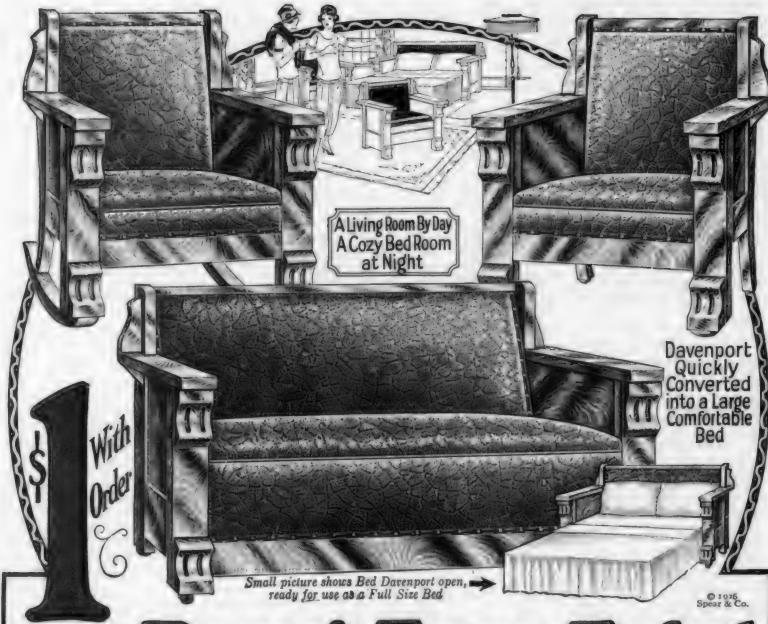
R. K., Santa Ana, Calif.

THE parson was trying to illustrate to the class of small boys what was meant by moral courage.

"Supposing," he said, "twelve boys were sleeping in a dormitory and one said his prayers. That would be moral courage "Now," he were on "can anyone give me an example?"

"Yes," answered the lad in the back row. "If

"If twelve clergymen were sleeping row. in a dormitory and one didn't say hi-prayers, that would be moral courage."



It will pay you to own this Double-Service, Bed Davenport Suite. By day it is a Comfortable Living Room Suite. By night, it is easily transformed into a cozy bedroom. The olonial design of these pieces is most attractive; you will be delighted with the high-quality upholstery. The superior materials and honest construction are assurance that this suite

will last many years. The advantages of the Bed Davenport are many: you are always ready for the unexpected guest. You can now have friends stay overnight whom you could not accommodate before. Or, here is the extra bedroom that the family has long needed. The Complete Suite will be sent anywhere on 30 Days' Free Home Trial.

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These three Pieces are Large and Comfortable. They are built of solid oak finished Golden, or of hardwood, Mahogany finish, and are air-seasoned and kiln-dried. The frames are Sturdy and Massive, with handsome Scrolls on posts. The seats and backs are covered with Brown Spanish Artificial Leather that will give enduring service. Seats are "Non-Sag" Artificial Leather that will give enduring service. Seats are Artificial Leather that will give enduring service. Seats are "Non-Sag" construction, with oil tempered coil spring supports, covered with sanitary, resilient upholstering materials, Size of bed section is 72 x 48 inches; length over all is 57 inches. Width of front posts and arms is 3½ inches, Rocker and Chair are Roomy and Comfortable; they are 20 inches wide between arms, and arms are 3 inches wide, These 2 pieces have the same quality-construction, design and finish as the Davenport. No matter where you live you can use this splendid Bed Davenport suite for 30 Days. If at the end of the trial period your astisfaction is not complete; if you are not convinced that these 3 pieces are regular \$75 value, you may return them. I will refund your first payment and all freight charges. The trial will not cost you a penny. Remember you have your choice of 2 finishes, Highly Glossed Golden Oak, or Highly Polished Mahogany. Be sure to state your choice. Order No. TA4245. Sale Price \$59.95. Terms \$1.00

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Tin Peddlers

AN EDITORIAL

NE of the most picturesque figures in the country life of America is the tin peddler. From farm to farm and village to village he drives, buying rags, iron, bottles, junk, and giving in return shiny new tin and aluminum pans and kettles.

Years ago he drove a horse; now he finds a motorcar more efficient. But the romance is the same when he swings back the doors and the sun glints on the shiny new utensils.

He wasn't so much of a worker as he was a man of the world, traveling through the countryside, carrying news from one home to another as he went. But he carried the romantic glamor of far places with him always as he traded new things for old.

Life is like that. It picks up broken threads and weaves romance of the strands. It picks up the rags the TIN PEDDLER has gathered and brings them back as shining white paper, bearing tales of romance and adventure.

THE lure of the open road has always been strong in American hearts, leading them to break new trails through the wilderness; leaving the old for the new, over and over again.

So our cities have risen above the prairies; bridges have spanned rivers; railroads have replaced the wagon trains trekking westward.

And this is true of our habits of life as well. Jazz has replaced ragtime within the last few years. Sooner or later music of a gentler sort will replace jazz.

Styles have changed so as to be more comfortable. The movies have replaced the traveling actors in the smaller centers of population.

THUS the cycle of life continues, unwavering and unbroken. Its speed never varies. If it were not for the new thoughts which enter to replace the old, we should be unable to bear the monotony.

But these new thoughts make the wheel turn—not like the flywheel of an engine, but rather like the fantastic fireworks we call pin-wheels shooting sparks and flame as they revolve.

But new thoughts do come—and new ideals—and new drawbacks. They make for progress, of course. Every time we overcome a difficulty we grow a little.

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Dare to do new things and the world will laugh at you. Accomplish your purpose and it will honor you. Reap your just reward as a pioneer and it will envy you and perhaps call names—but by this time you will have grown too big to resent it.

So the cycle of history turns, steadily, unceasingly, trading old thoughts for new, sowing, reaping, gathering the harvest of progress.

Don't Pay Me a Cent If I Can't Give You a Magnetic Personality

-5 Days FREE Proof!

What Is Sex

Magnetism?

What is that magnetic, powerful influence that draws one man to one woman—forever rresistibly? What is that strange, never-failing spark that awakens love? What is it, in man or woman, that seems to draw and fascinate—the hypnotic power that no one can resist?

O matter how lacking you are in personal force, released and magniful and discouraged you may be, I necessary than good looks. be completely transformed!

I can give you poise that banishes command! No actor, no teacher, no

self-consciousness, charm that makes you irresistibly popular, personal power that will indelibly influence the minds of others and amaze your friends.

I'll make you a fascinating force in social life, a powerful, dynamic, commanding figure in your profession. You'll become more popular, more prosperous, more gloriously successful than you ever dreamed possible!

Let me send you the proof-absolutely free! If within 5 days you do not experience a decided change in

your personality, if you do not find vourself making new friends with ease, if you do not discover yourself already on the way to social popularity, business success and personal leadership—just say so. Tell me my principle of personal magnetism can't do every single thing that I said it would do. And you won't owe me one penny!

What Is Personal Magnetism?

What is this marvelous force that raises the sick to glowing, vibrant health, the timid to a new confident personality, the unsuccessful to positions of wealth and astonishing

You have it-everyone has itbut not one person in a thousand knows how to use it! It is not a fad nor a theory. It is simply you, yourselfyour manner-your own marvelous in beautiful dark burgundy, with the title

qualities of leadership, no mat- fied a hundred fold in an amazingly ter how colorless, timid, unsuccess- clear-as-crystal, scientific way! More GUARANTEE to so magnetize your valuable than money. For without personality that your whole life will it a salesman is handcuffed! Without it a business man is powerless to

> orator, no statesman can long hold his audience spellbound without this supremely influential magnetic force!

Personal Magnetism! How easy to release it! How wonderful its results! No long study or inconvenience. Not the slightest self-denial. Just a simple, clear, age-old principle that taps the vast thought and power resources within you, releases the full sweep of your magnetic potentiali-ties and makes you almost a new person from what you were before!

Personal Magnetism is not hypnotism. Hypnotism deadens. Magnetism awakens, inspires, uplifts. Personal Magnetism is not electricity. It is like electricity in one way while you cannot see it, you can observe its startling effects. For the moment you release your Personal Magnetism you feel a new surge of power within you. You lose all fear. ou gain complete self-confidence. You become almost over night the confident, dominant, successful personality you were intended to beso fascinating that people are drawn to you as irresistibly as steel is drawn to a magnet!

The Facts Are Free

The fundamental principles of Personal Magnetism have been put into an extra large volume under the title of "The Culti-vation of Personal Magnetism." It is bound



gold embossed. Its scope is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism," "Sex Influences," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism," "The Magnetic Eye," "The Road to Power" and "The Winning Personality" are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book. A magnificent book that tells you just how to cultivate the magnetic influence of your nature.

What Others

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"I am indebted to Shaftesbury for all that I am in this world."

"All I have I owe to my daily habit of studying Shaftesbury."
"I am glad that I dared to buy the books."
"The Personal Magnetism books have raised me from poverty to my present position."
"There is nothing better."
"I would not part with them for any sum of money."
"One of the great-

"One of the greatest books I have ever seen—the greatest in existence."
"Made me a success—financially, socially and morally."
"I would not give up what Shaftesbury has taught me for \$100,000."

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your own and remit \$3 in full payment.
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All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism" for 5 days FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only \$3.00 or return the book without cost or obli-

Name	
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City .	

The April Prize Contest

"How I Won Back Her Love"

sults of the first contest in this series, together with the five prizewinning letters. Next month we will publish the winners of the second contest.

But right now I want you to think about this one. Look at the picture on page 25. Doesn't it make you remember something which has slipped away during the passing years?

Try to go back over your life in your mind. Let the years pass in review. It will help you to get a perspective and make your letter easier to write.

In Elinor Glyn's article on page 72 she talks about two kinds of girls. Read it. I'd love to know what you think of her philosophy.

And then—after clearing your mind of business and trouble write to me and tell me as simply as you know:

"How I Regained My Wife's Love."

THESE contests have started a great deal of discussion and I want you men to take part in it. Everytime we actually get down to brass tacks on a problem we find a way to solve it, and I want you each to contribute what you can.

You need not be an able writer. want your own straightforward story not a story exactly, if that makes it seem hard, but a personal letter to me. Tell

N PAGE 39 you will find the re- me, as your friend, just how it all happened. Your letter may be the means of helping others. You would be surprised to know the number of letters I get from SMART SET readers who tell me what the reading of someone else's "little drama" means to them.

> Here are the important points of the contest:

> We will give \$100 for the best letter of not more than five hundred words on the subject, "How I Won Back My Wife's Love," and \$50 each for the four next best letters.

> Write only on one side of the paper. If you use a typewriter, double space your lines.

> Address the letters care of the Contest Editor.

> Letters found unavailable will not be returned.

Contest closes March 15th.

The editors will be the judges.

We want to get the people to talking and thinking about themselves and their responsibilities. Unless we do think about such things and do our best to make the world a better place to live in, I'm afraid nobody will—because we are the folks who live in it.

Sit down now, while you feel in the mood, and write that letter.

THE EDITOR.

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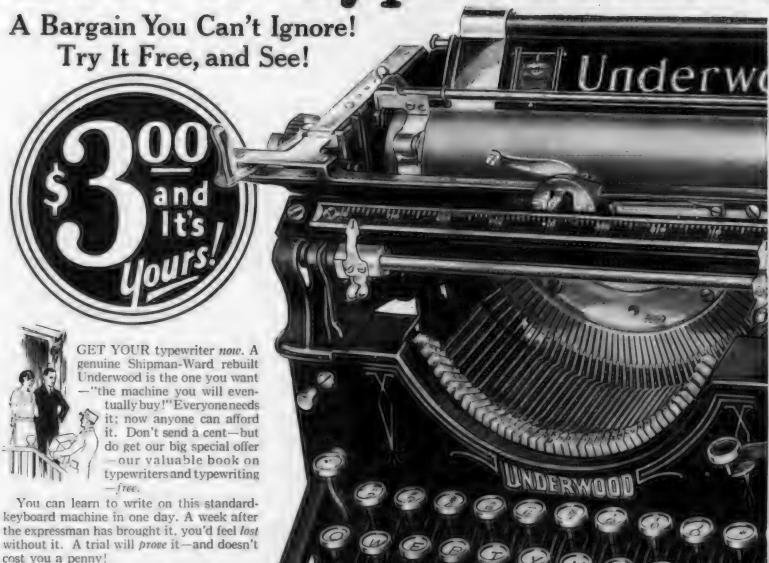
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The Underwood is so famous a make, and No. 5 so popular a model, you'll have to speak up if you want one of the lot we are just completing now!

We rebuild from top to bottom; replace every single worn part; each machine is in * sparkling condition. New typewriters are commonly guaranteed for a year; we guarantee these completely rebuilt Underwoods five years: That's our Better-Than-New Guarantee! And we guarantee a big saving in money!

We don't ask for a cent now. Nor any money at all, unless you are completely won Our plan gives you the opportunity of a thor-

by the wonderful writing machine we ship you for an unrestricted 10day free trial. When you do buy, take advantage of our very liberal scale of monthly payments. A host of our patrons have paid for their typewriters out of money

made typing work for others. (One woman made a thousand dollars at home last year with her Underwood.)

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LARGE TUBE-25 CENTS

Do you do this, too?

THEY'RE very strict in the police department at inspection time. And this officer's problem used to be watching his coat collar—dandruff.

Not any more, though, because now he's learned a way to correct it. If you're troubled the same way you'll be glad for this suggestion.

The unsightly "white coat collar"—showered with dandruff is rapidly going out of style.

And the way to correct it is a very simple one. Just mark down the following statement as a fact.

Listerine and dandruff do not get along together. Try the Listerine treatment if you doubt it.

Just apply Listerine, the safe antiseptic, to the scalp. Generously; full strength. Massage it in vigorously for several minutes and enjoy that clean, tingling, exhilarating feeling it brings.

After such a treatment you know your scalp is antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair, free from that nuisance—and danger signal of baldness—dandruff.

You'll thank us for passing this tip along to you. It's a new use for an old friend—Listerine.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

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SMART SET

True Scories from Real Life

442 RH 1

The COBBLER By HARRY LEE

From Noisy Street. Manhattan Town, and there with aut and thread and war, Bits of leather and lasts and tacks, Spectacles low on thin old nose, Bent and solemn, the Cobbler servs. Talkative customers rarely trace. An answering smile

In the sine, still room behind the store,
Are I. I-may things that Little Boy ware—
Leid any tree ways the anne way use,
Toys ang-breken; a pain of shoes—
Little and there with limits strings,
And that is the reason the old heart sings,
I'm a wait, swift first come challening down
From Nobey Street—
Manhallon Terret



HERE are a number of weeds that grow up in every man's soul. needs constant care and attention to pull these weeds up and throw them away.

is, they require good soil, and their presence therefore is not a sign of weakness, but of strength. All the same, they ought to be eradicated.

There is the weed of anger.

Another weed is worry.

Other weeds are irritability and intolerance, supersensitiveness, resentment, discourtesy, cynicism and unkindness.

To these may be added presumption, carelessness, indiscretion, disloyalty, self-disparagement and hyper-criticism.

It behooves everyone of us to keep watch over the crops growing in the soul, to cultivate those which are good and

Pull Up 0wn

and You Won't to Think of the

By Dr. Frank

then to cut out those which are bad.

Such a thing as freedom or liberty in the sense of doing as we please is irrational. We cannot trust our instincts. We are given our reason to criticize and judge our instincts, and that reason and intelligence must be used.

We are not animals and we cannot They grow up in strong souls. That rely upon the guidance of our feelings. We are men endowed with intelligence, and that intelligence must be used.

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THE best field for intelligent criticism is one's self. A Chinese proverb says: "Think of your own mistakes in the first part of the night when you are awake, and think of the mistakes of others the latter part when you are asleep."

A man has learned much when he has learned to criticize himself severely. He will find many things within himself that need pruning. Life will furnish

Your Weeds

Have Time
Other Fellow's

CRANE

him many occasions for discipline.

These occasions should not be regarded as hardships or calamities, but as opportunities for improvement.

Just as no good crop of corn can be raised in soil that will not raise weeds, so the virtues cannot thrive or flourish in soil that will produce no vices. We must struggle to keep down the evil in order that strength may be imparted to the good which we allow to grow.





inderlust

RECOGNIZED him almost instantly as an older, and perhaps more hopeless victim of the restless plague that had driven me down into the barbaric mystery of Africa. The fever men call wanderlust burned brightly in his Latin eyes as he stood in the café's doorway, sketched against the haunting dark of a Tunis night like a white-suited shadow.

He was strikingly tall, measured by my own six feet; rangey-shouldered; and, bronzed by Eastern suns until he seemed unusually hard-fibered. His was the lean jaw of a man who gets what he goes after. Inexplicably, I sensed the approach of Adventure as he came over to me.

"This seems to be about the only uncrowded table. Would you mind?" he asked, indicating the empty chair opposite me with a whip-like gesture.

You would have welcomed him, too, if you had been in my place. For the man had a romantic sort of lure about him-such a lure as the soldier of fortune has for Youth. I realized, as you would have done, that he was the West, quietly confident of his acquired place in a sinisterly hostile East.

"My name'; Eliot Tandy. I've just landed from

Marseilles," I said, half-rising and offering my hand. "Mine's Boardman," he answered, giving me his hand in the simple way of men who have put ceremony out of their lives. We sat down.

"They have an excellent native wine here, Tandy. Will you split a bottle with me?" he asked, without raising his dreamy eyes from the menu card which was not the French list I had ordered from, but one written in Arabic.

"Yes. A little wine might help me get rid of a creepy

sensation I've had ever since landing in Africa—"
"Creepy sensation?" he repeated, his eyes roving to mine long enough to bring a knowing look into his bronze face. "Oh, you mean the idea that unseen eyes are always watching you—"
"Exactly," I cried. "How did you know?"

"It's a very common sensation for white men during their first ten years or so out here," Boardman answered calmly. "I felt it myself at first."

"Sort of a spell, eh?"

"That's about what it amounts to-an ugly spell cast over Christians by these brown fanatics who even

THAT GROWS IN THE ORIENT

suspect their own shadows in the noon blaze of the Sahara," he muttered.

"How did you break it, old man?"

"There's only one way," he mused, filling our glasses with the crimson wine that had arrived in a curiously shaped bottle. "Just stick around, and go half-native. Then, you're so busy watching everybody else there's no chance to feel aware of spying eyes."

Although Boardman's voice was the caressing drawl

of America's far south—possibly Texas and Mexico fused into speech—it carried a ring of authority to me above the babble of café tables. For in its lazy liquidness ran that casual quality of conviction which invests the statements of a man who knows a thing or two about Life and Death in strange corners of the earth.

"YOU'VE been here a long time, I take it," I said, hoping to draw the man out, although I knew he wasn't the kind to do much talking himself. The mystery of who he was, and what he was, burned me with curiosity.

"I came out to the East twelve years ago as a teakwood man. Ever since, I've been drifting between Tunis and Burma."

"You're an American, too, of course. Won't you ever go back to the States?"

Boardman shook his head slowly.
"I was an American once." he admitted.
"Born in Texas. My mother was a Mexican . . . but, I'll never go back home.
Tandy, there's something about these sun

We ate the remainder of our dinner in silence, Boardman giving me the impression of a man who had drawn into himself as a penance for the sin of talking too much. Having finished the first bottle of wine with our meal, I asked him to order one on me. The stuff was very heady, and had brought a warm glow to my blood, and an increasing desire for Boardman's company on my first night in Africa.

"What's there to be done in Tunis after dark?" I asked over the first glass from our new bottle

Boardman raised his eyebrows and pursed his refined lips, which were those of the lonely wanderer, before answering. I felt that he was looking right through

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"Tandy, you didn't come here for curios, or to go bargain hunting in the bazaars. The same kind of fever that brought me here long ago, and again today, brought you. We're both the kind that burn while we stand still. That's why there are only three things for us to do in Tunis—"

"And those things?" I cut in eagerly

The scorpion-eater . . . the

dancing girls . . . and any sort of trouble to be easily found hereabouts. The scorpion-eater, jigging over cracked glass, is Africa's confession of a savagery that other countries try to hide—a mad ritual, manifesting the nature of people who prefer the raw to veneer. But that same wretch, chewing those stinging varmints as he dances, always fascinated me—always awakens the barbarian in me.

"The dancing girls symbolize the mystery and the



Her eyes were no longer affame with the hurbary of Africa

savagery of women whose blood has become impassioned by the heat of desert suns. They dramatize Africa for me," he finished, his voice having risen to a fiery crescendo, as if this subject actually aroused him.

"Some of these girls are beautiful, and quite interesting, aren't they?" I questioned. The dancing girls of Africa had always suggested romance that white men never find in their own conventional countries.

"Their mad dancing interests me, Tandy. Not their sex. I stopped thinking of women romantically years ago. So will you, if the East holds you long enough. Girls and women serve certain purposes, here in the

Orient. We—well, bluntly speaking, the East is too busy with other things to stop and go through the pretty gestures of lovemaking. Women do not expect it."

"But, what's Life all about unless there's some romance?" I interrupted, unable to comprehend how a white man of my own country could think of women in the raw Eastern fashion.

"Romance?" he peated, knitting his black brows as if the word had a different meaning in his vocabulary — a meaning that would be difficult ex-"Tandy, plaining to me. vou're ten years younger than I. To you, romance still means falling in love and courting. That's only a sentimental and passing phase of it. Lasting romance is to be found in ways other than lovemaking.'

"I don't think I get the point," I admitted, emptying my glass.

'There's lots of romance in the streets of Tunis . . . in the desert . . . in the shadows of the Burma Hills. Romance without any women or girls mixed up in it! It's the romance of mystery; of intrigue; of savagery; of secret conflict: and of adventure in ambush. You can read a girl into all this setting of the romantic if you must. But, as for me, I've gotten over viewing women romantically. That's the way it goes out here,' he concluded, draining his own glass.

Boardman must mean, I thought, that women didn't interest him as particular persons of another sex. He merely looked upon them as the Orient did—as something for the pleasure and convenience of men. Perhaps, living in the East so long was responsible for his viewpoint. But, as I studied his feverish eyes, I felt

certain that their glow was only the fire of wanderiust, and that he had never really dreamed of women as I had done.

"Shall we take a shot at some of these things—the scorpion-eaters, the dancing girls, and maybe some trouble?" I asked when we paid our check.

"Suits me, Tandy."

We went out of the café, and stood in the threshold long enough to light our cigarettes. Then, Boardman leading, we sauntered down the narrow street that twisted away from the café like a shallow canyon winding deviously into the very heart of Africa.



all the mysterious passion that is born in those vast, uncharted sand-seas that brood to the south and west of Tunis, seemed to impregnate the night with a white heat. I could not see the flames of this passion, because they blended invisibly into the ivory moonlight. However, I could feel their breath hot upon my face and hands, and kindling a strange conflagration inside of me when I inhaled.

Spectral shadows enshrouded the white houses. They were deeper and darker than mere night mist, and yet they seemed to have no substance. I thought of them as awe-inspiring veils that the past had flung over the present, veils which at first suggested transparency only to lure eyes as does the desert mirage.

In and out of these baffling shadows that were both black and white, drifted sheeted and hooded Arab forms. They made me think of ghosts bent on clandestine errands from their tombs. A graveyard stillness lay over the night, and

and thrummed with barbaric noise which I only thought I heard until we turned into another curving street and the sound of tom-toms reached me from the distance. My pulse began to drum in rhythm with the tattoo that became lost at times under the shrill wails of the hautboys—the desert's screeching instruments. Instinctively, I quickened my pace as a man does who suddenly finds himself on the way to a fire. But,

Boardman checked my impulsive steps:

"This is the street of the dancing girls and the scorpion-eaters," he said casually enough. "See the lights down the line those points of orange flame spurting up and down like crazy stars?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering if Boardman had felt the passion of Africa burning him on his first night in the country. But, of course, he must have. The white heat of the thing was inescapable, I told myself.

"Those are the houses of the Ouled Nails. They're annoying enough to men who ignore them in passing. But, if they saw you showing any enthusiasm for what goes on in this street, they'd pull you up to their balconies by force. There's one thing you've got to remember about visiting these places: Don't show any interest. Strangely enough, it works just the opposite way with the dancing girls. They dance themselves into frenzy to arouse you. The more indifferent, the madder they dance. Understand?"

THE clamor of the tom-toms had mounted as Boardman was talking, and the blasts of the hautboys had become shriller and more insistent than the reedy voice of the desert in a sandstorm. Now, as the orange lamps of the Ouleds flared in our faces, and we brushed against the sheeted and uniformed humanity swarming in the streets, all the savagery that the passion of Africa arouses leaped like flame in my white man's heart, becoming a liquid fire in my veins that burned away the pretty pretenses of my civilization.

"Where are the dancing girls?" I demanded impulsively, my question carrying to Boardman above the solicitations of women whose painted faces leered at us from tiny balconies: above the jargon of tongues in the street; above the sharp cries of a sand-diviner who was shouting his ability to read our lives.

My companion gave me a swift, [Turn to page 88]



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The Village
Might Have
Been Kinder
to Mary if
She Had Been
Ashamed of
Herself, but
Pride is a
Mighty Feeling
Sometimes

PASSING-BELL

IHE air was fragrant with arbutus that afternoon in early May as I went about the grubby task of picking dandelion greens for the aunt whom I was visiting just then in her little Maine village. Nor was I the only one whom the sweet May day had wooed to linger a little while in its embrace. Near me toiled an old, old village woman, prim and spotless in her starched gingham dress, her face as happy and guileless as that of a child, her whole bearing one of sincere respectability.

Suddenly, down in the village, a bell cut the air with a solenn stab of sound. Its note of lingering sadness died, was born again. Very slowly, very sadly, with an unutterable finality in its ring, the bell continued to toll.

"Ma-an that is bor-rn of wo-man!" it rang. "Ma-an that is bor-rn of wo-man!"

"The passing-bell!" said the aged woman, in a matterof fact way. "Then old Grandpop Cowan is gone at last Eighty-one, eighty-two, eighty-three—that's Grandpop Cowan, sure enough," she said, finally. "The passing-bell?" I was surprised. "They still keep up that custom here?"

"This village doesn't change," said the old woman. "Yes, they still ring the passing-bell—except for suicides and murderers and illegitimate children." She added, more to herself than to me, "It always make me think of Mary Macomber."

The last note died reluctantly, as if the bell shared the unwillingness of even the very old or the very ill to be done with life. But after a moment she began to speak.

l mind me, 'twas ringing, the passing-bell, that August afternoon that Mary Macomber set out to keep her tryst with David Blair. It was ringing for—I can't rightly say. Grandma Murlie, maybe, or was it old Cap'n Greeley? It's clean gone out of my mind, though

it wasn't more than sixty years ago, I'm quite sure.

But I'm sure it was ringing, anyhow, for I mind that Mary Macomber had to stop right there in the dust where she was, and bend her head, and say a prayer for the passing spirit, as long as the bell kept ringing. She was afraid that she'd be late, and David was a one to get a temper when she was late, but she had to stop and do that. It meant a lot to Mary, you see, the passing-bell did. All her life she'd been brought up to respect it. She remembered how it had comforted her, a little sobbing young-un of eight, when she'd listened to it as she stood by her mother's grave. It had been a clear autumn day, one of those days when sound carries far, and a bell down the valley had taken up the sound. It had seemed to Mary, holding back her sobs to hear, that maybe bells all over the world were ringing to let folks know that her mother had gone to heaven. So she waited now.

"Davie won't be cross when I tell him!" she thought.

HE minute the bell stopped ringing, though, she sprang forward, as if released by a spring. Outside the village, where there was no danger that anyone would see her, she began to run. Her breath was coming in gasps, and the red flamed out in her cheeks, time she got to the old maple tree.

It stood, that old maple tree, where the outskirts of the village ended, and just before the fields began, back from the road, on the edge of the brook, with a deep,

leafy screen between it and the world. The young folks used to use it for a trysting place-do yet, more'n like. It must have heard a lot, that old tree, the light-hearted chatter of young things, the vows of love, and sometimes, maybe, the silence of despair. It was right there by the old maple tree, as they had searched for arbutus in the early days of spring—just such another day as this—that Mary Macomber had first loved David Blair. I know one thing—all her life a whiff of arbutus could bring it back to her, that first moment when she had known she

they still live here, but they're not as rich as they used to be. Davie was the only son of the rich man of the village, the

of a long line of old sea-dogs. It seemed to Mary a miracle that he should pay any attention to her.

I can see him now, the way he looked to Mary that day—sprawled on the grass with a frown on his face, young and handsome and big and dark.

"I'm sorry, Davie!" Mary gasped, all out of breath,

as she dropped down on the grass beside him.
"You ought to be!" he told her sulkily. "You know I haven't much time. Now that Father's sick, I'm needed at the mill. And you know it won't be long till I have to go back to college. But what do you care:

H, DAVIE!" Mary cried out in pain. "I do care! You know I do! But I had to stop because the bell was ringing, the passing-bell!'

I can see Mary, too, just the way she looked that day, so humble, and sorry and sweet, that Davie couldn't stay

mad at her if he tried. He drew her into his arms.
"You will be late, will you!" he cried, covering her face with hard kisses. "Then here's what you get!"

The girl's arms stole up around his neck. Her cheek rested against his, his arms held her close. I guess maybe they came as near being in heaven right then as they'll ever come to be.

"Molly, girl!" David Blair said, huskily. "Oh, Molly, darling! If only we could be married before I go back to college! But Father wouldn't leave me a cent, if I married against his will. I'd have to carry a lunch-pail, and go to work with the men in the mill.

It was so, too. I mind me what a hard, proud old

man he was, David's father.



I can see him now, the way he looked at Mary that day sprawled on the grass with a frown on his face—young and handsome and big and dark.

have made any difference to her. All the wealth in the world couldn't have kept her from marrying Davie, if it had been offered her in place of him. But she reminded herself that it was different with Davie; he'd always been used to having things.

"You see, Molly, it's because Dad was so poor when he was a boy, and so awfully snubbed, that he feels this way. He's made up his mind that I've got to marry someone of a fine family and with enough money

to prove she isn't marrying me for mine.
"Poor old man!" she said softly. He
might have money, but one so beggered
of even the very memory of love
seemed a bankrupt to her young
wealth. "Is he getting any better, Davie!"

"He never will be any better." His tone was impatient. "He just lies there in bed, day after day, week after week; he can't move a finger, he can't speak a word and yet he can keep me from you!"

"Never mind, Davie!" Mary comforted him. "We can wait!"

I know just the black, bitter look he turned on her when she said that.

"Wait?" he exclaimed. 'You
wouldn't say that if
you cared for me! Oh,
Molly, I can't go away;
I can't work at school:
I can't make good at
anything, when all I can
think of is you! If only
we could be married before
I go!"

I know just the note of pleading in his voice when he said that.

"Poor Davie!" Mary stroked the dark head against her breast. "I wished we could, dear!"

"Then, Molly, dearest, let's do!" I know how his brown eyes pleaded, as he turned them up to her.

"But we can't, Davie!" Mary's tone was startled. "You just said—"

"We can't be married in church with book and ring for everyone to see, the way we will be later when my father is dead," he agreed. "But, Molly darling, we can be married right here under our own maple tree.

"We can say the words and kiss each other, and know that we belong to each other for always, whatever happens."

"B UT, Davie!" I know the way Mary Macomber felt, wavering between doubt and ecstasy. "It wouldn't be right."

"Don't you trust me?" I know that David Blair said, and that he pulled away from her, with anger in his eyes.

"You know I do!" I can hear Mary saying it now, very low, with her whole heart in her voice.

I can see them standing there under the old maple tree, hand in hand, their voices soft and shaken, while

have made any difference to her. All the wealth in the they said what they could remember of the marriage world couldn't have kept her from marrying Davie, if ceremony:

"I. David MacGregor, take thee, Mary Constance—"

"I. Mary Constance, take thee, David Mac-Gregor,—"

"For richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, in sickness or in health, until death do us part."

Did they mean it? I know, anyhow, that Mary did. I know that it was as much of a marriage for her, as if all the bishops in the world had read off that marriage service.

And I think that David meant it, too, that day, at least; meant it maybe for always.

Only David was a spoiled boy, and terribly afraid of

his father.

I don't know that I ever saw nicer weather than we had all through that August; golden weather, the kind that brings a proper harvest moon. Every day all through the month, Mary and David saw each other under that old maple tree. Its leaves were beginning to redden and fall in September when he came there to say good-by, for he was going back to college.

"It'll be no time till
Christmas vacation!" he
comforted her. "I may
be back before then, of
course. Father's getting
weaker every day. Maybe
when I come back—we can be

I can hear the reproach in Mary's

"We're really married now!" she

"Yes, but I mean the regular way, for everyone to know!" he explained. "Speaking of that, Molly darling, you'll be careful not to let anyone know now?

It means everything to us not to go against Father's wishes. You won't tell? Forgive me, dear," he had the sense to add, as Mary's face spoke the reproach she did not put into words.

"You couldn't do anything, Davie, I guess, that I wouldn't forgive," she told him, and there was a kind of prophetic sadness in her voice.

I remember how Mary used to hurry to the post-office every day to see if any letter had come from Davie. Usually there wasn't one. He wasn't much of a letter-writer, David Blair.

Something else came to Mary in those fall days, though, and that was fear. 'At first just a tiny fear that she tried to put out of mind. Then it was a certainty and a terrible big fear—a fear for Davie, not for barrell

"Poor Davie!" she thought. "We'll have to let folks know now, of course! His father'll be mad at him!



"You mustn't blame him, my own; he doesn't mean to be cruel."



I MIND that just as she came up to the church the bell stopped ringing. She waited to bless the sexton, if it were he who had rung it. And then the door that led to the belfry opened.

isn't anything else to do!

so she wrote her news to David Blair, and then, in space of her uneasiness and her pity for him, she began a joyful time of waiting. Surely Davie would come at once! He'd surely be here in a day or two.

KNOW that she never-doubted him once, in the long week that went by without any word from him. Then one day a thin letter came, and she tore it open eagerly, in such haste to get at Davie's letter that she tore straight through the hill it enclosed. I know that Mary doubted her eyes as she stood staring at that short, little furtive letter. Davie couldn't come, it said; couldn't acknowl edge her now. It would ruin his whole future if he did. Here was money and he would send more. But he wouldn't write often, and it would be better if she didn't, for the village postmaster was even more than commonly "No. no!" whispered Mary Macomber to the paper

in her hand. "No, no! Davie didn't mean to hurt me so!"

I remember the time when there began to be whisperings in the village at Mary Blair's approach, sly murmurings, unkind laughter when she had passed. I remember that all the neighbors stopped going to the little, old house where she lived all alone with a deaf, muttering aunt whose brain was a little addled by age. I'm sure of one thing: Mary wasn't ashamed in these days. She felt that she was married to David Blair, you see; felt that it was entirely right for her to bear his child. Nor did she blame David for what he was doing, even-she loved him too much for that. used to say a little prayer that I suspect would have shocked folks more than a little if they had heard it.

"Oh, God, let Davie's father die tonight!" she prayed every evening, before she went to bed. "It can't matter much to him, he's so old and ill, and it matters so much to my baby!"

But Davie's father didn't die. and I remember it was just when the first arbutus bloomed again that Mary Macomber's baby was born, a fine, lusty boy. I know just how Mary felt when his tiny, curling hand gripped her finger for the first time

"Don't vou care. Sweet!" she whispered to him. "Mother'll make it up to you. You're just as welcome, my own, as any baby that was ever born. Child Jesus, Himself, my dear, wasn't any more welcome than

I remember, though, that it was the only welcome-Not one person in the village, except his own mother, and his poor, old, foolish great-aunt ever smiled at that baby. They drew away from him on the street as if they were afraid of him, that tiny, defenseless baby, in his mother's arms.

Y LITTLE, little Davie!" Mary whispered to him. VI She hadn't given him any regular name, yet, but he called him that when they were all alone. mustn't mind, my precious!"

think if she'd been willing to tell who the child's father was, the village wouldn't have been so hard on The doctor, who took care of her when she was sick, the minister of the old white church, the chairman or the board of selectmen, all came in turn to reason with

(th. poor Davie! But I'll have to tell him now. There her. It was her plain duty, they said, to tell them the secret. The law of God, and more particularly the law of man, demanded it. There was the question of his support to consider. Had she thought of the baby?

I know that Mary Blair couldn't keep back a little.

bitter laugh at that.

Yes, I've thought of the baby," she told them. I'm sure of another thing: the village might have been kinder to Mary Macomber had she been ashamed

of herself, bowed with her sorrow. They wanted her to wear a crimson "A" embroidered in her heart if not on her clothes. They wanted her to bend her eyes to the ground when she walked forth with her child. They were good people, terribly just, and exceedingly grim, and they could not forgive her for flaunting her child like a precious jewel.

"She has no sense of shame!" they condemned her.

I know they were right-Mary Macomber had no sense of shame. She felt pride, instead, in the sturdy loveliness of the child, and content in her possession of him. It was joy to bathe the rounded, beautiful body of her baby, to listen to his breathing in the night, to feel his tiny hand on her breast.

"If God had been angry he wouldn't have given me

you!" she thought.

HAVEN'T forgotten the day when David Blair, his college course completed, came back to the village, taking his father's place in the mill. That first day he met Mary Blair with her baby on the street. I wonder how she could have loved him then, his craven face so white and afraid. But she did.

"l'oor Davie!" she whispered to her child. "You mustn't blame him, my own; he doesn't mean to be

Time went slowly on without anything much happening here in our village. Nothing much ever does happen here. Old Davie Blair still lay in his bed, skeleton-thin,

weak as a baby, yet powerful enough to rule the destinies of those three. Young Davie worked hard in the mill, aged visibly, and kept to himself. Little Davie waxed rosv and sweet, and began to play his cunning baby tricks. I remember how, when Christmas came, and Mary Blair hung up the little stocking of her nameless child with nothing to put in it, only the rag doll she'd made herself, and a cheap little striped ball, she found on Christmas morning a great package of lovely toys on the doorstep of the little There was even a house.

jaunting rocking-horse, and there was a mechanical electric train. What use could be make of them now? She knew where they had come from, and was very glad.

"He did think of you, my own!" she told the child.

Spring came, and I recall a mild, sweet day when Mary took the child to the woods when she went to hunt for arbutus. I mind how she thought of two years before when David Blair and she had hunted for arbutus together. She tucked a little spray of the blosson, into the baby's chubby hand, but he only chuckled and tried to eat it. On the way home, as she walked slowly with the heavy infant in her arms, and a great cluster of the arbutus in her belt, she passed David Blair, but he only reddened, stared straight in front of him, and hurried on. Turn to page 100]

The Winner

Thousands of stories have been read and considered in the SMART SET story contest.

The \$1,000 prize-winning story will be published in the June issue. Watch for it.

THE MOVIE WORLD

Ricardo Cartez and Greta Garbo as they appear
in
'Isanez Torrent''



KATHRYN PERRY

Fox Films made an unusual find when they cast her for the "Helen and Warren" pictures, which are now being produced



YOLA D'AVRIL

Here is a little French girl who has found her way into leading rôles in the Bobby Vernon series of Christie Comedies



Soul of the Sea



To me, she was the most beautiful thing in all the world and I knew that Mary Strong wouldn't like her.

Like a Breath of the Ocean Islands Valaima Came Into Jethro's Life

The first of my story has been told. I might say I have put down the first of my life. For until that day when the New Bedford clipper, the shining Star, came standing into Salt Island harbor, I was a boy. When, graceful as a mackerel gull, she sped outbound once again past the islands, she left me a man. On the morning of that day, I was a slip of a boy of sixteen, big for my age perhaps, and able to do a man's work if the truth were known, but for all that, a boy; yet, in the evening of the same day, I was a man with I man's work and a man's world ahead of me. And I say this years after, now that I can look back calmly, or as calmly as I can on such a momentus time in my life, to the events of that day.

I know that the eyes of a boy and the eyes of a man see through a different veil. In physical stature one does not change much in a single day. It was in my view of life that I had changed. Life suddenly changed before me. I was up against a stone wall. Life seemed to encompass me. I was like a swimmer engulfed in a flood. All that had been my life up to that day was gone, torn away as ruthlessly as the running sea tore at the Old Man down on the Cape. I watched the storms break around the giant rock they called the Old Man. I had seen heavy driftwood timbers carried away as if they were match-sticks. And always, after such a storm, the great rock reared its massive sides, picked clean as a dog picks a bone. Only the bare surface re-

mained. Every bit of moss, every bit of driftwood, the flotsam and jetsam of the sea, had vanished. Nothing was left save the strength of the naked stone. So it must have been at creation when the young world began.

And so had my boyhood been swept from me, and it was as though I had been born again, this time into manhood. Until the morning of that day, Jennie Hyatt had been a girl, my boyhood sweetheart, whom one fine day I was to marry. Now I thought of Jennie Hyatt as a woman—a fisherman's wife—and I knew I would never be that fisherman. Jennie Hyatt was not for me.

A ND all because another girl had taken her place, and not exactly that, either. For 1 had never thought of Jennie Hyatt as I now thought of Mary Strong. Mary, the afraid, who had shrunk from the bloody work-a-day life of the fish-traps; whose eyes had filled with tears over the wounding of a mackerel gull. But that was not the picture of Mary Strong that filled my mind. It was not of the wistful, deheate girlhood of her that I thought, but rather of the Mary Strong who was soon to be a woman grown. I could see her with her hair lashed by the wind, her blue eyes dancing through the spray, the glow of health and glorious life blooming on her cheeks. And if one day I was to see her just like that, it was not until many and many a bitter day came first. Of that there is much to

tell, but I shall come to that

Here were two girls, two girls soon to be two women, and the shadow of my life lay between them. So, I have learned, falls the shadow of nearly every man's life, but it is still something of a marvel to me that I should have seen it all so clearly on that far-distant day.

And now, when I can look back on it all, and give to each thing that happened its true value, I know that it was Bartholomew who had wrought the change.

BARTHOLOMEW had been both brother and mother to me. My whole boyhood was wrapped up in Bartholomew — Bartholomew, who, according to the telegram my father had received, was dead. I have already told how I stood at the window, and how I felt that a living breath seemed to go through the house; how I felt lifted up by it; how I had looked out over the harbor and over the sea; how I had whispered:

"Bartholomew, make me a

Can we speak to those who are gone? I do not know, but I do know that my words were heard. Whether by the spirit of my dead brother or by something that burned within my own soul does not matter to me. The prayer that I made that day to the spirit of my brother Bartholomew, if it was a prayer, was heard and answered.

Right afterward I went to my room to examine the things that Captain Strong had given me. And the first package I opened contained a ship's compass. Breathlessly, I opened the others. Soon I was in the midst of a litter of objects that were to fascinate me and absorb waking and sleeping hours from that time forward. There was a sextant, a patent log, a pair of night glasses, hydrographic charts, a veritable library on navigation and books of the sea. It was with eyes and soul filled with wonder that I sat in the center of my new domain surveying my new possessions like a king on his throne.

THEN I heard the door open, and turned quickly to face my father. He saw the things on the floor at a glance and frowned. But for several minutes he said no word, letting his eyes linger first on this object, and then on that, until he knew the sum total of my new possessions as well as I did. The frown passed, but still he made no comment, and, half fearful, I dared not speak but awaited his judgment. I knew that the things captain Strong had given me must have cost several hundred dollars. And even though I had given his ship a safe mooring and had probably saved it from serious damage, I knew that my father felt I had only done my duty.

He was a proud man, my father, and payment in such terms of a complete set of ship's instruments on the floor around me, must seem to him as belittling. But he turned away presently, and I thought for a moment that he was not

going to speak at all. However, I was mistaken. As he put his hand on the doorknob he sighed, like a man under a great burden "I have engaged the Widow

"I have engaged the Widow Burton, Jethro," he said. His manner was as though he were talking to the room rather than to

me. "She will be here tomorrow to take charge," he continued. "I am leaving tomorrow for London."

Leaving tomorrow for London! What had happened now? And my brother's wife coming in a few days! "But, Father," I protested, "Bartholomew's wife

I got no further.

"Stop!" my father thundered. Never in my life do I remember that he looked at me as he did then. And I could swear that the look in his eyes was not anger. There was more fear than anger in that look.

And while I sat there on the floor and he stood over

me, his eyes slowly softened, and though no word passed between us, deep in my heart I knew that it was because of Bartholomew's wife and her coming to Salt Island that he was going to London. This woman we had never seen and who bore the name of Gale was

Have you seen the results of the "How I Lost My Husband" contest on page 39?



coming to Salt Island, and a Gale was leaving Salt Island rather than remain to greet her.

I had not seen the telegram that my father had received, telling of my brother Bartholomew's death and the wife who was coming home, but my father had said: She is from the Islands. And she is what they call

part-white. And the name she bears is Gale!"

But in spite of anything he might feel, she was my brother Bartholomew's wife and I had thought of her as such-nothing more. Yet, after the door had closed, and my father, looking very old and tired, had gone, I felt the first fire of resentment against her, resentment that was to glow and die out by turn in the days to come. Bartholomew was dead. I would never see him again, never hear his voice. And now I was to lose my father. He looked so old as he turned away from me! It might he that I would never see him again, either. Never hear his voice, never feel the touch of his hand. Was it any wonder that I felt Bartholomew's wife was in some way to blame? Was it any wonder that a fear of her found seed in my soul and began its growth? And isn't hate

akin to fear? At least, I have been told it was.

So the next day when the Widow Burton took charge at our house, and my father made ready to leave, I had begun to hate Bartholomew's wife. think it was mingled fear and hatred of her that prompted me to ask him to take me to London with him.

"No, Jethro boy," he said slowly, with a certain sadness in his voice. "It wouldn't do. Not just yet. In a year or so I'll send for you." That old look came into his eyes again as he spoke. Suddenly he caught me to him, a thing I never knew him to do before.

"It will be easier to be alone," he said. "But, my son, may you never know how much I'm going to miss you, and my prayer will be that this mad longing of mine may never be

yours!"

I didn't understand just what he meant, and I wanted to answer him and to ask a thousand questions, for I felt then that I might never have a chance to question him again. But the words stuck in my throat and I could not speak. So I just stood there while my father held me close to him. Then, after a little, he pushed me away, gently.

"It is nothing we can talk about, son," he said. "They say time heals all wounds. So I'm going

to give time its chance. Run along now and see if you can help Mrs. Burton." But I didn't go to see if I could help Mrs. Burton. I went down to the Hawk instead. All day I stayed down on the reef by the sea, and when I came home that night my father had gone. I knew he would be gone. And yet it was easier to stay down on the Hawk by the sea than to remain about the big, white house on the hill. I think my father understood that we had already had our parting.

CAME home through the town, and afterward when I thought about it. I knew that people had been talking about me, or my father, and that they were strangely juiet when I passed them. What were they saying? And did it have any connection with my father's strange words of the morning?

Mrs. Burton tried to mother me when I came in, and there were tears in her eyes as she tried to put her arms about me. I held her off as gently as I could. I didn't want that sort of sympathy. Wasn't I a man? Wasn't I now the head of the house? [Turn to page 96]



And How

Flirtation

Resulted

in Madcap

Daring

until the

Inevitable

Reckoning Came!

MANY marriages there figures at some time "the other woman," but seldom does a girl face that publiss knowledge on her wedding night

Fint perhaps I'd better go back to the beginning of

It seems a long time since I sped up the brick wall methods; white house where I had lived with "Grandy" since childhood; a long time since I perched on the broad arm of his chair, breathlessly cajoling and planning in a breath, while I waited for "the Colonel" to put down his eternal mint julep and read the letter from Max Pennington, a school chum of mine, myiting metospend a month with her at the family summer home in Jacksonville.

To my excited imagination, it seemed that Grandy would never finish reading, and when he had, that he was suddenly stricken dumb. But it was settled at last I was to leave Grandy and Eadsville, Kentucky, for the first long visit of my eighteen years

Perhaps it was because Grandy had never refused to very often, and had somehow fallen into the habit perhaps and I am more than sure of the latter Grandy cherished a secret suspicion that I was "gettin" on in 'tre" and needed the chance to meet eligible young tren, one of whom I might fasten my fickle fancy upon and "southe down". All of the Marshall women had mounted early, and to his old Southern view-point an

unmarried woman in her twenties was nothing short of a tragedy.

So I left the hills of Kentucky, with the fields of corn, laurel and rhododendron, for Florida, land of romance, flowers and moonlight

After Eadsville, Jacksonville was overwhelmingly delightful to me. I was glad I had sent to Louisville for my new clothes instead of trusting to Miss Katy's dressmaking arts.

I fit into my new surroundings with all the adapta bility of youth, and with all of it's enthusiasm. At the first dance given in my honor, I became "Diane" to the crowd, and before a week, "Di" to those whom I liked best

best.
"The Colonel's" trim, white moustache would have stood out like his own military brushes, could he have heard some young man of a week's acquaintance remark casually, "Diane, fair one, have a drink on papa. It's the berries—honest! Pre-war!"

SOUTHERN gentlemen "carried their liquor", but Southern ladies—well that was different. Yes, indeed!

Not that they were wild, but just a crowd of girls and young men, with not enough to do to occupy their minds wisely. Young enough to thrill to the thought that they were keeping up with the time. I didn't

Impulse

like the taste of the stuff they carried in the little silver flasks, at least not much. Nor did most of the other girls, but we'd have died rather than refuse a sip.

I had no more desire to "settle down", as Grandy expressed it, than when at home in Eadsville with the boys I had known, and sometimes fought with, since grade school days. And then I met Rod Lanier—Rod, with his clear, tanned skin, resolute mouth, and careless grace of manner, whose dark eyes were insolent even as they laughed.

For the first time in my life I had met a man I could not sway to my will, if I decided to make him like me and perhaps the very surprise of it added to my liking the lamb

He went about a great deal with Jean Vincent, a

distant cousin of his. May told me; a girl of great physical appeal—even a woman could understand that whose rather exotic type seemed to be a perfect match for Rod.

Anyone could see that she was mad about him—in fact she made no particular effort to hide it, and when they danced, it made my blood rush hotly to my fact as I watched the way Rod held her pliant body in the curve of his arm: the way he smiled down into her beautiful eyes, that were like clear sea water. Perhapsit was awakening jealousy. Anyway, it always irritated me.

I couldn't blame her for her adoration, for when I danced with him it made my breath come faster just to feel the strength of his shielding arm; to be so near



"For once and all, I'd like to have you remember that you're my wife."



I turned, my

"I have never

"Diane!"

Turn to page

102]

PRIZE-LETTERS

in the "Why I Lost My Husband" Contest

HUNDREDS of wives have told us the tragedies and near tragedies of their married lives. Some are pathetic others are merely irritating in their littleness. And the reasons given are a revelation.

NAGGING AND FUSSING are given as the reason for the break in 100 out of 1005 cases. We do not ordinarily consider such reasons as serious as the OTHER WOMAN. This reason runs second with 89 letters giving it.

JEALOUSY, with 72 cases, comes third.

SELFISHNESS, 71 cases, runs a close fourth.

And so we run on down the list of 28 different reasons for trouble until we find that 6 girls lost out because their mates were forced to get their

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This Will Surprise You!

Ca	use	INC
1	Nagging, fussiness	
2	Other woman	. 8
3	Jealousy	
4	Selfishness	7.6.
5	Wife's desire to go out	(h.
6	Money	50
7	Lack of domesticity on part of wife	5.
8	Husband's desire to go out	50
()	Other man	4.
10	Liquor	4,
11	Untidiness	4.
1.2	Intolerance	4
1.3	No interest in husband's business or	
	pleasures	. 38
14	Wife's absorption in baby	3.
15	Temper	30
16	Her mother-in-law	
17	No children	17
18	Flapperism	16
10	Lack of education	16
20	Wife's neglect of children	
21	Indifference to husband	1.
22	Wife's extravagance	1.3
23	Too many children	11
24	Wife fat	10
25	Religious differences	10
26	Her "past"	10
27	Wife kept house too clean	7
28	Husband had to get his own breakfasts.	(
	GRAND TOTAL	
		4.

ambition of their wives -but if you could see the reasons you would know that a husband can be at fault even here sometimes.

There is a wonderful sermon in these figures as they are tabulated. I wish every man and every girl in the world could read them over and ask themselves, "WHICH ONE HITS ME?"

Such things as the OTHER MAN and OTHER WOMAN cannot be taken into consideration, as a real man and woman play fairbut the others, the tiny things, the nagging, the selfishness, the jealousy can and should be stopped by reasoning. I want you to read these letters and think about Some of these them.

own breakfasts. Not a very nice commentary people do not want their names mentioned. I either on the steadfastness of the men or on the understand why, yet I sometimes wonder—

FIRST PRIZE-\$100

What Happens When a Wife Begins to Pity Herself

I met Herb. He was the only man that could make my heart beat faster just to think of him, or happy just to be near him. We were madly in love with each other, and I hardly think any couple could have been happier after we married and went to live in our little cozy apartment.

A year later I almost lost my life bringing our little son into the world. But it was worth it! Herb couldn't do enough for me, and saw to it that I had the best of care. He told me over and over what a dear, brave

ALWAYS said I'd never marry, but that was before little woman I was. We adored that baby, he was so sweet—and always happy, too!

When he was a year old I began to be restless. I had been tied down so long, and we seldom went out. Herb said we couldn't afford to, as we were paying on our new furniture. Too, it had cost nearly three hundred dollars when baby came. Herb didn't make a large

salary and he said he didn't want to go in debt.

I began to feel sorry for myself. I saw other young couples having good times and I felt I was missing a lot. I finally got mad and flew [Turn to page 82]



'I'm sorry, Steve-I can't see you tonight 1-"

MOM the moment of her birth I had loved Namette Barstow. I was ten then, and I can still remember the air of suppressed excitement hover memor: the Barstow home that golden April day. My medien but been unimoned hastily after breakfast and and not returned. Mr. Barstow was one of her dearest

11 Foctor Donaldson had hurried up the walk, case a hand early in the day, and his gray mare still stood with a ment resignation at the hitching-post.

I are growing into lite afternoon. I stood near the

hedge separating the grounds and listened and tried to see. I heard a strange little wailing cry-a new sound to me. From somewhere at the back of the house came a stifled sob. Strange! Old Maggie always hummed a snatch of song as she worked. Then a door opened and Mr. Barstow came slowly out on the broad porch and stood still, looking into space. From my place by the hedge I could see his face. He wore a dazed, helpless expression. seemed hours he stood there just staring, staring; then with droop ing shoulders he went back into the house.

Something was wrong. Of that I felt certain. I wished my mother would come home.

A series of yelps from the carriage house where I had kenneled a newly-acquired pup caused me to hasten away. The little fellow had become tangled in his chain. It was half an hour before I finally extricated him. The gold of the April day had deepened into the gray of twilight. It was chill and the Barstow home was wrapped in stillness. I went indoors. Surely my mother had returned by this time. There was a light in the library. At the door I paused. My mother was there, and in her arms she held a small white-swathed bundle. She turned as she heard me and her eyes were full of tears.

"Mother! What's happened?" For a moment she tried to speak and could not. At last the words came, choked with grief. Mrs. Barstow was dead. She had died in giving birth to the baby she had wanted for so long.

Fearfully, I drew nearer. Mrs.

Barstow-jolly, pretty Mrs. Barstow dead! Impossible! And this-I took a timid step I looked down at the small, fragile thing in my mother's arms. So little, so pitifully little. This she had left behind. A baby, a new baby-without a mother. The tiny fists, like little rosebuds, were visible. With awkward care I touched one ever so gently. The bits of hands unclenched, the miniature fingers closed about one of mine.

"Mother," I questioned, almost in awe. "Can we

That was the beginning of my love for Nanette. As

of NANETTE

—and a Man Who Discovered Too Late That the Gem He Thought Counterfeit Was Real

she grew bigger I became her constant playmate. Mr. Barstow, bewildered by his grief and loss, was only too and to entrust her to my care. I taught her her first steps, and the day she hsped my name. Steve, only she called a "feve" with a baby guigle of delight, my pride in her will boundless.

The years passed quickly. I went away to school and each vacation when I returned I found strange and wonderful changes in Nanette. Her welcomes were always royous and we were never separated while I was a bronz.

when we met again—a beautiful, slim, brown-haire? half-girl, half-woman, with the wistful wonder of the ages in her eyes; and I was twenty-seven, hardened somewhat by the necessary daily contact with a world that did not always prove kind, though my work had been singularly successful and I was rated as a conter-

How beautiful Nanette seemed to me I cannot tell you, as she called to me across the hedge in the old way. But when I saw her, the blind adoration of the box gard way to the new, deeper love of the task.



I loved her. The knowledge swept over me like a torrent. The very sight of this new, unknown Nanette stirred my pulses and set them throbbing, in a longing for possession. But with this new love came also tenderness: the desire to shield her always; to make of myself a barrier between her and the sordid realities of life; to let nothing mar or sully the beauty of her untarnished youth.

THE old, free comraderie between us was gone forever. I could not bring it back, nor would I, even if I could.

This new love held me in relentless grip, swept through me like strong wine. I wanted to give her my name, and for her sake, win lasting honor for that name. I wanted to work for her; to have the right to protect her always; to know that she was always mine; to see

her eyes gladden because of me, and to know that she loved me as I loved her.

But I was silent. She was too young, too untutored in the ways of life. I was ten years her senior. To use the force of my added age and experience to sweep her off her feet would perhaps not have been difficult, but somehow it seemed an unfair thing to do. She was so young, so pitifully young, with her clear, childish eyes and her untried feet treading haltingly, yet questingly, along the strange unknown pathway of life. There was a time afterward when I would have given all my hope of heaven if I had only told her, but I did not.

It was hard, I admit. A dozen times words trembled on my lips, and my arms ached to hold her. Once I almost forgot my resolution.

We had gone to the old orchard for apple blossoms.

The spring rains had swollen the little creek where we usually crossed. The stepping-stones were barely above the waters. She stopped on the bank and looked down dubiously at her small slippers, then up at me with a little smile.

"I'll carry you," I offered, smiling

She 'laughed aloud. "Remember how you always used to?"

She put up her arms for me to take her in the same old way. There was no questioning in her eyes, no hesitancy. I felt my heart thud wildly as I picked her up to carry her across. How could I let her go, now I held her in my arms? The scarlet lips were very near my own; a strand of her hair blew across my face. Never had she seemed more dear, more desirable. As we reached the other side, my arms were trembling with my effort to keep from crushing her close to me. She turned her head and looked down into my eyes, her own serenely untroubled. I felt ashamed.

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TOLL," she said with a little laugh as I put her down, and pulling my head down close she reached up and kissed me—the sweet, clean kiss of a child. That had been part of the old game we used to play. My arms that had closed about her again relaxed as realization came. She was a child—nothing more. Then, suddenly, she pulled away from me and ran quickly along the path ahead. I was glad of the moment's respite, glad that I had not spoken. If I had frightened her—destroyed that beautiful trust she had in me.

She was to return to school next day, and we parted with simple pleasantries, though she seemed to have become at once more dignified and shy, as she donned her trim, dark, traveling clothes. I can see her yet as the train pulled out and I stood on the platform. She leaned from the window for a farewell



And now I was gazing upon her, after three long, lonely years. What a change!

wave, as the sun became entangled in the glory of her hair.

It was rather a shock a few months later when Mr. Barstow married again. He had been so long the devoted father of Nanette we had never thought he would take another wife. The new Mrs. Barstow was a widow who had lived much abroad, and they at

once left for an extended trip, taking Nanette with them. I had one little note from her written in London, filled with the excitement of new scenes and new people. They would return in six months,

But the unexpected so often happens. While in ltaly Barstow stricken with paralysis. Then began the weary struggle of trying to bring him back to health. But the famous doctors of Europe, the renowned baths, the different climates alike failed to save him. For three years he lingered, fighting desperately, and at last he died on the return trip to Paris, where he intended to stay only long enough to make arrangements to come back to America.

When I was thirty, I was elected to the bench. Through the vears I had worked toward this goal for Nanette's sake. I should make her proud of me, of the name that I should give her. She would soon be coming home and then she should know, my Nanette, of the love I had borne for her so long. I should win her, I felt sure; such love as mine would compel a return.

But it seemed that she would never

After she arrived in New York, no attempt was made to return to the Barstow home. Her stepmother took her on lengthy visits to various relatives. I

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began almost to despair. I was absent on a long-deferred vacation when finally she did arrive, and my mother's letter was delayed in reaching our hunting camp, so she had been home some time before I learned of it.

B UT when at last I knew, I hastened home as fast as trains could bring me.

My waking thoughts were only of Nanette and my dreams were filled with her. The seeming slowness of transportation was maddening to me. Now the weary waiting was over; the future opened ahead bright and fair, the future that was to give Nanette to me—so I

As soon as possible after my arrival I hastened

through the gate in the hedge to the old Barstow home. I remember wondering if she would hear the excited slugging of my heart. But old Amos who opened the door shook his head.

"Miss Nanette is not at home," he informed me, "but I think she went down that way, Judge," with a wise smile, nodding his grizzled head in the direction of I thanked him and hurried the orchard.

away

The orchard! That old haven of her childhood, the spot we had last been together! It seemed but fit-. ting we should meet there again

> I went on swift, eager feet to find her-my Nan ette, the one woman in the world for me, the woman I would make my wife! Ahead was the little stream across which I had carried her. The water was low now: she had needed no assistance. On the other side was an old, gnarled tree. once split by lightning. I would find her there. I felt sure, on the seat I had once made against the old trunk. Yes. there was a blur of blue against the brown. I would surprise her. I approached noise-

lessly on the soft turf, though my heart sounded like a locomotive in Three years my ears. since I had seen her-three long, lonely years. And l

foved her!

saw that she was crying. My Nanette-crying here alone! stopped in my tracks. Her back was toward me and she thought no one was near. While I stood in momentary indecision, she rose and, leaning against the trunk of the old tree, beat upon it with small, pitifully shaking hands.

"Oh, dear God," she said in such an anguished voice my own heart constricted. "What shall I'do? What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Then quite suddenly she dropped upon the grass, sobbing in a hopeless, weary way that wrung my heart. My first impulse was to go to her and comfort her. She had been with me so long in my thoughts it did not now seem as if she had ever been away. But I could not let her know I had been a witness of her bared suffering. Silently I retreated some distance, then came noiselessly back again.

She sat up suddenly, striving to cover up her tears, swift color flooding into her cheeks.

"Steve!" She halted over the name as I advanced and took her hands. [Turn to page 108]



"Don't you worry, Kitten. I'll soon be back and then we'll be happy again."

Vhen a Man's ALONE

NYONE who has done very much immun, around the country knows that the "Red From" as Mesicali isn't exactly a young boiles' mushing about not in the sense the word is generally used in rollte society, anyway. On course, that doesn't mean that a subcan't work in the Red Front and be straight she will find she went get uch on the pale Oster sibly the terb are "entertainers" who has up to the bar and all the enstoners to "ay one a drink. Once they get a moker started, it supply them to keep the drinks coming to both to be

the of the great trouble, with the Mexican border tout them the standpoint of the owners of the resorts, I that the crowd cones over to look and see and listen, but it is to do any great amount on spending. That's the tracon they have the "entertainers" one of the reasons. 11111111111

Personally, I didn't have any burness in the Red Front, and notody knew it any letter than I did A sour who thinks one of those bar largues is after anything errors his money has not another think coming, but when a man's been out in the desert for three or four and the without the sight of another human being, well, date comothing about the warmth and the lights and the barglis of the guis that draws him inside and keeps harm the co

I have a that this is ne with the black eyes and the red but was might leading me on to make a fool of myself. lim I just didn't care. The gold dust I was cashing in meet the bar had cost me bots or toil under a blistering mr. and the gold dust I was going to have to get to the its place when that was gone was going to come in the Land | I knew it, and yet I stayed on | I don't know why unless it's because a man can only stand active away from women just so long. It wasn't this time with the black eyes. I didn't care a hang about her. It was met the idea or being able to feast my eyes on a omair listen to her laugh, feel the touch of her hand three in a while oh, i can't explain it

I don't realize what a tool I was making of myself

until I got a glumpse of my map in the bar mirror I was looking and acting like a poor, driveling fool I sort of came to myself with a shock and made up my amind to break away from there, but she read my mind and tained her arms around me, begging for just one more drink, her red lips stuck right up in my face, her through the whites. Of course I ordered another drink, and then the bar

eves so close I could see little flecks of red running

tender passed out one on the house. The girl decided she was going to give me one farewell drink before we left, and the next one was on her—oh. I knew the game. all right; but the point is, I didn't break away. I stayed there and played the sucker, even to ordering one last drink after the girl had treated. I just couldn't stand to have the girl be the last to buy, and I'd been out in the desert four months.

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It was night. There was a cold wind blowing up from the desert, and I had a sensation of being carried some



"What's the idea of the old codger,

Mexicali

There was a sigh. "Say, I ain't ex plaining my business to every bird in the joint. Get

Apparently the man didn't get over "I know vour game. Mexican Joe has been running dope and the offi cials are laving a trap for him. You're going to take this fellow out there, fill his pockets with dope, shoot him and leave him for the officers to find, to divert suspicion from Mexican Joe.'

It was a voice that had the ear marks of education. and that interested me, but I wished they'd quit and let me drift on back.

where through the dark. From a great distance, came the sound of voices which registered in my mind in spite of the fact that I didn't want them to. All I wanted was to be let alone, to drift off into the darkness.

"It ain't fair," said a feminine voice. "He played the game, and he didn't get fresh or anything. He's just an old stiff of a prospector who ain't seen anybody for a long time, and you can't-

The voice that interrupted was a man's.

"Cut it out, kid. A couple more wise cracks out of you and you'll get a knife stuck in your ribs. You can't

bump off a tourist that's got a million friends on the other side of the border; you've got to take some old stiff like this that nobody'll miss. Mexican Joe wants a stiff that he can plant near the border with a bullet hole in his head and his pockets full of dope, and this bird comes nearest to being what we want."

At this, another's voice butted in.

There was an oath, the sound of a blow, and then I was dropped. It was the bang of hitting the floor that woke me up. All of a sudden those voices commenced to have a deep, personal significance. By an effort of will, I managed to open my eyes.

A PPARENTLY, I was in a little shack somewhere on the outskirts of town. There was a wind blowing through the chinks in the rough boarding, and a dry cold which comes on the desert when it does get cold. It was a rough, board shack with a row of bunks on

one side, and a passageway lead ing off into the darkness. Chinese was sitting cross-legged before a little lamp, his black eyes shifting back and forth, his claw-like hands fluttering around over an opium pipe. A woman was just rushing out of the door as though she were going some where with a definite purpose in mind, and two men were having

"I'LL go," he said. "I never figured anything was licked that you had to keep running away from."

a tree for all fight directly above me-

One of them was heavy and strong, and the other was sight and wary, nothing but a kid. While I looked up. trying to get my muscles working so I could grab a legand bring hostilities down to me, the kid worked some out of a clever shift, flashed over a white fist an! knocked the other bird clean into the corner. Then he looked down at me-

"Car. you walk"

MANAGED to get my muscles working and flopped up onto my hands and knees and then to my feet. When I stood up, my head seemed to split in two pieces and rock back and forth "Yep." I said

He led the way to the passageway. Then I understood. "Come on, then The girl's gone after the gang and

Mexican Joe'll have us marked inside of another two minutes, mark my word

I would have nodded if it hadn't been for my head. The kid didn't need to tell me. I knew all about

that border stuff. We started for the passageway

He knew the way; I didn't. It's a good thing it was that way. couldn't have kept on my feet if it hadn't been for his arm steady ing me. At last we got out side, after going through fif teen or twenty different turns and twists and doors. The cold air braced me a bit, but I had an awful head

He started to slip away.

stopped him

You can't get back over the border now. It must be after nine o'clock Mexican Joe'll have a knife in you before tomorrow morning, if you stay on here in town.

He shrugged his shoulders. I could feel his arm move up and down, careless-like.

DON'I care. Just as soon go that way as any other."

The voice sounded dead sort of lifeless.

I'd left my saddle-horse and pack burros out on the border of town, and I knew Ah Gee. the old Chinese grocer, would have them all packed with provisions, and be waiting for me I'd played wise and paid him for a grub-stake before I started into the Red Front. I'd been in Mexicali before.

"Come on with me." I told this kid. "I'll hide you out for a while, and I've got a prospect that'll make you something better than wages."

He didn't seem anxious to come, but he didn't protest. figured it out that the dope was getting cold in his system and that he was groggy. I figured it right, too, for he sneaked off while I was getting the packs strung together, and then came back in a minute or two, full of pep. I didn't say anything.

One of the packs I cached with Ah Gee. It left a burro that could be ridden. The saddle-horse, I turned over to the kid. I figured he wouldn't know much about riding. My head was getting clearer every minute. He was the one that'd be having the worst of it inside of a couple of hours, but he didn't realize it. The dope was working, and I had a hard time to keep him on the horse and leave me with the burro.

Riding a walking horse in the dark is a hard thing to do. The horse plods along slowly and steadily, and the darkness comes in on all sides,



keeping a man hemmed in

And all of a sudden I began to understand the way she felt about the whole matter.

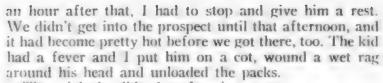
horse. You can't see any scenery to keep your eyes and mind busy; the trail beneath the horse is just a blur of grayish white, and minutes get to seem like hours.

The kid in front must have been hitting the dope pretty

steady. He talked a lot.

I learned his name was Sidney Gleason and that he was from the East, and I learned all about every nook and hole in the wall south of the United States and north of Mexico City where a man could get hop. I didn't learn a blessed thing about what part of the East the kid came from, who his folks were, or where he'd been educated. I filed all that away as a significant fact and went on minding my own business and seeing that the pack train kept straight.

By sun-up the kid was a wreck, and



That night he did a lot of raving.

THERE was some dope in his coat, and I took charge of it. I could see from the way he had ridden, he was a tenderfoot. He'd been all around the towns in Mexico, but he hadn't been out of sight of an automobile or wagon road very far. I guess he'd done most of his traveling by boat up and down the coast, hitting inland on the wagon roads. He sure knew a lot about some parts of Mexico.

I took the horse down the hill a half a unile or so to a little spring. The burros I led back in the sage. They could take care of themselves, and I figured I could find them when I needed them. I was commencing to get a plan.

Next morning when the kid had come down to earth so he could talk sense, I held a confab with him.

"Look here, Sidney, you and I can't put our noses in Mexicali again for a while. That means we've got to swing down to Enseñada for provisions, but it also means we've got to lie low for a while. You're a snow bird an' there's no use being sensitive about it. You've saved

my life and I've got to do what I can to save yours. If there was any way of getting a fresh supply of coke that didn't leave us wide open to danger, I'd get it. I'm no reformer. But we're in here and can't get out without running the risk of getting killed by Joe's bunch. We know too much and we got the best of him—thanks to you—and Joe can't sit quiet and let us get away with it.

"Now all that's leading up to the fact that I've taken your dope and you've got to taper off. It'll be four or five weeks before it's safe to even go into Enseñada or try making it back

across the border."

He looked at the floor, silent and sullen.

"All right. Gimme a pinch now."

I suspected he'd had some in the night. He didn't seem so very fidgety.

"Not yet," I said.

He acted quick, that boy. Before I knew what he was doing, he had an axe and was making a vicious swing at my head. He was clean nutty from too much dope the day before and fearing he was going to get it taken away from him.

I got the axe away from him.

"Damn you!" he stormed, "I don't want to taper off, and I don't want to go through the hell of trying to quit. The game isn't worth it, and I can't quit. I've tried it before."

I SAT tight. I had to. He only had enough for three or four days on full rations.

The next three weeks were simply hell. Twice he tried to kill me and blamed near made it stick the last time. Once he started out on foot across the desert, and he'd gone far enough to get his tongue swollen before I caught him with the horse. He'd started after dark, and I had a hard time catching up after it got light enough to read the trail.

Finally, I licked it. Gradually, he commenced to put on weight and to get a spring into his step. He was jumpy and morose for a while, but he finally worked out of it. I gave him a half interest in the mine, and put the loads back in the six gun. That [Turn to page 112]

OW DO

The Pastor of the Great Calvary Baptist Church of New York City Gives His Impression of Women Who Become the Abject Slaves of Fashion

ULTITUDES of American women today seem to be simply fashion-mad. They can be rightly classified as slaves " " " " le". I have no quarrel with woman's landable desire to make herself as attractive and beautiful as possible; but the trouble at the present hour is that many women have departed from the standards laid down in the Bible in connection with woman's dress, and the outems that prevailed in the earlier history of our country, and today are making dress a fetish and "style" a god. No matter how extreme or hideous the fashions may be, such w much will have them or die! Observant pasto and well-informed social and reform workers know that it is literally true that many girl both among the so-called "fashionable" sets, and their ages within the ranks of the factors and shop girls—seem ready to surrender their very souls in order

cessi in of fancy dress. Not only have many Protestant preachers spoken out on these question, but the Pope, a limit of one of the great branches of the Christian Church, expre-sed himself strongly a little while ago concerning the menace to morals seen in overemphasis or

to keep up with the pro-

the sex idea, particularly at the point of dress. I note with interest, also, that even so staid and venerable a person as Dr. Charles against prevailing styles.

isterial interference," or Puritanical prudery!

I am well aware that there are some today who do thus challenge the right of any man to discuss woman's dress, even though he may be one whose life-calling makes him a moulder of public opinion and a conservator of moral The position is taken by this school of ideals. thought that what a woman wears or doesn't wear is her own affair alone, and no one else has any business to interfere. One young woman, writing recently in one of our papers, asked, with considerable asperity:

"Why should men be permitted to tell us how to dress?

"Why should women always have to protect their 'feeling ??

"Why are not men made to control these "feelings" just as women are?

"Why should the fact-that a girl has legs arouse

the wrong kind of impulses in a man? Does he think we travel on wheels? We are mere human beings, but we have just as much feelings as men do, and we can be just as emotional, but we have been taught to control these feelings because they are wrong; but men have always let their feelings control them, and now they blame it on wo-

He Says

"The street today is a vaudeville show and hosiery bazar and statuary exhibit rolled into The variety of legs is absolutely appalling."

THIS frankly expressed attitude is a palpable overworking of the idea of "personal lib-W. Paliot has recently been sounding a warning erty." There are certain canons of decency and certain limitations which modesty, uni-Let no one, therefore, dismiss what I am try- versal custom, and the long experience of the ing to say as mere masculine vanity, or "min- human race have accepted as righteous and

By Dr. John ROACH STRATON

tiue, and the violation of these essentia' things is not legitimate personal liberty, but anarchistic individualism, whether it is practiced by men or women. The hurtfulness of these things is due to the fact that we are born in this world to a social and not a solitary existence. What we do, therefore, as individuals, in the exercise of our "liberty," may profoundly harm, by its wrong example, our fellow mortals. Some of those who attended one of the "Four Arts Balls" in Paris, for example both men and women-elected, we are told, to exercise their "personal liberty" by appearing upon the ball-room floor and dancing in a condition of absolute nudity; and there are people, it is said, in Germany, who have decided to abolish all clothing men and women adorning themselves only in happy smiles and good intentions.

IF WE are ready to allow personal liberty and the "rights" of sex to run to such ridiculous extremes as that, then we may as well make up our minds to sink back into savagery in other ways as well as in our ways of dress; but if there are established standards of decency and laws of modesty, then the time has come when the truth should be boldly stated and very definite steps taken to protect the race from the silliness and shame of foolish fads.

Just a few years ago when bustles were all the rage, the fastidious maiden would have laughed you to scorn had you suggested a change; yet it was but a short time before new tendencies became operative in the style world, and the bustle began to dwindle, while, at the same time, the tops of the sleeves began to swell. The faster the bustle dwindled the more rapidly the sleeves enlarged. The ladies stopped trying to float with a balloon attached at the back and tried them at the shoulders. The "big sleeve girl" was the idol of the hour, and the entire geography of the mysterious female costume had to be rewritten!



the sleeve masters of fashion decreed that the big part of the sleeve must be at the bottom instead of the top. This necessitated another revolution, including the throwing away of old dresses and the purchase of new-much to the delight of dressmakers and merchants, but to the consternation of the fathers and husbands.

Then came the "Merry Widow" bonnets, when the male half of congregations went into total eclipse, and the whole earth was full of the glory of hats "as the waters cover the sea!" Then, later, instead of going out at the sides like the "Merry Widows" until an umbrella dwindled into significance beside them, the hats ran up and toppled over into every Then, suddenly and without warning either imaginable fantastic shape. And now we have to artistic sense or exhausted pocketbook, a mixture of the two [Turn to page 126]

Life S That Way

A Story of
Cinderella's
Dream-Castle

ARRIE'S voice ringing in my ears as though it were yesterday!

Our Carrie playing the shiny, oak piano, her head thrown back, singing with all the beauty of her little soul. How plainly I see her white lace dress

all threaded with baby blue ribbon and a big blue ribbon as wide as your two hands on the back of her coal black hair!

And beside her, his brown thatch of hair bent over his violin, was her brother David, playing until the strings seemed to be sobbing out the happiness that was in my heart.

I can feel the touch of Andrew's hand on mine, tender and gentle, with his wonderful understanding. How vividly it all stands out, back to the time . . .

Pop wouldn't ever allow me in the saloon in the daytime. "No place for a good girl," he would grunt in his mixture of gutteral German and English. Not that I wanted to be there. But every morning before the break of day I had to carry in a pail of boiling soap and water and scrub the place down before the night shift



one morning, I was only twenty then, some men came pushing through the doors before I had finished. In their arms they carried a boy, his legs and arms all dangling and sprawly, his eyelids rolled back so that his eyes about the latter arms they carried a boy.

showed white and staring. Ice clung to his clothes and his hair, and the sides of his blue-white face dripped with water.

Pop came rushing out from behind the bar and shoved over a chair. Then he got a glass of fiery whiskey and poured it down the boy's throat. They rolled him over the chair to pump the water out of him, while I stood there wide-eyed—frightened at death stalking so close to me. After another glass of whiskey his eyes began to flicker.

An ambulance came dashing up, the horses steaming



from their run, their feet clattering on the icy cobblestones. They put coats around him and put him in the back, and the ambulance went bouncing and rolling off to St. Marie's Hospital on the hill.

When Pop returned one of the men said, "The damn fool, he was tryin' to cross Compton's Creek on the ice. Went through in the middle and Ed there fished him out with a plank."

I edged over closer, and Pop saw me standing there with my eyes staring. He roared at me like a sea-lion, and I went scampering back into the house, dragging my shawl and scrub-bucket with me.

That was the first time I ever saw Andy, and all that night-I could see him stretched out like a broken doll, all dangling and covered with icicles, and it sent me into little paroxysms of trembling, until my teeth chattered

and my sister poked me with her elbow and whined, "Lay still, Ivy!"

For the next few days I kept thinking about him, and finally I sidled up to one of the men who helped carry him in and said, "Say, mister, did that fellow that nearly drowned get well?"

He looked me over from my head to my feet while I stood there suffused with color and embarrassment. Finally he answered, "Su-u-ure! He's back at work."

For some reason I was awfully glad all that day.

But I didn't have much time to think about the boy, with making beds, and mops and washtubs and scrubbing brushes.

Our house was sort of glued on the back of the saloon, a dismal weather-beaten old shack that smelled and creaked in every joint. There were eight rooms, and Pop rented five of them to men from the mills. And he boarded them in our

kitchen.

Saturdays after they had been paid, they would give Pop their board and whatever else they owed him for the week. Then he would ask them to have a drink. When they left at night they had spent their last penny and Pop would carry them through another week, so they never got away from him.

Sometimes they would try to kiss me on the back-stairs or catch me in one of their rooms cleaning up. Their very touch made the goose-flesh rise all over my body. But there wasn't any use of my trying to tell Pop. He would only blame me.

Mom and Sadie and I had to do all the work. We scrubbed and cooked and washed and slaved from morning until night with seldom a rest. I could see Mom fading and dying before my very eyes, driven to her grave with curses and unkindness, but she stolidly kept on, never complaining.

I can still smell the stench of whiskey-breaths and see cruel eyes leering at me. How detested all of them and how futile seemed my hate!

THEN one morning I was carrying a bucketful of soapy water across the saloon. Pop was out in the back cleaning up the bottles when the front door swung open and the boy who had nearly drowned walked in, blowing on his fingers, his coat wrapped tight around his shivering body. He looked at me curiously for an instant and then said, "Good morning!"

That was the first surprise, because most of the men greeted me with "Gimme a beer" or "'Lo, kid!"
I said, "Good morning!" and smiled ever so slightly.

He 'smiled back and said, "Could I get a cup of coffee?"

Just then Pop appeared in the doorway and said, "Chust a minute, my poy," and I went on with my work. But all the time I was watching him out of the corner of my eye and thinking how grand and nice he was with his way of talking and his serious face.

After that, he got the habit of coming in each morning, and you can bet that I was always there waiting. Pop was surprised, I guess, because usually he had to bellow at me to get me out of bed to finish up before the men began crowding in for coffee.

'I began to live for that little smile and "good morning." And somehow just knowing him and seeing him each day seemed to make life something besides a con-



tinual drudgery. I could work with more interest. If I could only get him to talk to me! I began spendjust tune in front of the cracked old mirror in my room each morning, trying to find some way to get him to notice me. Other girls had beaus who took them on trolley rides and down to the little park in Elizabeth on Sundays, and one of the boarders had taken Sadie to New York one time. I began to dream about getting on the ferry boat, the big one Sadie told me about that ran across the harbor from St. George, Staten Island, to New York. It was a long ride, more than ten miles, and right near the ferry slip was a place where they had all kinds of fish in tanks—an aquarium, they called it.

HINED my hair all pretty each morning, like Sadie tixed hers, and one day I put on her plaid waist. Hen I threw an old shawl over me so that Mom wouldn't notice. And that was the one morning he midn't come in! When Mom saw the waist she gave the a cuff on the ear, but she helped me get it off before he saw me.

down collar and stiff hat. Honest, I'd never seen anything as wonderful looking in all my life. He looked so fine I felt ashamed of my saggy, old woolen skirt and waist. His quick, serious smile flashed over his face when he saw me.

My heart climbed up into my throat and choked me, and I was afraid I was going to have something go wrong with me from the burning in my face. I stammered out, "Hello!" and then ran away when the very thing I had been praying for was hap pening to me-ran away because I was so happy that he even noticed

But the next morning he came up to me and asked me if I wanted to go down to his church that night to

an ice cream social! Oh! I just looked into his eyes and began to shake my head from side to side, trying to say that I would be delighted, but I was so eager that I couldn't get out a word, and he thought I meant no. Then I finally blurted out:

'LL be awful glad to go, if Mom will let me."

I ran and asked her, and she dropped the pan she was scouring and looked at me for a moment with her hands on her hips.

"Oh, please, Mom," I begged.

A soft little light came into her eyes and she gave me a pat on the head and sighed.

"Yes, if you'll get your work all done. But what on earth are you going to wear? Oh, Ivy, if I could only get you some things——"
"Maybe Sadie would let me wear—" I began.

"No," Mother said emphatically. "That'll just start her off, and then Pop will get mad and

won't let you go.'

All day long I polished and scrubbed and rubbed with a willingness that drew little surprised looks from Sadie. After supper Mom went in her room for a few minutes and then called me. I went in and found her best skirt and waist lying out on the bed for me to wear, and her best hat and coat.

I got fixed up and was all ready when Andy came.

My, but I was proud of myself!

But when I got down to the church and saw the others with their beautiful clothes and hats, I felt like a scare crow. My feet and hands got in each other's way, and my hat wouldn't stay on straight, and Mom's skirt kent slipping around so that it hung down in the front and up in the back. I had never been so happy in all my life, and I had never been so miserable.

We walked home through two inches of snow. held to my arm and helped me over the crossings just like I was a rich lady or a queen. And he told me he got six dollars a week over at the mill and didn't drink or smoke and had almost two hundred dollars laid by.

And his suit cost twelve dollars and his shoes three! I hadn't closed my eyes when Mom called me the next morning. All night long I could feel the pressure of his hand on my arm and see his dark eyes smiling into mine so seriously and so wonderingly. I hopped out of bed and rushed down to be there when he came in for his morning cup of coffee. He helped me carry the pail of soap-suds back to the kitchen. Pop stood there with his eyes a little wide, his mouth slightly open, his hands on his hips.

That was just the beginning! The next Sunday after dinner we did take the ferry, right across the harbor, and when I timidly said I had heard about the Aquarium, Andy smiled and said he knew a better place than that to go. We took a horse-car to Fourteenth Street, and what if grand people with beautiful clothes did come driving down the street in their fine carriages! I envied

not one of them that day!

We went down Fourteenth Street and into a building where they had all sorts of the most marvelous things I had ever seen—have ever seen to this day. was a group in wax of the assassination of President Lincoln, and down in the basement was a chamber of horrors—people having their heads chopped off, and one being crushed by an elephant. They looked so real that they frightened me. I felt Andy's arm steady against me as I leaned a little closer to him and he looked down into my eyes, so seriously and so tenderly.

We stopped in the Aquarium, too, and saw all the funny fish swimming around in little tanks. Then Andy read all the signs to me, because most of the words I couldn't pronounce—and I guess he couldn't either, only

he pretended that he could.

We got a little lunch in the ferry house, and when we started back the sun was setting right in the harbor, throwing green and gold lights across the water. We rode all the way over on the deck, and Andy took my hand and sat so straight that I thought his high turn-down collar hurt him. On the

a dollar and twenty cents, not counting the trolley ride.

That worried me a little, but nothing could dim the happiness

in my heart.

HE rest of that winter was just a dream. What did I care if I did have to scrub until my hands were and my back blistered ached like a toothache? Just as surely as there would be a day after each night, I could count on a smile and a few words with Andy each morning. In the spring we took long walks out through the woods every Sunday, and Andy carried a little book with descriptions and pictures of different kinds of birds. We would sit for hours in the woods. waiting for a bird to come near. How our hearts beat with excitement as we would note the coloring and then scan the pages to identify the bird!

Simple pleasure, perhaps, but how glorious to me! And some Sundays Andy would bring a book with him and he would read to me. One Sunday, it was May, Andy read me the story of Cinderella. When he got through I said, "Do you suppose anything like that could really happen to a girl like me, Andy? I don't mean the slipper part'-there were tears in my eyes 'I mean that something could come along and take me away from Pop's, so far away that I wouldn't ever see it again?"

He looked puzzled for a minute, and then he said: "I want to take you away when I can, Ivy. Maybe it won't be a palace or anything near it, but I want to get enough money to have a little house, one that I know of over on Staten Island, with a little yard, and

COULDN'T keep back the joy that bubbled in my L heart. That would be a palace!

"That would be the most wonderful palace in all the world, Andy. Why-oh, Andy, are you telling me you love me-, are vou, Andy?" I asked.

"Yes, Ivy, I do love you so much that every minute I'm away from you I'm wishing for you and wanting to

take you away from that-

"Hole," I helped him. "Please, oh, please take me away as quick as you can. Sometimes I think I can't go through another day of it-it's just you, Andy, and thinking of you that makes life worth while at all, dreaming of you and praying for you, too, Andy.'

'Would you mind if we didn't have much at first?" he asked.





"Don't talk to me about quittin'!" I told him.

The ARISTOCRAT

He Never Forgot His Family-but Once

boat was out at the cove, anchored with the others and ready for the night trip. Uncle Dan doesn't happen to have any nephews or nieces, on account of his only brother getting killed in the Boer War and not being married before that, but everyone called him Uncle Dan for some reason or other.

It was a drizzling day, and no good for farming, so we sat around and whittled and smoked and told stories and asked questions and generally got along in a comfortable way

I wasn't talking very much. Nothing to say just then,

and my pipe needed attention. But I was thinking a lot of Uncle Dan's girl, Hilda. She had got amazingly pretty lately, and—well, she had got so amazingly pretty that I thought about it.

There's a lot of gossip, of course, in a man's way about people who come and go around here. They were just remarking that there was a spindly guy from the city staying over at Amos Andrews' place, and some of them chuckled when the door began to slide and the city man came in.

He was certainly spindly, all right! His legs were skinny, and he was tall and thin, and he had one of those unsuspected moustaches somewhere on his upper lip. That moustache had hard riding when he talked, and we all used to watch it.

Well, he came in with his nice clothes all neat, and we invited him to sit on a tar bucket, so he spread a hand-kerchief and sat, and took a cigarette out and lit up.

"Poor weather we're having!" he says, after a pause.
"We was talkin' of sendin' it back!" said Uncle Dan, solemnly pulling at his pipe when he finished and looking hard at the roof.

THE city fellow waited a bit, but nobody laughed, and he smiled sort of skimpy, as if he hated to waste it, and tried again.

"Are you all fishermen?"

"Only part o' each o' us!" drawled Uncle Dan.

"Well," said the fellow from the city, "I'm Henri du Casse, from New York!"

Nobody said anything to that, just waiting, and then Uncle Dan gave a grunt, and we all slid lower and got ready to enjoy ourselves, because he always grunts when he's up to mischief.

"I'm myself," he said, "from right

here!"

He led that city man along until he got him talking about his ancestors, then turned him loose and let him speak his piece, and three of us had to go out and stay out, or "bust" with the laughter.

Seems that this city fellow is number four in his father's business, which his great grand-daddy, his grand-daddy, and his father had run.

Near as we could make out, it was some kind of a factory, and worth a lot of money, and he wouldn't even talk to us, only he was sort of lonely, and said that he supposed nobody else around there could count back their ancestors for very far.

THEN four more of us had to get out. It was too rich!
But I stuck, held myself, and Uncle Dan kept him going good, fanning up the dying ember, as it were, whenever he started to lag. Then by and by he got him to say, out and out, that he was an aristocrat.

Then Jim, Amos Andrews' brother, got up and tottered out, and there was only the skinny city man, Uncle Dan, and myself. Finally, it seemed that he wanted to talk with Uncle Dan alone, but Uncle Dan didn't tell me to get, so I stuck, wondering if there was going to be a fight when Jim taunted Amos Andrews' wife with sheltering an aristocrat—a thing she loathed.

When this city fellow saw that I was stuck for good, and

not knowing that I stuck to see the show out, on account of his not knowing yet just how much he was stuck to that tar bucket, he spoke right out in my face to Uncle Dan, and asked if he was Hilda's father.

"Yep!" said Uncle Dan, but his eyes stopped being

"Nice looking girl!" said the Aristocrat. "I'd like to

live over at your house! I crave good company. See?"

Uncle Dan looked quickly at me, and I settled back and put my hands in my pockets where the fists weren't noticeable; and wondered why I had got mad so all-of-a-sudden, when he had only said that she was pretty. But I guess it was the way he said it that counted a lot.

Well. Uncle Dan said he didn't think it could be managed, because he had no room, and the Aristocrat sneered, and said that maybe one of the three boys could board out for a while. Then it was my turn to look quickly at Uncle Dan, but the old pirate was ready by now, and just snorted.

"I suppose you're sort of interested in Hilda?" said

Uncle Dan.

"Er—why—that is—deuced pretty girl, you know!" said the Aristocrat, wriggling a little. "But—er—I—er—nothing serious in my attentions, you know! I have to think of my family!"

Uncle Dan and I took another look at one another, each of us a big man with the nose of a hawk, big-boned hard-muscled, and close-mouthed [Turn to page 134]



And then all I could say was, "The Bay is pretty today—dear!" and we lapsed into another silence.

That Caxton Girl— OAN.

Wherein Danny Signs Away His Life Under Pressure of the Torture That Never Ceases



Mother and Dad were both there. "I want-I must go to see Joan now, Mother."

SOFT tinkling, like the jangle of tiny bells, came to my ears and then a slow swish, swish, like waves lapping against a wall of stone.

I was only half-conscious and too tired to open my eyes. The sounds drifted off into the distance as though a door had been closed upon them. Then, with voices

intermingled, they became louder. Loud, pleading, cursing voices, and I squirmed uneasily, trying to shut them out.

If I could only sleep for-

I stretched out my body and felt aching pains, like the ones after the first day of football practice at Princeton. I crossed one arm over my eyes and groaned aloud in protest.

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Slowly I opened my eyes as the measured swish, maish came closer, like tired feet on concrete—tired feet pulling a burden.

Steel bars! A million of them that reached from the ceiling to the concrete floor below me. I sat up, clutching at my throat, which had gone suddenly dry and parched. A little mean of anguish came from my lips at the pains that racked my head.

There was a little table beside the cot on which I was lying and on it was an agate pitcher and an agate cup. In a moment I tipped the pitcher and gulped two

the pitcher and gulped two cups of the soothing water, hardly stopping to breathe. The effort made me gasp with pain, and I sank back half exhausted. My hands went to my head and I felt bandages. Then I remembered: Leon Barnes... on the beach ... the two men on the road at night ... Joan!

Would they begin again? I felt a nausea steal over me at the thought of the little brute with the cruel mouth and the rest of them with their fierce, relentless questioning; their faces down close to mine, sneering, taunting.



I found her just as I had left her, with that wistful expression.

The terrible torture of those thoughts! I tried to shut out the vision of those hours and hours of questioning, threatening. Then I remembered that I had confessed; that I had signed my name on a piece of paper.

Confessed to shooting and killing Judson Caxton in the center of Soundview before a dozen people the day before, or the week before, or a hundred years before!

The horror of those first few minutes when I awoke and realized that I was in jail, a confessed murderer! No one could ever know the frightful terror of my muddled brain. My thoughts raced in mad circles.

I felt that I would lose control of myself and go

I felt that I would lose control of myself and go shricking about my little cell, beating my hands against the bars. It couldn't be true! God didn't let things like this happen in life. It was just a hideous nightmare that would pass, and the family would laugh when I told them about it at breakfast in the morning.

Then my hand went to the bandages on my head. It hurt when I pressed. There was no doubt that it was

real. Life was over just when it had begun, just when I had found Joan.

Well, no one would ever be able to say I hadn't played the game! I dug my nails deep into the palms of my hands and gritted my teeth until my jaws ached to keep back the tears that streamed into my eyes, saying over and over to my-self. "Don't be a cry baby—smile, damn you, smile!"

After what Barnes had said

about Joan, life didn't matter much, anyway. Nothing in the world could be worth much if Joan wasn't real and good. Joan! With eyes like blue-bells touched with morning dew, full of compassion, fear and love.

Would it mean anything to her that I was caged up like a rat in a trap because I had learned to love her? Would she care now? And my family with their fine traditions and their loyalty to each other? Where were they now when I needed them more than I had ever needed them before or ever would again? And Rolly—where was Rolly? Hadn't we pledged our friendship for so long as we lived?

I LAY there torturing myself, moaning aloud in my anguish. Then footsteps stopped before my cell. Keys tinkled and one grated in the lock. The bolt rasped back and someone shuffled in beside me.

I kept my eyes tightly closed, feigning sleep, and in another moment the door clanged shut again and the

key shot the lock back in place. But in a few more minutes it opened again. I looked up and saw two men in uniform, one in the dull blue of a keeper and the other in the white uniform of a prison doctor. I looked into the doctor's eyes. He smiled at me and said:

"It's all right, young man."

He gave my hand a pat, and I tried to smile back at him to show that I wasn't afraid.

Wanderlust!

One of the weirdest true stories that SMART SET has ever found starts in this issue—page 20.

"Still pretty much done up, aren't vou?" he said. I nodded my head. He took my pulse and then put a powder in the agate cup with some water, saying brusquely, "See what this does for you." And to the keeper, "Get this boy some broth and see that he doesn't gulp it down too fast."

Then he turned back to me and began taking the bandages off my head.

"Got you in a pretty bad place, haven't they, son?" he said good-naturedly.

I tried to smile and shake my head, but I only winced in pain.

"Hurt you?"

"Like the devil," I tried to sav. but no sound came and my teeth just chattered together and my throat crackled when I tried to speak aloud

"I'm going to send you over to the hospital for a couple of days," he said. "But first I want to get you fixed up before your father comes in to see you. You want to keep a stiff upper lip, because he's in pretty had shape himself."

Dad! How could I ever look into his eyes? Dear Dad! In bad shape, too, and here I'd been worry-

ing about myself. I caught my breath in a little gasp as I realized what it would all mean to him, and to Mother. Oh, if I could only have spared her!

"What are they going to do to me?" I managed to ask the doctor when he snapped his bag shut and got to his feet.

He looked down at me narrowly for a moment and then patted me on the shoulder and said, "Never give up till you're licked, boy! Just put yourself in shape to make a good fight now and forget everything else. Nothing is ever quite as bad as it seems!"

The jailer came in and brought me a bowl of chicken broth, and the doctor stood there to watch me while I ate it.

"That's the boy!" he said. "Keep that up and you'll come around in fine shape."

A FTER I had watched the little iron door down the aisle for what seemed hours, I saw Dad come hurrying through it. The jailer opened my cell and then Dad was down on one knee beside my cot, his head buried on my shoulder. Dad, always so strong and important and confident, crying on my shoulder! His shoulders seemed to quiver, but no sound came from his lips. A terrible rage crept over me and I wanted to jump to my feet and go screaming down the corridor and out into the open and tell all the world that I was innocent.

But I steadied myself and, using the doctor's words, said:

"Nothing is ever quite as had as it seems, Dad."
At that Dad seemed to stiffen, and in another few moments he sat down on the edge of the cot and put his arms about my shoulders. "You bet it isn't, Danny! Don't you worry, Danny. We'll have you out of here in jig order. But we won't go into that now until you are on your feet and feel a little more fit."

For a moment he was silent, his mouth twitching nervously. Then he burst out.

"The dirty dogs! Why, we didn't even know that you had been accused until you had been missing for a

day and a half, and the morning papers came out with your confession. They'll pay for it, too—making you talk without any counsel! I've got men after the governor and I'll go to Washington with it if I have to!"

I tried to smile back at Dad as he attempted to bolster up my spirits, but I knew that it was just talk; and I knew that he

knew it, for I had confessed—and no one could pardon murder.

"Remember, Danny, you've got to make a good fight for your mother if for nothing else. You know she is the one who is suffering most and she will suffer a thousand times more than you can ever suffer, whatever happens."

"I know it, Dad," I answered.

He gripped my shoulder with one of his great hands and squeezed until it hurt. Then he swung about to hide the tears in his eyes and went stalking down the aisle.

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his head held high, his step firm. But when he came to the steps at the end, I saw him stumble and almost fall.

"I suppose the girl wondered

what I meant by my peculiar actions around the restaurant."

Then in a few more minutes the jailer came back. And who was following on his heels but Rolly! I think I wanted to see Rolly more than anyone in all the world, just then, because I knew that I could really talk to him, and whatever I said couldn't be dragged out of him with wild horses if I asked him not to tell.

He never said a word until after he had taken my hand and gripped it hard. I could see the tears brimming in the corners of his eyes. Then he puckered up his forehead in a way I had come to know and love, and said, "You look like King Tut, with all the bandages!" Just that! As though I had been bumped by a street-car or fallen through a window!



That was the first time I had really been able to laugh since the morning on the beach, and in spite of the pain that went through my head I could feel the blood pumping through me again, and I seemed to gather new life. I grinned and said in a whisper:

'Did I do it, Rolly?"

"Don't be a damned idiot!" he said sharply, looking around quickly.

"But did I?" I insisted.

"Of course you didn't-don't you know?"

"No, I don't know, Rolly," I said. "I can't remember. Everything is all mixed up, and people say they saw me

"You've just let a lot of hick cops bulldoze you, Danny," he said. "Down in your heart you know very well you didn't do it. Don't you?"

ES," I answered. "Down in my heart I'm positive I that I didn't, but they proved it to me."
"Did they beat you at all?" he asked grimly.

"I don't think so, but they wouldn't let me sleep for days, it seemed. My nerves played me tricks and my They pounded at me until I had no mind went crazy. resistance left, and no one came to help me. What's more, I didn't care much after what Joan said. Have you seen her, Rolly?"

"Surest thing you know," he grinned. He looked toward the jailer standing outside, then moved around to shut off his view and slipped an envelope into my hand. With hands that shook so that I could scarcely open it, I eagerly unfolded the note while Rolly said, "Steady, old fellow, it'll keep!"

My Danny Boy:

Oh, dearest, if I could only write the things that are in my heart! But everything that has happened seems so strange and unreal that I cannot straighten it out in my mind.

l know you are innocent, Danny Everyone must know that. I have told them over and over that you did not do it. And I shall fight for you, Danny, until you are free.

You must have courage and fight, dear-fight for me!

JOAN.

While Rolly stood over me I pressed Joan's note to my lips and grinned up into his eyes.

"Thought that would make you feel better," Rolly smiled.

Then the jailer came in and chased Rolly out, while three attendants came in and carried me to another part of the prison and put me on a cot in the hospital ward.

All I can remember of the next few days is a jumble in my mind. My own lawyers questioned and instructed me until the very sight of them made my mind whirl in dizzy circles. The District Attorney came to question me, bringing physicians to examine me.

And through it all Rolly came with little notes of cheer from Joan that gave me new life and made the blood sing in my veins. Never once did she mention Judson Caxton, but I knew the horror of what she was going through, by the unwritten lines in her letters.

Then one morning one of my lawyers came rushing to my cell and told me that I had been ordered into court within an hour! He tried to instruct me in a few minutes, muddling my mind worse than ever.

I was almost in a trance when they led me through corridors into the glaring light of the court-room. The judge was on the bench in a black robe that sent shivers creeping down my spine as I sank into [Turn to page 137]





The Other Mrs. Gray

The Story

of a Woman

Who Didn't Want

to Be a

Stumbling Block

It is now five years since it happened. And not until yesterday had I for a moment considered passing my story on. One of my neighbors made a very bold remark about the unbelievable things that somebody told her—all based on a coincident. I wanted to tell her my story; I wanted to tell her what happened in the Michigan Central Station in Detroit five years ago; I wanted to—but let me start at the beginning.

Six years ago, I was a girl of seventeen. I lived in the small town of Jackson, Michigan. My mother had died when I was a baby, and my father married again when I was fourteen.

It was partly the old story of a disagreeable stepmother that was the beginning of my troubles. She did not like me, and took no pains to conceal her dislike.

And so, at the age of seventeen, I yielded to the urgmy of my sweetheart, Paul Grav, and married him to escape my stepmother's abuse. I really loved Paul, but we had not intended marrying for a few years yet, hecause he wished to study art in the city, and had not yet secured a very good position in Jackson. Paul's earnings were small, and we knew that we would have to economize in every way, so that he could follow his greatest ambition, which was to be able to study under one of the great masters in the city. We hoped to save enough the first year of our marriage to enable us to move the following year to Detroit, which was the nearest city. Had we carried out this plan, I would not now be writing this story.

For a time we managed, living in a tiny cottage on the edge of our town.

Then came the day when Paul came home to me with despair in his dear eyes. He had lost his position through no fault of his own. His employer had simply discharged him to make room for the son of a friend of his. Paul was very downhearted, saying he could not hope to get as good a position anywhere else in Jackson, and rents were so high in Detroit that we could not afford to move there. I was greatly worried,

for I did not like to have my husband feel that, I was holding him back from what might be a brilliant career as an artist. He had natural talent and high hopes of some day being able to earn a comfortable living, perhaps even luxuries, by means of his great gift.

Suddenly, I knew what I must do. For the sake of his ambition, his hopes, I must let my husband go to

the city alone!

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It would not be for long, I persuaded myself to believe. Unhampered by domestic responsibilities, he would be free to put every moment into his studies, and would have a better chance for a steady rise to fame and fortune.

So I reasoned, never counting the temptations which may beset a man confronted by loneliness and disappointment. I knew that I could get back my old position as clerk at Donaldson's Dry Goods Store and could, with the money Paul could spare to send me, get along nicely until such time as he could send for me to join him.

At first, Paul would not listen to my plan, insisting that he would never go to Detroit without me. However, when I pictured to him how proud and glad I should be to come to him when he had made a name for himself, he reluctantly consented to do as I urged. Two days later, with many fond embraces and assurances that our separation would not be for long, my husband left for Detroit. As the train pulled out from the station and Paul, standing on the rear platform, waved a last farewell to me, my heart sank suddenly, and for a moment

I lost sight of the dazzling future we were so confident would soon be our own. It was as if some shadow of the darkness to come had already fallen across my path.

I EASILY obtained my old position and life went on, although very monotonously now that I was alone. But I worked hard and had little time to be lonesome. Paul's letters, which came regularly every week, greatly cheered me. They were full of hope and confidence. He had found a cheap room near the great artist under whom he wished to study, and was already making progress, having taken several lessons since arriving in

the city.

One day, with surprise, I realized that it was three months since my husband had set out to make his career. It was on this day, when I was feeling particularly depressed and lonely, that I received Paul's letter, telling me he was coming home to see me and had some good news to tell me. Of course I was overjoyed, and thought that his "good news" was the fact that he was going to take me back with him. At this thought I breathed a sigh of relief, as the time would come when I could not work for a few months. For I, too, had some news to tell Paul! How happy he would be when I told him my precious secret!

At half-past four on the day of his arrival, I had everything in readiness to welcome him, and had dressed myself in the pale shade of pink which my husband had always



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Far Into the

SAT tonight in what was our living-room. I was in the shadow. The moonlight fell upon the floor through the three windows, making everything very ethereal in spite of the grim packing - boxes, the crated furniture and rolled up rugs.

Lucy, had come home for Josepha's wedding. The following morning Tom left and Lucy and I began packing, and now Lucy was gone and Josepha and her husband were up in the Maine woods, happy, I hope, as I once was.

I. a mother of nearly thirty years, sat in the big silent house, almost stupidly dull from aching limbs and tired back. I folded my roughened hands, readjusting myself for what the future held for me. After thirty years, I was alone. I had nothing to show for those years but my worn-out self.

Soon I would be leaving this house, this house and our home, and would be returning to my girlhood town to

live with my sister and brother. They had urged me to do this: They had written how comfortable we three could be together. I had visited them long ago in the prosperous days, but now I would be a drifter, as many another woman had been who has had children who have married or gone away.

It does not seem so very long since I first met William. I was at an Assembly dance. My older sister had made me a pink organdy frock. It was all ruffled and trimmed with black velvet ribbon, and I wore the pink cameo jewelry that my mother had left me. My face was happy as I looked into the mirror; my hair bright and



William Emerson was the new architect in town. He had come to look at the new university building. There had been some disagreement before the completion, and the firm had sent him on. He was there for several weeks. hii

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He was tall and good-looking. He gave me more attention than any other girl at the dance, and sent me flowers the following day. Sunday he called about tea time. Several of the younger set had dropped in at our house as they always did. I could see that my sister was displeased. The girls all sat looking at him with admiring glances. Dr. Armstrong was at that time what my sister termed devoted to me, and my family were

anxious for me to marry him-a man of wealth. He came just as William was singing "Sweetest Story Ever Told" and looking at me. I was very much thrilled by the manner in which he was individualizing me. It was one of those May evenings when the air was fragrant with lilacs and spring. I seemed to be living in another world.

My brother suggested that we all saunter down to the river and see his new sailboat. As Dr. Armstrong went to the telephone, William caught my arm and we went through the French window across the garden and down to the river. A rose-bush caught at my sleeve as we made our way through the hedge. As I stooped to loosen it, another branch entangled itself in my blowy hair, and with unsteady fingers William made an effort to free me. Then, before I knew it. I suddenly found myself imprisoned in his arms.

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"Do you know, dear, how lovely you are?" he asked when he let me draw away from him.

I shook my head. I could not speak. Was this love—this floating about between

the sky and earth as I had been doing since the dance? We heard laughter in the distance and made our way to the others.

I was afraid that my tell-tale face would cause comment, but no one seemed to notice any change. On the way home, Dr. Armstrong managed to walk with me, and when some of the crowd started for their homes, someone invited William to drive him to his hotel.

WILLIAM came frequently to see me. He never made friends with my family. I never knew why perhaps because he was from the South. My older sister so worked it that I was never alone with him. Sometimes he would run in before noon. She would always manage to be on the veranda, while the family seemed to close in on me. My brother said I was throwing away a chance of a lifetime and soon the doctor would become tired of my flirtation with this new man. The family saw how affairs were progressing with William and me, and, with the hope that I would forget him, sent me to visit relatives. I never saw William alone after that night in the rose-hedge. I wondered if that was the way of Southern men-make love to a girl and that was the end.

There's Always Someone Who Can See the Clear Sky-Even When the Storm Is Blackest I felt twenty years younger as Rob-ert sat on the arm of my chair and said, "Now, will someone tell me who is my bride?".

> My relatives lived very beautifully, and I was having a gay time. My disappointment at not having seen William and not hearing from him was healing when one night, just as I was ready for a dance, the maid came to my room and whispered that there was a gentleman in the drawing-room to see "Miss Nelle." I thought perhaps it was my escort arriving early to take a short drive—on one of those balmy, June nights. I ran downstairs into the dimly-lighted, cool room, right into William's arms.

Of course, what he said to me has been said millions of times in millions of ways to millions of girls, but to me it was said for the first time to the first girl and by the only man in the world. I stood trembling in his arms, and then insisted that I had to go to the party. I had promised young Mr. Hyler I would go with him. My aunt and uncle had gone out to the country club for dinner and were coming to the dance later in the evening.

"You mean you will not break your promise?" Wilham asked, holding my hands tightly between his own.

"No. I never have, and I will not now," I answered. "Nelle, will you marry me?" he asked, smiling and bolding right into my eyes.

i nodded my head.

"Will you marry me tomorrow at this time?"

I modded my head again.

"You will, for you have given me your promise and you do not break promises," and with that I was in his arms again for a moment, and then he was gone.

We were married the next night at dusk. I had told my aunt what I was going to do. Opposing her family, he consented, and we were married in the drawing-room where I had met William the night before. I seemed to be another girl as I went to the softly-lighted drawing-room, with its filmy, lace curtains, the heavy curpet, the grand piano that was banked with flowers, and the tall mirror that was between the front windows in which I saw my reflected self.

We left on the night train for the West, where my

ple would be displeased and they vere. But then, after we had been married a year, my brother and me a little silver chest. and when Lucy was born, the family begged me to come home for a

I went, en-

joying it very much. We were very happy those first two vears. We had a little cottage in a new Western town. With the help of a young darky girl, I did all there was to do. I was young. and the world was a very rosy place in which to live. My neighbors were all very kind to me. Most of them were from the East, so we seemed to be one big family. Lucy was the only child in Rose Edition. William sometimes frowned, coming home to supper and finding Lucy at Auntie Cooke's, but behind the frown on his forehead I knew he was delighted at the admiration the child caused everywhere we went.

Lucy was just like her father. Her eves were dark, and her hair black and one mass of ringlets. My people sent me beautiful clothes for her. She looked like a little gypsy fairy when in the cool of the evening we would go down the street to the train to meet her father.

But one night when we met him she was two years old—I saw that something was wrong. To divert his mind into a pleasant channel, I said, "Oh, William, the folks sent such a beautiful box for Lucy today! The dearest little bonnet and shoes and

DO not want any of their damn stuff," he said, almost under his breath.

"Damn stuff," cooed Lucy smiling.

"Don't you ever say that again," William said to the child in an angry tone.
"Damn stuff," she laughed into his face.

He gave her a slight slap on the cheek, saying, "This is what this eternal visiting does for her.'

'William!" I cried, pained. We were on the street and there was no one in sight, but Lucy began to scream, "Damn stuff-Her father took her in his arms and started on ahead of me. Lucy was still yelling at the top of her voice, and William was at

> its lowest -ebb. I followed. reaching our cottage in time to hear my hushand say to Lucy, "Don't you ever say that again."

My little daughter would immediately follow with 'Damn stuff!" Her little face was red and stormy.

"I am going to whip you," William said to her, as he stood looking down upon her.

"No. William Emerson, you are You did not. wrong, speaking as you did before her." I said very firmly.

"Is she not my child?" he demanded.

"Yes, but she is also mine, and don't you touch her." I cried.

Oh, to think we had become so common as to quarrel before our little daughter! Lucy laughed wickedly and said, "Damn stuff." William stared at her. Then I grabbed her, ran into the adjoining room and slammed the door. [Turn to page 118]



"Do you know, dear, how lovely you are?" he asked when he let me draw away from him. I shook my head. I could not speak. Could he mean it? Was this love?



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Barbara Worth

BARBARA WORTH (above), just eighteen, has jumped into "parts". She was discovered among the Universal extras.

RAYMOND McKEE (right) is the personification of the college sheik as interpreted by the "might have been" students.

MADELINE HURLOCK (below) has a new pet for publicity purposes. She likes cats and such things, and can always be depended upon for new ideas in improving genial home life and comfort.

Raymond McKee

Plate by
Careas

"Numa"

Madeline



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And to think that we had the idea that this was life -real life!

1001 NIGHTS on Broadway

As Told to RUTH FALLOWS

S I sit tonight in my room in a remote little Paris pension, trying to put into words on paper my recollections of what my little sick chorus sister of the Follies told me in my little studio apartment just off Broadway as she lay convalescing from her physical breakdown, "dying to talk", one thing comes vividly up, for I have never forgotten a syllable of it and never shall.

Jane Handerson, who had never given life or temptation much of a battle, whom circumstances had used incredibly hard and amazingly well, had told me of her birth and childhood in the grime and slime of Peoria Street in its worst Chicago age and stage; of her servitude and her one great love and its cruel anti-climax; of her being shanghaied to South America to dance in a polyglot den for a year when she wasn't yet sixteen; of her struggles to break into Broadway, her success and what it had cost her—about all that many women would die to preserve; and of her drifting into the easy ways, luxurious fruits and corrupting lures of life on the inside among the post-prohibition "Night Clubs" of Manhattan.

Her quaint, ofttimes naive philosophies, deductions and observations on these reactions of social dynamite, had amused, shocked, enlightened me; for, though I had already served my apprenticeship in the de luxe revues and had attained the "glorified" estate before Jane did,

there was much—oh, so much—that was still new and eve-opening to me.

But of all her rambling remarks, the following still rings in my ears, and I can see her every gesture and

mien as she spoke:

"Ruthie, good advice isn't worth the breath it takes. You can burn up all the libraries with all the wise wheezes of all the seers and sages. They make good reading and maybe they massage your brain. But they don't get anybody anywhere. "For down in the heart of every one of us is that stubborn, egotistical stinct that says: 'Oh, yes, I know so-and-so, and it's true. not with me. I know the way of the transgressor is hard, the wages of sin is death, and all that stuff. But I can beat the game.' "Aren't there divorce scandals all over all the papers every Not the day? theories, but the Well, facts. don't people keep on marrying every day? They read. They say, 'Oh; I know men are wicked and women are weak, but not my man with me, or not my woman with me. "I could have written a volume on the tincan and tinsel of those gilt gin and gyp cabarets; I knew them inside out and backwards; I knew all about

Sham! That hardly expresses it.

'em for everybody but myself. I not only believed the truth; I could prove every phase and detail of it. But that tiny, surviving ego didn't let me apply it to little Jane. And goodness knows I knew I was no superperson. I was weak, I was a chump, and that I realized. Yet I set myself, my own little imperfect and feeble self, to stand against all I had learned, all I had paid so much to learn, and presumed to think I could beat the racket. "Well, of course, I didn't. Nobody can. But every-

body thinks she or he can.

"I jazzed along with the parade. And what a parade! Bankers and bootleggers, chorines and crooks, rounders and roues and cake-eaters and stars and geniuses and pickpockets and strumpets and empire builders and tinhorn gamblers and railroad presidents and trap-drumniers and poets and flappers and ambassadors and safeblowers.

"I HAD what it took in that atmosphere—youth, good looks, a laugh on my painted lips, a sparkle in my eyes, an appetite for the bunk and the junk and the jingle, and an inspired blind faith in destiny or fate or something that always made me sure everything would turn out all jake.

"So I didn't worry, never complained, took what came as it came, laughed off my conscience and my reason, poopoohed at the inexorable laws of compensation and

etribution.

"I could still make everything hotsy-totsy by saying 'Those things can't happen to me.' And so many of

them had already happened!

"And, one strange part of it was, for every man who tried to give me another little jolt or drag down the wrong path, a dozen freehandedly lent me good advice,

sound, unselfish gospel. But the women!

"As I've already pointed out to you, whatever grave misfortunes have ever befallen me were directly chargeable to the sorority, my own sex: first, my short-sighted, slat-visioned mother; then the mother of the boy I loved, who threw me out into the world at two in the morning because I had repulsed her tipsy boy; then the woman in Chicago who sold me into South American exile and bondage for \$100; then my pal, Yvonne, in my first Broadway show, who fixed the little party the night before prohibition, from which I woke up on the other side of the social Rubicon.

"The women I worked with and met in the night-club haunts wasted little time and thought on my soul and my conscience. They preached the familiar sermons of the hard-boiled creed, 'Get the money! Get all you can and give as little as you must! You're only young once; dig while you've got the gifts! Men are your enemies, take no prisoners!"

"Sinister sisters, eh?

"Right. Let me tell you, Ruthic, there are no he-angels on earth, but there are plenty of she-devils!

I OOK out for women. They, more than men—in my experience—seem to take a fiendish delight in seeing other girls pay for the mistakes and mishaps which have been their own lot. I've never heard a man say that a woman crossed him and henceforth he would teach all other men to suspect and resent all other women; but I have had a dozen women say that to me from their side about men. Of course, I suppose there are millions of fine, honest, Christian girls and women who don't act, talk or think like that. But they are women who have had the teaching, love and protection of normal life, school, church, mother, family.

"One bitter, hardened woman can corrupt more tender girls than a score of villainous men. We are prone to listen with more credence and faith to those of our own sex, for the ever-conscious sense of the sex-struggle isn't there to warn or guard or guide us.

"Women can say things to us that men can't, and can grow intimate in their messages on passing acquaintance.

"Girls are taught from almost infancy to protect themselves against the male wolves. As they grow toward womanhood that training, rooted in an already inborn impulse, becomes most pronounced and powerful. Thus many girls escape the perils of man-aimed assaults, ambushes and flank attacks.

"But you scarcely ever hear of girls being cautioned against giving ear to the false reasoning and insidious suggestion of female wolves.

"Yet, of my own knowledge, I know hardly a case of a girl going to ruin without the agency, somewhere, of a feminine hand in the process."

Jane turned her big, eloquent, dark eyes on me; smiled wistfully, and said:

"Getting to be a bit of a preacher, eh, Ruthie?

"Well, take it from the Peoria Street kid, I've got plenty of material. Many a professional is doing a lot of moralizing without half my foundation. think they know, and they do-theoretically. But such folks aren't taken in on the inside. and nobody learns from any other side than the inside what's really what.

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"If one of us tries to tell the world, the world says 'Oh, guff— such people don't tell the truth, and, besides, they have narrow viewpoints. Such things may be in isolated cases But I guess we'd hear plenty about 'em if they were common.' Then, common.' when they do hear they of them, either take them with a ton of salt, or else they shrug their shoulders and dismiss it with 'Well, after all, it must be in the blood of wicked girls to .go that way, because a decent girl can always take care of herself if she wants to.'

"Could I?
"Now, can she?

"The very word 'girl' is the ringing and devastating answer to their argument. It isn't given to girls to understand; not until they're women have they their full senses and sense. By then it's often too late.

"No, with exceptions, I'd say a girl can't take care of herself and she shouldn't be asked or allowed to attempt to. A girl should be protected—by parents, education, religion. You were. I wasn't. Well—look at us!"

A ND she was right. How well I, myself, with my limited observations and personal experience could testify to that.

My own people weren't much richer than Jane's. But I had a father, and my darling mother watched over me, her only daughter, as the apple of her eye. I was fourteen or so when I went to work, first as a salesgirl, later as a model. I was posing in the nude when I was fifteen

or sixteen. But—

My parents never let me roam, harum-scarum, helterskelter. They knew where I was working, for whom, with whom. They escorted me, they called for me, they discussed every detail with me, they advised me, they counselled, they armed me.

They didn't oppose my going on
the stage. There is
no more danger to
a girl's womanhood
behind the footlights than behind
a counter or behind
a typewriter. It
depends, first, on
the girl, second on
her early upbringing, third on the
e t e r n a l vigilance
and u n r e l a x e d
guardianship of
her protectors.

I was thrown in with older girls, many of pretty brazen rebcls against the social conventions. I dressed them, I heard them - and they talked with indescribable bluntness about the most delicate affairs—and, yet, I cannot see where I am any the worse for that rather high-pitched adventure.

I would have encountered just about the same [Turn to page 94]



"It isn't given to girls to understand. Not until they're women have they their full senses. By then it's often too late." Thus, looking away from me, Jane Handerson ended the story of her life.



Her satisfaction lies in the feeling that she is highly respected by man.

IRLS, which would you rather be a man's leisure-mate or his work-mate? At first sight, it sounds quite easy to answer this, but the question is a much more difficult one to decide upon than you may think.

In this article I am not going to give you my advice; I am simply going to put the two cases before you, and when you have written to me and given me your views and desires, then next month I will sum up and try to help you to decide

wisely!

A man's leisure-mate is the person he goes to when neither duty nor business restrains him. The leisure-mate may be the centre of pleasure, exhilaration, or even peace—this depends upon the man's nature. Some men who have very strenuous brain work to do, seek for their leisure-mates women who merely appeal to the senses, and who will not tax the tired cells afresh after the day's toil is over.

Others, even with these same avocations, require fresh stimulation to enable them to begin

Would You

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Man's

Leisure
mate, or

His Work
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the morrow again. Some prefer silent, sensuous creatures who will give them agreeable thrills without any mental effort, and others like their leisure-mates to be filled with repartee and coquetry. But it entirely depends upon the kind of man in the case. For their leisure companions, all men invariably drift to the nearest they can secure to their subconscious desires for completion. For both men and women are eternally seeking for that other half of themselves

which, when found, would bring perfect satisfaction.

This want is purely subconscious, and by many male creatures would be flatly denied like a number of other urges which, on the face of things, do not appear flattering to their egotism, but there they are, nevertheless!

Men who lead idle lives generally gravitate

towards obviously material companions, because if there was Promethean fire in them they would not be drifters, but being what they are, they take the line of least resistance and are drawn towards the elementary part

72.

By ELINOR GLYN

of created beings. They get their satisfaction from physical emotions, the pleasures of eyes and ears and touch.

Though some men, who seem apparently idle, are in reality very active in imagination-which eventually will burst forth-the leisure-mates of these are always women who stimulate imagination. Thus, by aiding forward the man's subconscious desire to express himself, they soothe his vanity and he turns to them whenever he is free to do what he chooses.

HEN, a certain other type of man demands that his leisure-mate shall be more or less of a slave. She must not dare to express her own opinions, or be individual in any way. He is then soothed and pleased, and goes to her when others oppose him. The men who want this sort of companion, though, are usually masses of egotism and have a strong strain of bully in their natures. They are of the narrow-minded band who think they should be obeyed and looked up to by all women, not because of their capabilities of qualities, but simply because they are MEN! These love to conquer resistance, not because they desire to enjoy what they have conquered, but because their vanity is gratified in their own personal achievement.

The leisure-mates of these latter are always changing—the moment one has given way to their peremptoriness, she is flung aside, and a new one—always of the same type—is sought. Frequently the men who show these idiosyncrasies are those who, in their work hours, are kept under strong dominion, and this is their only means of expressing

their personalities.

Thus, to be a successful leisuremate, the girl or woman in the case must study the nature of the man.

There may be countries where polyandry is practised where choice lies altogether in the hands of the womenwhere they can be the arbiters of the fate of the male; but in all other lands-even America. where woman is admittedly on a higher pedestal and of more importance than in any other civilized country—man really finally settles the question of what he wants himself. The leisure-mate—no matter if she is appearing only to be filling the man's spiritual needsmust attract him physically, because if she does not she may turn into a duty and he will begin subconsciously to look for a new one who that he cannot



that she soothes the vanity of the man.

does thrill him! A leisure-mate cannot afford to displease or affront her companion, or do anything which might make him feel she was not what he desired; otherwise, if he does stay, it will be because he just can't help himself.

The work-mate has a different task in front of her. Efficiency is absolutely necessary in whatever profession they are both engaged. She has to understand all the man's interests. their mutual aim being solely the advancement of the deal in hand. She has to be so diligent that he knows he can depend upon her in every emergency. Her whole mind has to be set upon her work—and she has to make the man feel [Continued on page 95]





AGAIN AND
AGAIN THE
BLACKNESS
GATHERED
AND
FORMED
A CROSS.
WAS IT A
SIGN?

Across the Shadow

HAPPEN to know about this. You may believe it or not; it doesn't matter. For the telling may lay my own very private ghost.

Streaming heat held that sizzling late afternoon when the noise from the house was again loud. I sat in my wheeled chair in my own corner of the veranda, full of contempt for the noisy bunch of men and women inside the house. They had slept most of the day and were rousing for another night of revelry—the third. That was the way Lee's "parties" performed.

I was used to them. But they always made me angry.

I was used to them. But they always made me angry. Not that I cared; I was not trying to reform Lee. Nor Lee's friends.

But they were incongruous—these hullabaloos—not suiting the dignity of vast, endless flat spaces, scorched barren and brown. Lee had written, "Come out to the ranch and boss my house for me, old Connie. Save me lots of trouble." I knew he was only finding something for me to do, now that I was up and haltingly around. And he knew I missed him.

Why not miss him? I had known him always. We had played with the same toys, learned to walk at the same time, never any difference between the born child and the adopted one. Youth together; grown up, then the accident that had ended me as a woman, made my

hair white, made me old—barred forever any future that might have been.

But I brought my wheel-chair and came out to him when he asked me. My room and my veranda corner were at the far end of the big spreading ranch-house. "Some boss, you are," he said when the Chinese cook took his first orders from me.

I LOVED it. Far-spread country, mesquite clumped, glitteringly dry. Corrals, reservoirs, windmills, huge barns—in the midst of vast solitude. When Lee was there and at work with the men, it was heaven. Then the house brooded happily and was still. When my thermometer marked one hundred and fifteen after the sun had dropped, I didn't care. It was still heaven.

And when he brought out the riotous of the town, I knew he could not help it. He was so full of life—strength—joy of living. I, a wreck, could not understand. Tried to. Tried to know that he was a man. Tried to be satisfied when the madness took him; need for drink and the rest. I tried to be glad that he brought the people home rather than go to them and the house dead without him. He ran riot in his revelry as he did in his work. He did everything hard. He exaggerated everything. There was a loose screw about him that,



"There were drops of perspiration about her forehead, little clear drops like water. You will never know, Constance,

itself. The horses plunged into the road, took the bridge

over the dry arroyo safely. I saw them go.

It was only two miles to town. He should be back in an hour. He was not. I waited. Inside the house the roisterers were uneasy. It was hotter. With the dropping of the sun had come a thickening of air. Like a lid put down. They were complaining loudly inside.

Quarreling. Good humor gone.

I watched for Lee to come home against the broad red-yellow after-glow. I would see the dust cloud long before I could see him. I did not notice what was going on inside until I knew that they had been back to the stables, hooked a team to the wagon, and were coming out to it. A hot, cross, disheleved crew: "Babe" in vellow trousers, "Floss"—I had seen her before—the rest of them.

They climbed into the wagon and did not notice me. Drove off in sodden silence.

Then the house was quiet. Wong moved with light sounds, putting the place to rights, pattering gently.

The heat was sickening because it was so close—so pushed down. Off in the west there had been a flash of lightning. Oh, what rain would mean! Sometimes it came after such a day—hard-falling water that streamed the world. Maybe we were to have it.

HEARD the horses coming and the buckboard strike the mesquite at the entrance. I heard him laugh. Why laugh? He was not alone, then.

He lifted someone down at the front steps and let the horses go on alone to the stables. He was much worse than usual or he would not have done that.

With the help of the rail I walked to meet him at

It was Emmy in a white dress. I had known, of course, that it was she. Then what was she, after all, to come here?

"I have stolen her.!"

frightened sound.

He saw me and laughed loudly.

"He said there was a party." I could not see her face, but I thought her voice had a

"Come sit with me a bit, Emmy, and then he'll take you back home."
"Mind your business, Constance." Oh, I must hate a man who would speak to me like that! No matter the drink, the urge, the girl, the closely pushing night-no matter anything. "Emmy will sit with me on the other veranda," he said. "Come on in, Emmy.

Don't pay any attention to her. Give me your hand . . . it is dark inside."

that passed for love. It was compellingwould pull like ropes -no girl could resist the fascination, the lure—oh, the dreadfulness of a man like that!

I went back to my chair. What would become of a man like Lee? What could become of him? things balance, he'd suffer much.

Some thunder rolled. Lightning flashed. Well-out of unknown romance I had built up the idea that Emmy's love was not like the others. Seeming innocence was not always innocence, then. Little Emmy.

I had not sensed that in her.

Wondering there, I saw the moon come up and put down its shadows. It made the dust and sand white; made them glow. I turned my head to look—great white moon, low and close in! So round that I might almost see behind it—not flat against the sky. And it was making in the dust before me shadows of the house-gable, the stretching arm of the windmill, other things, laid as in black paint on the ground there.

Like a vast cross—that windmill arm—those other things. Curious. Ominous. Even the high back of my chair was a part. I watched it. A great cross

there at my feet.

Then Emmy ran past me and down the steps. I saw her plain as day in the white light, her white dress, her little blonde curls. Lee followed. I saw him clearly. Both on the shadow cross! Did it mean anything at all? Omen? Or just a happen-so? "Dear God?" Dear God!"

I breathed. "It frightens me!"

Then the storm came. I knew it was a storm, because it was all black-no other way, for there was no wind. no rain. Only a steaming hot blanket put down and tucked in at the edges. A dry storm that rolled on the ground and smothered. Rolled where the cross had

I saw Lee for five minutes the next day.

"I'm going away," he said.

"Yes?

"I'll take Emmy."

"Yes."

"I'll marry her, Constance."
"Yes, dear."

Then the months passed. The place ran like clock-ork. Down in town in the boarding-house where Emmy had lived, and among her few music pupils, they spoke of him as "Emmy's husband". Maybe he was.

I didn't know. I kept the books. Months went along In the fall I had a letter. He said that, as the ranch got on so well without him, he would not hurry back. Hoped I was happy. Again months of silence.

Then Worth heard in town that Emmy had died. Some relatives had been notified. No details. No word from Lee.

June came in fiercely. I had brought my account books out on the veranda, hoping for a breath of air. The sun had been down long enough for the afterglow to lie spread. Worth had just

lounged crossly away, grumbling that it was time the master came back to look after things -didn't like being bossed by a woman, anyhow. I let it pass. It was the heat-sticky, cling-

I saw a dust cloud coming along the road. A small one. Someone walking. A stranger, of course: Turn to page 117



Before Dawn

I HAD been married nine years, and I had three children, when there came to me the big adventure. I cannot think of it calmly, I cannot reason about it and yet I must do both. Perhaps by putting it on paper I shall clear my mind for the decision I must face. For this experience is not in the past; it is in the present the burning present, and the decision that awaits me is the most appalling one that a woman could be asked to make.

During the years Lee and I have been married, we have been happy, with the placid affection of nearness and habit, and the bond of our

three children.

I have made, I honestly believe, a good wife. I have watched over Lee's health, over his house, over the big dinners that he likes to give. I have traveled with him: I have brought up our children myself, rather than depend on hired help, as so many mothers do. I have my friends, my clubs, my church, all the normal affiliations of a contented and protected woman. And for nine years I have not felt the great lack in my life. I have not realized what I missed. Because, until recentlv. I have not known what real passion was.

It seems so queer now as I look back on it, that first night when Lee brought Kenneth

home to dinner.

WE SEEMED to have an attraction for each other from the very start. Kenneth told me later that he knew it the moment he saw me coming down the stairs. I had not expected a guest, I remember, and I had on a sort of tea gown—informal and trailing,

and intimate in a way that my husband was not subtle enough to understand. He never seemed to notice what I wore, so I was no longer interested in dressing up for him.

I did not recognize any tie between us as Kenneth says he did. I only knew that I felt alive and vital with a kind of glowing power. I talked well, and Kenneth played up to me, and that dinner was a real event.

My husband is the head of a big engineering corporation. Kenneth is a young architect who was doing some work for him. He is a handsome boy, too handsome for a woman's peace of mind. He is seven years my junior,

but he is well able to take care of himself. Many women have discovered that, I imagine, to their cost. But none so bitterly, or with such devastating consequences as I.

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How shall I go on? The progress of these affairs is sordid and familiar. He came to my dinners, to my teas. He took me to concerts, always with my husband's consent, of course. He became almost an inmate of the house. And I thought, "What does it matter? He is

78



climbed up on my lap in front of the fire, and it was so that Kenneth found me. He sat down with us, and told them a little story, and kissed them both. That revolts me now. I do not wish to think of my children in connection with the sordid, pitiful tale that

I took them up to bed. When I rejoined him, he lay on the hearth rug at my feet, and looked into the fire and talked.

I felt uncomfortable—with that curious feeling that sometimes precedes a thunderstorm. After awhile he was silent. It was a peculiar silence, aching and a little tremu-lous. And oddly enough I recognized what it was. It must have been intuition, for my husband had never given me such silences. But I understood it at once. Other women will know what I mean. And they will know the exquisite fear with which I faced it.

HEARD the clock ticking on the mantle. I felt that I could not endure the silence any longer. And yet I could not break it. It seemed eternal, somehow-ancient as the

And I sat trembling, waiting, as women have always waited for the man to resolve that silence into life. Then, at last, he stirred.

He raised himself to his knees and put his arms around me. And I allowed it!

My mind kept telling me that this was madness, that only ruin lay that way. But I could not resist. Some starved force in me was just beginning to awaken, and Kenneth's touch was all that I desired in life. The youth, the magic of him! I wonder whether other married women, happily married as the world counts it, know what I mean!

I gave one last thought to Lee. I would not let myself think of my children.

Then I returned to Kenneth's embrace, and when he whispered my name I answered, tremulous

and all on fire, and gave my lips to his.

The next day I walked about in a daze. It seemed incredible that this should have come to me. I had read of other women, serene on the placid sea of matrimony, whom this storm had overwhelmed. But even then I never dreamed that the catastrophe would be so com-

I welcomed my husband home, and the outward current of my life was undisturbed. I still presided at his dinners, and attended the meetings of my club and

so much younger than I! No one There is no danger will talk.

Like thousands of daughters of Eve, I walked blindly into the fire, although I could sense from far off the crackle of the flames, and that-God knows-should have been sufficient!

One night, when my husband was away on a business trip, Kenneth came around to bring me a book. My two eldest children were just coming downstairs in their nightelothes for their good-night kiss. They

church. I did not see Kenneth for ten days—and, to my surprise, I did not especially care to see him.

The over-mastering passion of that hour had quite given way to the ordered routine of a wife and mother, and strangely enough I did not feel the lack. It was as though I had been insane for that one night, and now the little duties of every day engrossed my time again.

THERE is Kenneth?" Lee asked me once or

"I don't know," I answered. "He'll be around soon. He always is.'

"I miss him," my husband said. "And then I like to have him with you when I'm away so much. He's a sort of watch dog.

Watch dog! Have all husbands been so blind? From the days of Tristan and Isolde, and Paolo and Francesca, have the husband's eyes been closed to the peril of the vounger man?

"Don't you see him at your office?" I inquired idly. "Not now," Lee replied; "not since his break with

Hastings."

Hastings was my husband's partner.

"But I didn't know there had been a break," I said. "What a pity! And what was it about?"

"I don't know." Lee frowned reflectively. matter of fact, I didn't tell you because I'm afraid it was rather sordid.

course, but still it was a nasty mess-the whole affair."

'But what could have been the trouble?" I breathed.

"A woman, I'm afraid," said Lee.
"A woman!" I was surprised at the pang that shot through me.

"There! I shouldn't have told you. I don't want to prejudice you against Kenneth. Boys must have their

affairs, you know.

"Of course," I said, "it's quite all right, and natural But I don't like to talk about it. I'll go upenough. stairs and dress for dinner. Don't worry about Kenneth. He'll turn up soon."

I ran up to my room and closeted myself with my thoughts, and they were not pleasant ones to face.

The days went by and still Kenneth made no sign. I felt that I should be hurt at his neglect, but deep in my heart I was conscious of relief. If only he would stay away and keep away—then I might forget, and the whole thing might be as though it had never hap-

But Kenneth did not keep away. He was all man, and he knew what he wanted. One Monday my husband went off on a business trip. He was barely out of the house when Kenneth rang me up.

"Eileen, may I see you?"
I hesitated. Then I gathered my wits and answered

porizing. "Eileen, let me come around tonight." "Of course not!" I exclaimed. There was a flame

"What do you think I am: You wait till Lee is gone, and then ring me up as though I were always at your beck and

I slammed the telephone down on its hook, and went over to the fireplace. It was cheaply enough that Kenneth valued me. To think that he could come to me at will! And all the time, if my husband's suppositions about the Hastings' trouble were correct, he was involved with some other woman. Well, at least he should never come to me again!

TITHIN fifteen minutes he was there.

My maid had gone to bed, but I answered the doorbell, thinking it might be a tele gram. Kenneth walked nonchalantly past me into the room where I had been sit-

"You didn't suppose I'd stay away, did you?" he in

quired.

I looked at him in silence "Didn't you know I'd come?" he went on. "I was only waiting until he had gone away. It's all safe, now, Eileen, and we're together.

"We're together," I said. "but not by my will! I want you to go, [Turn to page 106]



THAT POISE

which comes from knowing that your complexion is noticed but your powder is not

By MADAME JEANNETTE

I most cosmetician, retained by The Pompetan Laborate ries as a consultant to give authentic above regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparation-

A SOFT, delicate texture— a lovely satiny face—yet not a sign of powder. What is the secret of her alluring complexion? Does she use powder? She does, but a shade that matches so perfectly the tone of her skin that she secures the good effects of powder without seeming to use it.

All smart women strive for a natural complexion, but all do not achieve it. Not all women have found a powder that really matches their skin -a powder that reveals their natural coloring. These women thank me for telling them about Read how the scientifically blended shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder can help

Pompeian Beauty Powder. and eyes to me for special advice. Complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of different colors. So it is only natural that powder to match your complexion must also be a blend.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is scientifically blended from different colors. Whatever the tone of your complexion, some one shade of this powder matches it perfectly.

Choose the correct shade for your complexion from the shade chart. In case of doubt about the shade you require, write a description of your skin, hair

SHADE CHART for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

Medium Skin: The average American skin tone is medium, neither decidedly light nor definitely olive. This skin should use the Naturelle

Olive Skin: Women with this type of skin are apt to have dark hair and eyes. This skin should use the Rachel shade to match its rich tones.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin (not the florid skin) and should use Flesh shade.

White Skin: This skin is unusual, but if you have it you should use White powder in the daytime.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is 60c a box. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Satisfaction guaranteed.

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1/3 of a 60c box of Bloom

The 1926 Panel, with samples of Beauty Powder and other Pompeian products - All for 20c

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Tear off, sign and send



Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories

2202 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio Lenclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Panel, 1 1 1000 lox of Bloom, other samples, and your beauty booklet

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Shale of powder wanted?
This coupon road after Sept. 1, 1966



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The fortunate powers or of red hair generally, has an exquiretely fore stime in a delicate pink in ne that it greatly enhances by using the Flock Stane of Power an Beauty Power.

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"We two, together at a window in Cathay"

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FROM HER DIARY:

I was in the desirance in I Harrist 1 and the antices

EUP vice air about them served the book event offer days to all notition and to a lither to cline a by the subtle power of the personner. Various a Temple Income I to yourse of today the same power to contributional geographic chain. In exexpante tion area, at drag and department stores.

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When a Wife Begins to Pity Herself

at Herbin a rage. I must have list my mind. at Herbin a race. I must have list my mind. I said such terrible times to him. I told it in he had no right to marry me if he call it support me properly, and I was sary. I help to married kenneth, as he was I have furth me a fewer just the way. Warre Lat. I could have been more

wanted it. I could have bed my own car, 7 to clothes, and anythms else I wanted. I said I was a read to marry a mean, strucy miser like he was.

I hald Kenneth up as a slanning light and held never ask me to live in three study reams. I also intormed Herb I was learn may youth and a collocks, doing my own work, and I was sick and tired or it."

Herb was struck dumb. I expected he'd tala me in his arms and promise to take

me out more, but haddn't. He just sai

me out more, but he dolo't. He just sa' he had thought I was hepe, but now the he knew I wasn't he'd ax it so I could divorce him and narry Kemieth.

This brought me to a son es! I begged him to regive me. I hadn't meant a thing I sail and I dolo't want Kemieth or anyone cise but him. But he sool he wouldn't try to hold me when I wasn't happy and I had asserted that I wasn't be I pleaded for hours, but it was useles.' Since that awail maght I haven't been able to talk to him, as he always comes home late drunk, and I never know where he's been. We are getting terribly in dolo.

getting terribly in d ba
And much as I love him I'm afraid we won't be able to stand tins much longer.
M. E. M., Chatham, N. J.

Husband or Child-Which? \$50 Prize Letter

HAD I known the power of suggestion, whether for good or evil, twenty-'ve years as a there is no in all my bir would have been different.

Mara Hellen and I were school chums, well as neighbors. So inseparable were a that I wouldn't go anywhere without it, and she must share all pleasures siti me.

I ven after I had finished school and tarted going with Will Banning, she most go with us. Whether he liked it or it, he did not say, nor did he object when would suggest her going along with us. Shows good company, and the three of

When Will and I were married, she for my new home, more at the thought of leaving Marie than anything else. I just couldn't see how I was ever going to get al an without her. I made her promise to come and make a long visit with us aiter we were settled.

She came after a few months and made a prolonged stay. I was not so well at the time, and often Will's laughter and hars would get on my nerves. I wanted Will more to myself, and it seemed to me that she monopolized him. Because I was so fond of her, I made no complaint.

Shortly after our baby was born, she vert home. It seemed strange to me that was almost glad to have her go. how, I did not readily regain my strength. would be seized with spells of melan choly, haunted by the fear that I might die and leave Will and the baby. Of course, he would marry again—I wanted him to and I wanted him to marry some

"Will." I said to him one night, after a wretched day, "if anything happens to

me I want you to marry again."
"Don't be foolish," he interrupted 'There's nothing going to happen to you, sweetheart.'

"I want you to marry Marie," I said, hardly noticing his interruption. "Marie?" he laughed. "Why pick on

"Because I'd feel happier if I knew you would marry someone that would be

"Don't worry, honey; you'll be all right in a short time. You're just run down."

And I was. I was soon strong again.

and haby Elizabeth developed into a sweet

and charming little sir' the joy of her

tather's life at 1 m, while existence. Each summer Mark pour some time

Whenever I was seized with a fear or dying. I would make Will promise to marry Marie. He ast so that he would joke about it "O, yes, my inture wire. · 11 know.

The years went by swiitly. Flizabeth was almost through high school. Mark had never married; had never even had a sweetheart. Whenever I teased her about

it, she would say joking'y
"Why, I'm waiting for Will." It got
so that it wasn't so much of a joke to me. Whenever I was alone and had time to think about it, I wondered if there was anything underneath it all. Of course there wasn't, and never had been, but often, in spite of myself, a feeling of jealousy would creep in.

Elizabeth finished high school. She had always been popular with her crowd. She had had little love affairs, but none of them serious enough to worry about. And then she met Jim Hurley. It was love then she met Jim Hurley. It was love at first. He was an artist, and art had always been Elizabeth's hobby.

I NEVER saw Will take such a dislike against anyone as he did against Jim.
"Do you want to starve to death?" he would ask Elizabeth. "Did you ever hear of an artist that could make his salt?"

When he saw she was determined to

marry him, he flew into a terrible rage.

"It you marry him, you need never darken my door agam. As you make your hed, you can lie on it, and you needn't expect any sympathy from me."
"All right, Dad; I won't. I love Jim and he needs me."

and he needs me.

It was all so strange, this quarrel between father and daughter, who adored each other! It was all so unnecessary, too! No doubt hundreds of mothers have had to face like situations-to make one's choice between husband and child. It was Will put it up to me coldly. just that. decisively

I made my choice, and as I look about the room tonight at the happy, glowing. mischievous faces of my grandchildren. I am not sorry that Elizabeth recognized the one man God intended for her and married him in spite of her father.

Pri

Did Nature tint those Lovely Cheeks-





Nature's own cir atjears in the fam et a >. diagram steel, learing a we we space at at the gre of a siver quarter for similarly in front of the car. Biend settly over cheeks with part. For water, it, lasting effect, rouge should be applied before popularing

or was it her own fair hand?



OU might have offended Milady with such a question years and years ago. But nowadays — what girl wouldn't think it a compliment to her artistry and taste?

Yes, delightfully frank is the modern girl in her application of make-up. She knows a little color, properly applied, is much more natural looking than an unnatural pallor.

But though she's frank in her use of color, she is sparing too, if she's really clever. For she knows that Paris has frowned on the too liberal use of rouge.

A "happy medium" is the thing today—not too much, not too little - a rich, glowing hue that harmonizes with costume and complexion—a hue that brings out the beauty of her eyes, her hair, her gleaming, sparkling teeth.

And how well this "happy medium" can be attained with Princess Pat Rouge! A soft, natural flush it gives — a flush that seems to lie beneath the skin instead of on it. And a range of color that takes in every possible requirement.

There is Princess Pat VIVID, so stunning with that vivid, colorful frock, and so flattering with gray, neutral tones. There is Princess Pat Medium,

a delicate pastel shade which is perfectly entrancing when just a tiny touch of color is desired. And there's Princess Pat English Tint (orange), which blends so well with any complexion or costume, and brings out all that transparent, "luminous" beauty of the skin.

By using the right amount, you can get any color effect you want with one or two of these shades. Many clever women keep all three on their dressing tables. There is no rule but that of good taste. You'll find a new thrill of pleasure in applying this delightful compact rouge which calls attention to your beauty-not your make-up.

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Husband or Child - Which?

[c stinued from free 82]

It was a warderful love match. Through a Marie. They had two happy years together to ortion and had, they have walked gether before be passed away. I have no better to shoulder, mover bestrature or betterness in my beart against either. I have to strong in their love for each other. I have the form that the power of suggestion also played its part in my life.

I also know that the power of suggestion also played its part in my life.

A. V. M. Les Vageles, Calif.

Is the Fault Really Hers? \$50 Prize Letter

'M IN a quer situation. I have lest my taisband and I den't believe be ki, ws it. He is deferented and politic to me as he would be to the old applesteman; casual and friendly as he might to the milkman. As the sweetheart-m in once adored, I no longer exit. to the milkman. The fault is mine

My trouble began in the second year at our marriage. My husband went with-ent college training in order to help his tarrely. I am college bred, and I was alling and anxious to have him enjoy the on advantage. I persuaded him to give up the best job he has ever had; I gave up our charming apartment, and we came each to a state university

At first it was ium, living in two rooms, caching over an irresponsible gaseline tove, and going to college dances again. Between our freshman and post-graduate years, a little boy and a little girl somed the party. We had thought by reful budgeting to make the money last brough the four years, but we had not counted on four in the family

My cold cream money went for conl-Ever oil and orange juice. My silk stockne money followed. Steve bought a really good set of reference books. I tended babies while he studied, and I also tended them while he went to football rallies You see, I had wanted him to have a taste of carefree college life!

I lost my looks and then my disposition I didn't nag, having spent my childhood with an aunt who did. But now I am e nvinced that there are worse mistakes than pagging

It's all over now, and Steve has his college education and a fair position. We also have two lovely children who make up for a great deal.

I am a part of my husband's life-yes. I figure just as our dining-room table figures in his breaktasts. It is there useful but certainly not considered. And you don't expect your during-table to get temperamental and demand attention. If it should, you would no doubt send it to a hospital for dining-tables; and if it gave out completely, you'd get another.

And so, I wish I had considered myself terst half the time and kept my interest in life, my complexion, my figure, and my hust and.

L. B., Dubuque, Iowa.

Did She Fill Her Part of the Contract? \$50 Prize Letter

WHY I lest my husband? During the last three years, how often have I asked myself that question! Wh was my marriage a failure? Certainly our marriage promised success; our words harled it an ideal match; our famthes united in approving, and Wayne and I

were madly in love—our first real loves. It was no hasty, thoughtless love-match, either. We were old friends, and there had been two years of courtship during shich we had made sure of ourselves. We shared friends, interests, tastes, in common: were a healthy, normally intelligent, vell-educated, socially agreeable, and presentable man and woman of twentyseven and twenty-four years when we married

Our families were of mixed British origin, but American for generations, and well-established, almost prominent. randfather was killed in the Civil War, and Wayne's made much money selling to the Federal Government

Wayne, himself, was a capable engineer in a responsible position. Materially, we were insured; there was always sufficient money to meet rather extravagant needs, a motor-car, servants, a well-located apartment in town, and, later, a beautiful house on the North Shore, and a car and hauffeur of my own.

When after two years of unalloyed happiness, Dolly, a blue-eyed, laughing, perfect angel-baby was born, it seemed to us that she had come to perpetuate our love.

And today what of that love that cemed so secure? Dead, A dead, indifferent thing that lies between us, clammy cold to the touch. The warmest memory can't rekindle it. No emotion touches it; not even the hatred, jealousy, the selfpity of a woman who believes herself wronged—for I can no longer comfort myself with that belief. Today I pity Wayne as much as I do myself, but the sentiment is tepid, impersonal, remote, like one might feel for the victim of a flood in China. Wayne and I meet as would casual acquaintances; we hand Dolly back and forth, at regular intervals: and there is never. I'm sure, the tremor of an emotion in either of us. This complete in-difference marks, as nothing else possibly can, the depth of our failure. We share in the parentage of a child we both love: once, we shared life together, we loved each other, and perhaps for a time we hated each other. Today we can meet and pass, untouched in our hearts. How can this be? Was the way made too smooth for us? Why should we have run the gamut of our emotions so speedily to arrive at-boredom?

And what effort did we make to preserve our love? Or, rather, analyzing my own actions, what efforts did I make to [Turn to page 86]



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A Kiss!

-or a cup of tea will not disturb Kissproof-

H roof Rous Carpaches nchantment a fery sprite in. variation in a dantity encoded on the r. It is warm, always lovely as Nature itself. The first time your countries brush your che his with this vision to the tint of wild roses on ver charles, vet Kissproof Rouge Com-... is natural as your own blash. It was freshness blen is charmingly vir pring coloring—it is daintily adproof against the brush of a naphave the touch of a glove. No matter 1 vir any hours you spend in a blustery ... z wind you cannot listurb it. It which you cannot should bloom
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Did She Fill Her Part of the Contract?

[Continued from page 84]

hold the love of my husband? After we had lost it, when it was too late, we continued to assert the fiction of its existence. followed convention, habit, perhaps the hope that by pretense we might reanimate it.

But with the coming of the other wo-

man the sham fell from us.

And I had made way for her, had begun to make way for her years before she came. It's a terrible thing to say, but the cold fact remains: from the day my child was born. I ceased to love my husband. I den't mean that I was conscious then of a sudden estrangement, or that the complete cessation of my love was immediate. Left I now see that on Dolly's birth memotional response to Wayne changed left something. Yes; and what it lost was love. Before, Wayne had been husband, lover, companion, child, all my emotions had found completion in him; but when Dolly's little hand gripped my tinger, he became husband, alone. The child at the breast needed me. Fool that I was, I finded to realize that the man sitting alone in the library downstairs also needed me.

What I gave of myself to Wayne I gave erudgingly. But each day I became more resertive as to what I thought Wayne wed me, and owed Dolly. The marriage certificate had deeded him over to me, and

in bearing him a child I had carried out Now his were my part of the contract. the duties, the responsibilities—to us. And "us" now meant Dolly and me. It was no longer a fifty-fifty proposition between Wayne and me

In some such fashion, our domestic life went on for nearly four years. All my days were given to Dolly. I supervised her nursing, studied child psychology, and all the medical books on rearing children. shopped for her, showed her to my friends, and every afternoon drove her in my car out into the country that she might gen pure air. When Wayne came home in the evening, I had only one subject to lay before him—Dolly. He may have wanted to entertain some friends at home, but how could the child sleep through the how could the child sleep through the noise our wild crowd usually makes? And as for a theatre. I was too tired. I had been shopping all over town for the proper shoes for Dolly. Why didn't he run across to Stauntons? Moll had asked us over and you know Dolly always wakes meat six in the morning. And that is how at six in the morning. And that is how it happened

I was a failure as a wife, but so far, no one has even suggested that I may be failing as a mother-and sometimes I

wonder.

R. E. W., N. Y. C.

f r

the Total

Lair

OWI Clia Lair

Can Such a Love Die?

\$50 Prize Letter

HAVE not lost my husband. He comes home to me every night faithfully, and just as I did two short years ago, I go to meet him. He bends and kisses me lightly—coldly, so that a little tremor runs from the place where his lips touched my check to my heart: a chill foreboding, because I am afraid that I may still lose what is left to me.

No. I have not lost my husband. I still have his presence, but it is like an empty shell. I have lost his divine tenderness, that flaming love of his, and sometimes, when I am alone, I turn desperately to all kinds of plans, but I have found no solution.

In the evenings we still sit together in our cozy library, but for all its comfort, its softly shaded lamps reflecting dancing shadows on the leather bound books, it holds no cheer for me.

We were married two years ago. I was assured of comforts and luxuries. a successfully husband is the head of growing business. But, better than that, I was assured of so deep a love that when we sat near one another in the evening the room seemed full of hurrying little breaths of eestasy. Can such a love die? Can one who once loved so well deliberately put that love aside and be content with the kind of life we are now living?

I was always accustomed to get what I wanted, and my husband was more indulgent with me than anyone had ever cause I soon got in with a wild crowd and developed a perfect mania for spending buying unnecessary clothes, entertaining extravagantly, and buying useless ex-pensive trinkets for my friends. With all that frivolity to occupy my mind, I was not inclined to listen to the little humorous things my husband had to tell of when he came home. When he wanted to share his worries with me, I would playfully put

my hands to me ours and tell him, "Oh, oh, what heavy burdens!" But I was really annoyed

Then I asked for a larger allowance, and then again, and the third time, when he refused, I sprang up wildly and shouted, "I will have it!" Then came that bitter quarrel and his extraordinary

proposition.
"I'm willing to strike a bargain with you," he said, and his voice was so cold.
"I will deliberately force myself to stop loving you and give you only what you have demanded from me for such a long time-money. I have increased your allowance twice and in these few months you have shown me that you care only for money, not for love. Very well, you will do without it. If, on the other hand, you decide that that is not the wisest plan, I will give you what I gave you when we were first married, an allowance large enough for your needs, and-my heart, my whole heart. Mary."

I held out my hand and said, with a hard ring to my voice, "Your first suggestion suits my needs.'

His eyes grew cold and he ignored me.
"I am quite satisfied."
But now I have learned what I have lost. He kisses my cheek, but that is to stop any idle gossip of the servants. He faithful to me because he is honorable, and he stays at home because I do.

But in the evenings when he reads and am supposed to be reading, I look at him and feel an aching longing to stroke his hair and bury my face in his arms. If only he would show that he is making an effort to be so indifferent, I would put pride aside and tell him how I long for him! But against my will I But against my will, I am almost convinced that he is making no effort. He loved me so wildly! What can I do to make him see that I realize my mistake?
M. T., Philadelphia, Pa.



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The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

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By Winnifred Ralston

ROM the day we started to school, Charity Winths p and I were called the t aseled hair twins.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clang As we grow older the rated name still claims to us. It fill swed us through the grades and into boarding sel. I. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake H tell for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and as lamed of my hair.

Therible seller notices its I was sitting at

Harribly when he are it I was sitting at the table, careely threling my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that every ne had winderful, lastrons, carly bair but me and I felt fley were all laughing or, worse, pitying to half indicate and half or half in the land. me belind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful airl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye cases mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward

About this girl's face was a halo of g lden carls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turn I carlet as I compared it mentally with my own straugly, nuly mep.

Of course you have succeed her identity— Charity Winthr p who once had dall straight

harr five mine.

It had been five I me years ince I had seen i.e. But I smply a librit want. I bland of a "Clarry Winehop tell me want has do has happened to year larr."

She still and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story." hair like mine.

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced little, old plaza where I ten strolled after my siesta. A Machless Marcel

"Mixuel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his bat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The I before I left Madrid I stepped to hid him if y and joes due lide in it, his politic."

"He mea, he said, "Y i leve been very kind to an II man. Decede (tell new sen into, what it is yet of it is deces."

"I he deal of the literal is a lekkingly, "Menal, ty him is straight and dell. I will have it lesstrass at leastly."

"The cond of the old of the self-base in best as a boundy"

"One was something" be said "Mark yours are a Cost from proper was wedded to a Morely breathy there is a constraint. Take you to sledy were this poles russ to the form of the proper self-base to the man who will be formed to the proper following the proper for the proper following the proper following the proper self-base to the man who will be follow make. The proper following the proper self-base for the proper self-base to the proper self-base the proper self-base the proper self-base to the documental base the direct the documental self-base to the documental self-base to the documental self-base to the documental self-base self-base to the documental self-base to the documental self-base to the documental self-base to the documental self-base self-base to the documental self-base to the documental self-base to the documental self-base self-base

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Wanderlust

[Continued from page 23]

earthing glance before answering. Then in expression that was like the light of complete understanding glowed in his eyes.

"It's getting you, Tandy. It never fails. You may yet know what I meant by finding romance apart from women. It's right here in this street. It's a presence—a passion not entirely to do with women's arms. Africa, man! Africa! and the breath of the sun and desert: of something you can cel and not touch-

'But, the dancing girls, Boardman," I

insisted

"Still thinking of romance in terms of women, eh?" he said, a note of irritability in his tones. "Well, you'll have to be in his tones. more of a barbarian than this if you want to understand. Come, we'll find a scor-pion-eater, first. He'll prepare you for the dancing girls!"

A NATIVE stood watching us with a pair of eyes such as I had felt were following me ever since landing in Egypt. Boardman's voice addressing him sounded like Arabic musketry in the din. The hooded figure salaamed as if he had sud-denly visioned Allah, muttering something behind his black beard.

"This old keef-smoker knows El-Akbar down the line. He swears by Allah that E1-Akhar eats scorpions who possess the nine lives of cats. Come on." he commanded, tugging at my arms with steel

El-Akbar was only waiting for a profit-We found him holding up able audience. the largest of his venomous creatures as a salesman shows his wares. His fanatical wes became balls of black flames when he aw us edging through the dimly lit doorway of his stall.

The scorpion-eater salaamed profoundly, then shouted shrilly into the blackness that invaded the stall through a back door. sensed movement back there in the dark; stealthy, creepy sort of movement. denly a pair of eyes gleamed white and black through the shadows. Then two more pairs . . . A sort of faint drumming filled my ears.

It was like the sound of distant summer thunder. Someone was barely tapping a tom-tom back there in the blackness El-Akbar had shrilled into.

My right foot began to beat time with the tom-tom as the hidden player scourged his savage drum with heavier, swifter strokes. A mad desire to join the scorpion-eater in his weird chant choked my throat with suppressed sound as I watched the skinny old Arab sway and sing himself nito a seance

The wail of hauthoys now joined with the tattoo of the tom-toms. This commingling of the music was a sign to El-Akbar. He whirled himself into a spin that made

the stall swim before my gaze.

"A-ah." he cried over and over again, as he danced upon the cracked glass, his fervor for the ritual increasing while he iigged unmercifully bare-footed over the jagged crystals. El-Akbar soon advanced upon the basket in which loathsome life wriggled. Plunging his bare brown hands in, he drew out squirming scorpions, apparently taunting them to sting him. The sight of blood drops from their stingers swept him into a tantrum of gloating

My impulse to turn away from the sight of him crowding those live venomous things into his contorting mouth was suddenly trampled down by the rebellious stampede of an aroused craving for the violent and the raw: I watched him, fearfully fascinated. When he finished I would have burst out into a frenzy of applause if Boardman had not stopped me

by a warning gesture.
"Don't . . . You'll break the spell. The wretch's not through yet. He must eat

every sliver of glass.

That a man, carried away by some mystic madness of the moment, can feed off live, stinging things, and then crunch glass into his stomach without an ill effect, may seem unbelievable to those who do not know. If I had not seen El-Akhar do such things before my very eyes on my first night in Africa. I would doubt, too. But I saw him do it, and when we

threw money at him, and pushed out of his stall into the white passion of the night to seek a house of the dancing girls, was a part of the night's savage mood.

violent music rushed out of the dancing house Boardman selected. To me, it seemed that a roaring cataract had been let loose somewhere inside to try and smother the wail of piercing sound that The roar was the pounding was escaping. of crazed fists and sticks against tomtoms, and the wail was the bursting efforts of the hautboy players. They made no medley, producing instead a barbaric barrage that kept my craving for the raw and violent alive, after the throbbing

fashion of an open wound.

"A dance is on," announced Boardman.
"Remember what I said. An indifferent
Christian and these wenches will twist themselves into a knot Allah can't untie!"

We pushed our way through a short hall that was bursting with the music of the wilderness. At the end of this hall we entered a room crowded with Arabs. Beyond them on a tiny platform swayed a dancing girl to tones that crashed up

and down.

The girl on the platform was fat and ugly. Her skin was the color of a dirty Gypsy. All the romance I had secretly associated with the thought of Cairo's dancing girls became like a nightmare. Disgusted, and disillusioned, I turned to Boardman. The man's fever-haunted eyes were not upon the gross spectacle of Oriental dance. Instead, they were focused, as if magnetized, upon another dancing girl who was vainly trying to shrink into the white wall while waiting her time on the platform.

HE superb perfection of this girl's THE superb perfection of this gard-body, covered only by a thin veil, pro-claimed itself through the dimness of the room, in spite of the grotesque heap she had huddled into. My eyes followed the lines of her slender arm which hung closest to me and focused upon a crudely tattooed camel just above her elbow.

It seemed to stamp as of the Orient her tlawlessly exotic beauty. If anything, the sign that she was tired and depressed lent a wistful quality to her face which subtly softened the wild passion smouldering in

her black, flame eyes.
"Ah-na . . . Ah-na . . ." I heard
Boardman saying under his breath as my

glances devoured the huddled girl.
"What's that?" I asked without looking away from her.

"Ah-na! That's the girl's name. one you're watching so closely . . .

I felt my face burn at these words, and the tone Boardman was using. Still the fascination of the girl was like sorcery. and I did not take my eyes from her.

"An Arab tells me she's the street's favorite dancer. Her father was a white

[Turn to page 90]

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nothing to find out all about the Woman I what it can do for you. Just sen! a





Wanderlust

Is ever and in might, 88]

n n. French God! What an olive hely stories?"

sle 'ins!'
The casualness of tone that had been it at the cafe table was gone. He was stil' staring at her. But, not through eyes turing with the sexless fever of wanderlest. The man's eyes were atlame with a tever more fiery while it lasts—one that a usual start more fiery while it lasts—one that a testing men's bodies and souls, driving that the most fatal tollies.

I found myself resenting the effect of Ab-na upon my companion, as I recalled his ho at that he looked upon woman with the eyes of the Fast. As I watched him prey upon her, this resentment grew, warmly presaging condict such as comes between two men who look upon the same and with favor.

The sorded fat dancer writeded ungraceially iron the platform during a full of the face music. No applause followed for passing.

Tom toms and hautboys suddenly crashed into new and more violent life. The impulse to jerk Boardman back gave way in that jarring outburst. But I followed him, reaching his side on the tringe of the audience just in time to see the na's smouldering eyes hap into two parts of brilliance. The weariness that it have havening will like over her face to be like a mist before rising sun. A year ity the dancing girls exhibit before the decouring eyes of men possessed her lice and body.

A pulse, unfelt before, began throbbing in my temple as she whirled on nimble to see that the sensual gestures. Once again my breath became hot wind trapped in my tirr at, and my eyes burned.

Ah-na was in the midst of a dizzying spin when an Arab rushed out of the crowd at her. I started to intercept him, but it ardman was a flash ahead of me. It is as swift and as telling a blow as I've ever seen delivered. The desire-crazed Moslem streaked to the floor, his cry or roge and pain drowned under the screaming of the hautboy players. Brown hands to ched out and dragged him from under me, feet where Boardman's blow had laid him life gave me an ugly look which I tankly forget in the madness of Ah-na's laines.

ONLY once during her dancing did our eyes meet, and this was shortly after Eoardman floored the intruder. Ah-na's carmine lips that were made for kisses miled ever so slightly as our glances cked. In spite of what Boardman had id about being indifferent to the dancing it. I gave her a smiling sign that she I ased me. It was then that I caught a reeting impression that the savagery she exhibited was only half-hearted.

Moments later, when the room seemed about to burn up from the dancing passion if her presence, Ah-na calmed as did the terrible music. Boardman was inhaling and exhaling like a person in some kind of strange agony. I saw his great shoulders moving, and there was a hint of agitation under the white cloth that sleeved his sinuous arms

Returning my eyes to Ah-na, who seemed to be affecting a trance. I wondered if I'--rdman would rush out and sweep her into his embrace. For I got the impression that just such a mad desire was brewing in his hold.

"If he dares!" I thought, my mind

"If he dares!" I thought, my mind waking up in the hot flood of resentment boiling through my veins again. But my

c mpan in who had an a mized me by his interest in Ali mi, lost his chance to commit such a rash act which would have seemed doubly rash for him in view of his boasted passivity where women were concerned—for at that very moment the girl, salaaning tirst, came running over to me, her black bair streaming over exposed shoulders like a sable mantle; her remail arms extended as if in supplication Like a flash she went to the floor. The next instant her head lay upon my knee. A sensation of being touched by flame came to me until, looking down into her beautiful face, half-hidden by her mantle of raven hair, I beheld that weary and distressed look creeping over her like a veil of sadness. Her eyes, no longer atlame with the barbary of Africa, had softened into a pleading expression.

PERHAPS it and the make a dancing girl that made me believe that Ah-na, in the uncanny and uncomfortable hush of the moment, was begging me to understand she was in trouble and wanted my help. Perhaps or else it was the unmistakable despair and fear that I read into her uplifted over

All of this drama lasted only a few reeling seconds. Then Ah-na, with her touch of flame, was gone—huddled once more against the white wall, but with her eyes smouldering at me through the dimness and cigarette for ... There was a stir in the room, as if some tension had been magically broken. The breathing of men became more regular; less audible.

Boardman joined in the stir of the room, turning half-about. Our eyes met. His seemed feverish with desire. But, it was not until I saw the taut lines of his sensitive, lonely lips that my premonition of conflict impeding between us became acute. A sound, unintelligible to me in the room's babble, escaped his sealed mouth. He got up abruptly, and walked toward the hall, motioning the proprietor of the place to follow him.

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Almost at the same moment, an Arab pulled fawningly at the sun helmet dangling from my left hand.

"Effendi is lucky! Ah-na has given the sign of her favor to him. It is the first time ever. Never does she pay attention that men are here. The proprietor boasts she is a good girl, and that he keeps her so like your white ladies, to sell her for a fortune. Look, even now, her eyes crave Effendi," he cried in miserable French.

I looked at the huddling girl. Yes, her eyes had been upon me until that very moment. Now they were lowering before my glance, drooping after the way women's eyes close without exactly shutting.

ting.
"Go speak with her, Effendi," coaxed the man, holding out his hand. I gave him a coin and strode over to the side of the dancing girl, my cheeks burning as the twittering of the Arabs increased. I knew they were talking about me.

Ah-na spoke fair French. Her voice was like liquid music in a minor key—the music of tragedy. She begged me to save her that very night from an ugly thing, swearing by Allah, and my Christian God, she'd be my slave girl for life if I would. There was little time for the explanation of details.

"My father was a French soldier of fortune in the desert. He was married to my mother only a year when the desert

[Turn to page 92]



They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!-

RTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be dramatic moment for me to make my

As the last notes of the Moonlight Senata To the amazement of all my friends strode confidently over to the pian and sat down.

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"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody nucled. The crowd laughed. They ere all certain that I couldn't play chuckled. a single nate.

"Can be really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no?" Arthur exclaimed, "He never played a note in all his life . . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revelving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitat roof Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in fay r of it!" came back answer, and the crowd recked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic, I played through the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal Mondicht S nata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breath---pellbound!

I played on and as I played I fire it the peo-

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ple around me. I from the lour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade - cented to 2r sw dim—anreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visi as it braght me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind bl wn clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me-speaking through the medium of music not in words but in chords.

As the last notes of the Moonlight Sonata died away, the room resounded with a sadden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—pounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions. .. "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" ... "Where did you learn?"—"How! no have you studied?" "Who was your teacher?"

"I have never even seen my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a nate.

"Quit your kiddine," laughed Arthur, him-iff an accomplished planist. "Yea've been self an accomplished planist. stadying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you filts."

Then I told them the whole story.

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondenceschool, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument by mail in just a few n. ntle."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then Texplained h w for years I had longed to play the plans.

"A few months az .. "I c ntinued, "I saw

an interesting ad for the U.S. School of Music-a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! The ad t ld ! waw man had mastered the pian in her spare time at home-and with it a tot her' Best of all, the winderful new meth d she used, required no lab rims scales—no heartless exercises -n - tires ome practising. It standed so convincing that I filled out the coup n requesting the Free Dem nstrati n Less in.

"The free book arrived

promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson, I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course.

"When the course arrived I found it was just as the ad said —as easy as A.B.C.! And, as the less as continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. Nothing stopped me. I could play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease! And I never did have any special talent for music!" *

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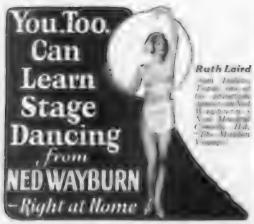
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Wanderlust

[Continued from page 90]

claimed him. My mother and I were taken captive. Ben Bai, the proprietor here, bought me as a girl. He has shielded me only to trade me for higger profit....
Tomorrow at dawn," her shoulders shuddered, "Ben Bai delivers me to a desert chief who has a price on his head in Tunis. I have seen him once, Monsieur. He is-

"How do I save you?" I asked, suddenly aware of that uncanny sensation that had vershadowed me since arriving in Africa. Oriental eyes seemed to be watching me craftily from the white walls of the room Somehow, now that I had asked a way to foil a Moslem's deviltry, the sensation of watching eyes became more real than imaginary.

There will be danger, Monsieur-danger

to both of us."

The words annoyed me. What if there was danger? Why had I drifted into A man with the wanderlust cannot afford to avoid danger. It often leads to more interesting trails, thus assuaging his plague of restlessness for the time being.

"How do I save you?" I repeated.

Vh-na no longer hesitated to tell me. I was to be in the alley-way of the dancing house, dressed in Arab costume, at three clock. Ah-na would be waiting there, unless .

"Monsieur must bring much money with him. We may need it to bribe, or buy . But, our way from street prowlers . . . But, look!" she turned the palm of her left look!" hand up to me. My eyes were suddenly blinded by the splendor of a diamond that sparkled like African sunlight on blue

"I bring this in secrecy," she said. "Monsieur may claim it with Ah-na if it is his wish-

"Expect me to help you at three," I whispered, guiltily certain that eyes other than those of Mohammedans were upon me. I turned away to face Boardman.

SHALL we have a drink?" he asked. some of the old casualness back in his tones

"Yes," I answered, glad of an excuse to be doing something. Ben Bai, the proprietor, escorted us to a little private stall down the hall. There, over a bottle of wine, Boardman appeared to metamorphose himself into the confident, aloof wanderer who had lured my interest the moment he entered the café.

And, later as we went out of the dancing house, with Boardman never casting a last look at the girl, or so much as mentioning her name, my resentment disappeared altogether in the light of a rapidly forming conclusion: Ah-na had just been a tlash in the pan of emotions which Boardman's years in the East had all but dried up. The girl had kindled in him just a fleeting But, that was all. For now his face was that of Boardman, the hard-fibered man who had come out of the Occident to adopt the Orient. His voice was that of the person indifferent to the calms or storms surrounding him.

When we reached the café, the city was still, but it was a stillness that seemed crowded with silent movement and excite-

I looked at my wrist-watch. At first a pair of dark crafty eyes appeared to be peering at me from the crystal. Then they faded into the luminous hands and num-It was only one o'clock. There was a bottle of excellent Scotch in my apartment over the café. I asked Boardman

to join me in a night-cap. He accepted.

It occurred to me as I handed Board-man his drink that I should tell him what was on foot at three o'clock, when he be-

gan speaking.

"Ben Bai told me that two dancing girls of the street were found with their throats slit tonight-a nasty way Arabs. masquerading as lovers, have of robbing the dancers. Also a quick, but messy way to punish girls who rebel against certain customs of their country. For instance plotting to outwit their proprie-

I MMEDIATELY my thoughts turned to Ah-na. Fear for her became agony in my body and soul.

"They kill dancing girls for such things?

Robbery and-

"Women as personalities do not mean much here in the East. I told you that before, Tandy," he rejoined with a show of irritation. "A few women, more or less—nothing to fret about. But, as a matter of fact," he went on, his voice casual again, "the dancing girls rarely gat alit throats unless robbed. They casual again, "the dancing girls ever get slit throats unless robbed. work pretty much hand-in-hand with their

"What do you mean?" I demanded. "Just this. They are the baits and the lures for three-fourths of the crimes committed in Africa under the cloak of Eastern duplicity. For instance, a danc-Eastern duplicity. For instance, a dancing girl usually picks out a visitor who appears a profitable victim. She pins a sob story about herself . . . generally asks him to save her from something like being sold off . . . says he must bring money with him to aid in her rescue . . . promises to be his slave, and the rest of that bunk. The man comes along to be . he turns out to be a sap. the hero . . and gets robbed to boot-

"Good God!" I burst out impulsively, never stopping once to think of what I was saying, "that's almost the identical story Ah-na told me tonight. She asked me to save her at three o'clock-

"You—you're not going to be fool enough to—to believe her—and do it?"

"I had expected to," I answered, uncertain of just what to say. Did Boardman have my interest at heart, or was it his For a tense moment we stood motionless and silent in the dark. In that moment I visioned a dancing girl of Tunis begging me to save her. But the vision gave way to cruel, crafty

spying eyes as Boardman broke the spell.
"Good-night, Tandy. Don't bother to light up. See you in the morning—for breakfast?"

[To Be Continued in the May Issue]

Prize Winners for the December Letters to the Editor

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1001 Nights on Broadway

[Continued from page 71]

thirty. Her once glorious young face was set and drawn. She was smoking a cigarette at a table in a Montmartre cafe. There was a bit more glamor about the

There was a bit more glamor about the lorified. They were the silk-stocking and crepe-step-in and pearl-dog-collar edition, true. But, after all, who were they They were all sorts, of all breeds and creeds and classes and states. They were heterogeneous collection of young women, concentrated there because they inced to have features and figures of extraordinary sales value to the jaded

But they had come through the grind of about the same mill as most other wirls. Some of them would rehearse until claybeht and then go out-not to a nightjoint, but to early mass; some of them were had in their hearts and had been before they ever started through the grueling gauntlet of physical elimination which determines which, of the thousands who try, shall be displayed by Ziegfeld or Carroll or Dillingham or White.

THERE are only two kinds of girls—wrong girls and right girls!

The wrong ones never go right, no matter into what life they slide or skid or plunge; and the right ones never go wrong, no matter how tantalizing the temptation or how glittering the specious

Whether a girl is to be wrong or right, let me repeat, is sometimes an accident engenital, chemical combination; but, more often, it is determined by early rearme and teaching, which isn't relaxed until she is either so mature that her principles are thoroughly ingrained, or until she is safely married and in the haven of a decent man's heart and home; even then,

he should take up the task.
Iane told the truth when she said it isn't in the cards for young girls to have discretion, decision, resistance.

Why, we had one youngster, let's call her Sybil, in the ranks of the glorified – and she had been glorified by a prodigal nature before Ziegfeld added his stamp of endorsement-who tripped into the chorus from some hinterland town, where she had been seen and signed by one of Flo's

She was sixteen or so. She hadn't been spoiled to a great degree, even as incredibly gorgeous as she was to look upon. But she was allowed to come to New York, to the highest peak of Broadway's neurostheme. If a unchapperound way's neurasthenic life, unchaperoned, alone. Her mother, a good Christian wo-man, had full confidence in Sybil. She had given her a sound foundation.

But, Sybil was sixteen!

She waded into the Arabian Nights of it with pop-eyed exuberance. She was on top of the world, and she owned what she sat on. There were plenty of men to induige her in that illusion. She was a confection if ever I beheld one

If her mother, who was getting en-thusiastic but prevaricating letters from her bud, could have seen Sybil tear into the vortex of such delights as are flung at the head of every chorus girl, especially those in the niftiest of the Manhattan hits,

she would have been paralyzed.

Sybil was a little boob. She believed everybody. Most of the things most people told her had to do with how beautiful she was, and she so thoroughly believed that part of it that she quickly concluded the rest of it was as certainly true.

That was only about two years or so met Sybil, here, in Paris, last week

She seemed to have some means. She greeted How changed she was! me with a ribald inquiry after my state

of health, mind and purse. She giggled when I told her I had come over to dance in a show, that I was still pretty poor, but that I was fairly content and neither impatient nor pessimistic of the future.

She didn't have to tell me the story of her early months on the Big Way. I had seen enough of them to draw my own deductions rather comprehensively. didn't know until she told me, between absinthe frappes, that a fine boy who had squandered and embezzled for her had been replaced by a portly broker who had spent a fortune on her, and that she had taken what she could turn into cash assets and fled to Europe with a thief of inter-national ill fame whom she fancied she "loved". That kind of "love" is one of the profoundest tragedies among Sybil's sort; it seems to come by a grim irony of

Sybil was disgusted, disillusioned, bit-ter; but she still clung to "her man". She confessed to me that she was "working" with him—he was a care chester. I truly see caliber. She loathed the life. I truly benieved the man. But she believe she despised the man. But she trailed along with him. To me she seemed beyond redemption. I left her with what tried to be a smile of friendly au revoir, but in my heart there was a sigh and in my throat a lump.

Jane, herself, is to me one of the most luminous examples of the girl with natural virtue in her heart, who buckled under the pounding of the uneven contest, the un sportsmanly odds, of a whole world against one feeble child.

Though she was no giant, she held her ground with honors for a time. She had the most sordid of childhood, on the fringes of Chicago's crimson-steeped degradation: she went into domestic service at fourteen, where a rich old man pelted and pursued her with ungentlemanly ad-vances and bribes; she loved his spoiled young son with a wild, juvenile, female urge, but she slapped his face and went out into the hostile night when he threw his tipsy arms around her in disrespectful and cavalierly spirit.

SHE fought her way through the hyenas of the night in Chicago's toughest sections and was brought home in a patrol wagon; her mother drove her out, she gave her last two pennies to her sisters, sat on a bench until daylight, then answered what to her seemed a decent ad. learned she was to be shipped, with women of dubious character, to a foreign resort of character that wasn't even dubious, she fought, but she was whipped. She might have gone further, but she was weak. she was not willing

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And then she went through that unbelievable year, the hired and paid plaything of rounders and bounders and tourists and port riffraff in South America, still slulived to land on Broadway as what the world calls a "good" girl. She zigzagged through the crude corruptions and subtle campaigns aimed at an unprotected young girl in New York, looking for a job—and a theatrical job. And she landed her job. And she progressed and "made" the highest plane in the theatre that a girl without specialized talents can reach, a Follies contract.

But the everlasting circumstances kept closing in. Fate is not to be denied.

may fail so long and so frequently.

I, too, had felt the warmth of the footlights and all they burned for, but I

hadn't been singed.

I had selected the playhouse as the tem ple of my ambitions, not the house of play. I had entered seriously, to earn and to learn, not to fight to the front of the meb of myopic girls who long to dis-play their feminine charms where the most and the greatest men will see and desire.

I AM sorry to say, after considerable inside observation, that not one girl in a score seeks a chorus job in that frame of heart and mind.

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They learn they are pretty (and many think they are who aren't) and then they sizzle with a crave to exhibit in the fore most show-window, where the richest and most elect may see, where crafty art will enhance their assets, where wealth and rank congregate to behold and appraise

Few looked forward to stage "careers". They were waiting and conniving for the potential millionaire, who might be in any audience, in any "party". They knew, well enough, the synthetic advantage that a chorus girl in a fly show has over other girls, of even equal physical beauty. They had the flaire and they were quite conscious of it. In truth, they were working

scious of it. In truth, they were working it for all it was worth.

That spirit, alone, laid them as open to disaster and the varied reactions of "the life" as a high fever lays the exposed weakling open to pneumonia!

Of course, if Jane had come through with high-minded motives, it would have been almost a miracle in view of her

been almost a miracle in view of her cross-bred and cross-grained origin, the besetting inhumanities of her youth, and the whirlpool of vice and destruction into which she flung at so immature an age. She may be forgiven, I trust, but still not condoned.

God may forgive her, remembering her frailties and contemplating the obstacles and the pitfalls; but men I fear, will not.

Women, I am certain, will not. [THE END]

Which?

[Continued from page 73]

possibly get on without her. She has to suppress every particle of her own per-sonality if it impinges on his-and her own interests can never be allowed to interfere with the business in hand. Her satisfaction lies in the feeling that she knows she is highly respected and valued by the man-and because of this her vanreceives a nice salve and her self-

respect is augmented.

But she has to realize that it is only by the mental that she is holding the man, and that the instant his physical desires or emotional wants are in the ascendant he will rush to the society of her who is

appealing to this side of him.

The frightful mistake women make so often is in not realizing the nature of Man. These desires for emotional sympathy and reciprocity which they show are not bad or vicious or unnatural—they are simply the perfectly natural workings of the Creator's scheme of things to keep living species on the earth.

When I sum up all the evidence next month upon which most girls would rather be—the leisure-mate, or the work-mate of man—I will tell you more about this subject. But when you are making up your minds, also remember that the work-mate sees the man longer each day than the pleasure-mate; that she holds all his interests—unaffected by sex; and that she can feel that she really means something!

Amazing 10-minute test ends foot and leg pains

-or costs you nothing

Millions have found a new way to have strong, normal and shapely feet. No more pains and aches. We invite you to try it. Specialists urge that you do. If pains fail to disappear the test is free.

ONCE again science adds joy to living by a new discovery. And this discovery is so far-reaching that it will benefit no less than twenty million people.

Almost everyone at different times suffers from aching, paining feet and legs. Many think their pains result from being tired or that they come from rheumatism, sciatica or other similar diseases. But in thousands of cases there is an even more serious cause. Only recently has science discovered it.

When certain muscles weaken

The foot is composed of innumerable muscles, sensitive nerves and tiny bones.

cles, sensitive nerves and tiny bones.

The bones are arranged to form two archesone is a hidden arch few people know about, extending across the foot from the little to the big toes. The other extends along the foot from heel to toes, composing the instep. It is the function of the muscles to hold the bones forming these arches in place.

Now, say the specialists, modern shoes, and other things toe, cause the muscles to weaken. As a result the bones spread from overstrain and arches sag.

The forward arch falls first.

The forward arch falls first, throwing the entire foot structure out of balance. Then the instep breaks down and completely gives way. Bones crush delicate blood vessels and sensitive nerves. Pain is unbearable.

Science corrects misplacements Nature heals and strengthens Pains vanish like magic

Difficult as this might seem to correct, science has found a simple yet astonishingly effective remedy. To strengthen the muscles exercise is necessary. So science provides a thin, strong, super-elastic band to assist the muscles in holding the bones in place. It takes the pressure of the nerves and helps nature strengthen the muscles through constant daily use. This band is the Jung Arch Brace. The secret of its success lies in its correct ension, in its scientific contour and design. and design.

Rigid supports merely offer temresponse to the instant you slip it on you can dance, run,

walk or stand without the slightest pain

So light and thin is this band that it can be worn with the sheerest hose, the tightest and most stylish high-heeled shoes. Physicians say that it is the one scien-

JUNGS



Specialists urge this new scientific way. You test it in your own home.

End These Pains







Pains or cramps in toes, callouses on ball of foot, spreading causing bunions.

Other Symptoms: Tired, aching, burning sensations. Shooting pains when stepping on uneven surfaces. Shoes feel uncomfortable and seem too small. Feet become sensitive.

Make this amazing 10-minute test

Go to any druggist, shoe dealer or chiropodist and be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Make the free test. If not delighted with the instant and lasting re-lief, take them back and every penny will be returned.

If your dealer hasn't them, we will supply you. With a strip of paper 1/2 inch wide, and with foot off floor, send us measure around the smallest part of your instep, where the forward edge of the brace is shown in the circle diagram; or send us size and width of shoe.

We will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" style). Simply pay the postman \$1 and postage.

For people having long or thick feet, for stout people or in se-vere cases, we recommend our "Miracle" style, extra wide, \$1.50. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted, return them and we will send every penny back immediately.

Write for this Free Book

Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains.

it on you can dance, run, the slightest pain.	© J. A. B. Co. 1926
is this band that it can brest hose, the tightest and ded shoes. Physicians say that it is the one scientific way to restore the natural structure of the foot. They urge you to make the test offered you here, without delay.	THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO., 364 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked: Wonder Style, \$1.00 Miracle Style, \$1.50 I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. I enclose foot measure, or shoe size.
JUNG'S One Onternal ARCH BRACES End foot pains in 10 minutes	Name

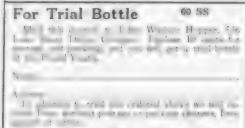


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AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Soul of the Sea

[Continued from page 35]

"Jethro," she said, Letween sohs, "your veren't here to say good by to your i.ther.

"I said good-by to him this m rning, Mrs. Burton," I told her. "I went down to the Hawk so I wouldn't be here when

FTER supper I pulled back my chair A and nd west upstairs to my father's I had always hald that great room at the top of our house in awe. My father bad left the windows closed and I opened them. It was like standing on the bridge of a ship to feel the salt air driving in The whole room had the mom the sea very feel of the sea in it. Quickly I ran flown to my own room and brought up the things Captain Strong had given me. And when I had collected them all I armyed them on my father's shelves.

felt was that a real What I now responsibility had come into my life. Where better could I find strength to meet it than in my father's own room, among the things he had loved? And beodes, the slup's instruments and the books Captain Strong had given me really belonged and seemed at home in this room that was like a ship's cabin.

was now the head of the house of Gale. Here, in this very room, just as my father might have done had he not een fit to go to London, I would receive Bartholomew's wife.

I tried to imagine what a woman "who was not more than part white" might look like. I remember looking at an illustrated edition of Captain Cook's voyages. The pictures of the native women of the Islands were anything but alluring. I couldn't imagine my brother Bartholomew marrying one of them. Probably one who was part white would have better features. Hardly two days had passed since I had learned of my brother's death, and here already I was passing judgment on his wife. I hung my head for the shame of it and turned disconsolately to the window

and the sea. Never in my life had I felt so lonely, so helpless.

In the days that followed, I heard murmurs of gossip through the village. wanted to talk to me directly about things.

But I felt from the way people looked at me that they were thinking of the big, white house on the hill and the new occupant it was soon to have: of my father who had gone to London: of my brother who had come home for the last time; of the wife who would come in his place.

It was Mrs. Burton who told me what the villagers were talking about. didn't want to: it just came out.
"Jethro," she said at supper one eve-

the things you hear in the village."
"What things?" I asked her. "you mustn't pay any attention to

"About your father and this woman that's coming." she answered "What are they saying about my

"Ssh. Jethro, you shouldn't speak so of your father.

"Do you know why my father went away, Mrs. Burton?" I asked bluntly.
"I do that, Jethro," she said and put her hand on my arm. "And if I tell you now it is not to talk behind his back. But tongues that have kept still for years have begun to clack. I know, for I have heard them. It is better that you should be told the truth. I-I only wish your own father

have known that it would all come out." "That it would ail c me out?" runted

Barthol mex was only your half brother," Mrs. Burton said suddenly.

For a moment I looked at Mrs. Burton speechless. Then I gasped, "Only-only my half-brother, But-but-" I stopped. I did not know what to say. I got up from the table, pushed back my chair and went to the window. Presently, as though from a ling way off, and like someone speaking to me in a dream, I heard Mrs. Burton.

"Please, Jethro," she said, "keep looking t the window. It will be easier for me out the window. tell you all that I have to tell. I know why your father picked me out to be housekeeper for you. Better than anyone else, I know the whole story. I

took care of the baby."
"The baby?" I exclaimed.

"The baby was Bartholomew. Your grandfather Jethro lived in this house then, and your grandmother—you never saw either one of them, for they were gone and buried on the hill before you born-your grandmother was sick. My husband had just been taken from

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"Your grandfather had had word that your father was coming home. Your father had been out in the India trade just as Bartholomew was. And the reason your grandmother was sick was because your father was bringing home a child—his child—and the mother was dead. She was an island woman—part-white. She and your father had not been married. I don't remember just how the whole story leaked But such things are not easy to cover up completely, and sooner or later all of it was known.

"There was a terrible scene between your father and your grandfather. But for all their stern and hard ways, 'the Gales do not turn their backs on their own in wedlock or out.' I remember those I remember those were your grandfather Jethro's very words. It was on St. Bartholomew's day that your father came home and the baby was christened Bartholomew. He was the brightest little fellow! And he was a Gale, everybody said that, even though his eyes were dark and his hair as black as the night.

But though, as your grandfather Jethro said, the Gales took care of their own, the scars never healed. Your grandmother Your father never forgave himself for his sin. He knew he had caused her death. He was still brooding over it twenty years later when he married your mother, Betty Jenks, my own cousin. And then. before you were a year old, she died.

'And then as years drew on, the deep sea began calling to Bartholomew. It was the call of the Gale blood, your father said, and there was never a prouder man in all Salt Island than your father when Bartholomew got his first command. But the pity of it is that it didn't end there.

MORE than the deep sea was calling to Bartholomew. He was a Gale through and through, everyone on Salt Island knew that-but his hair and his eyes were his mother's. And away and away beyond the sea he heard the East calling to him. as the sailormen say it always calls. Your father did everything he could to prevent it. But the call was there, and Bartholomew went into the India trade.

'It seemed like your father grew grayer each time Bartholomew came home. voiced his views to no man, but I think

I know what went on in his mind. Each trip he took to the last, Bartholomew would say was his last. But he would be home and get a ship of his own hereabouts for a tew months, and then he would he off to the Last again. Until now—God rest his soul—he has made his last voyage. But a woman, a woman of the East who hears the name of Gale, is coming to the Gale house, and your father your father said he was going to London."

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"You you mean, Mrs. Burton, that you don't believe my father has gone to London?" I asked incredulously.

"No, no, dear lad. If your father said he was going to London, that is where he has gone. But I don't believe be will stay in London. That is but the beginning of his journey."

of his journey."

"And then he is going to the land of that other woman - Bartholomew's mother? A woman like Bartholomew's wife—the one who is coming here?" I asked.

the one who is coming here?" I asked.
"Mayhap, Jethro, I am wrong in thinking that of your father. But I do believe that is where he is going. I have known your father these many, many years and a good man and true he is. And these last days, just before he left! When he was sternest he was kindest. There was no anger in him, not a whit. There was no judgment for Bartholo-mew, either. It was himself he was judging, your father. He was the one who had given to Bartholo-mew's blood the call of the East. And I think in the end that it was too much for him—he gave up to go back. And now," Mrs. Burton rose abruptly and began clearing away the supper table, "we'll say no more about it. You know what the people in the village are talking about.

THANK you, Mrs. Burton," I said, "I think I anderstand,"

And I went up to the great room of my father's that was now mine. There was a new strangeness to the sea as I turned toward it that night, and I think I stood there looking out at the black water for hours. How strange was Life, I thought. Things had a way of their own, of working themselves out. When I turned at last to go to bed, I saw the copy of Captain Cook's voyages lying on the table. I opened it carelessly and turned to one of the pictures that showed the island women.

"The woman my father married was not like that," I said half aloud. "And Bartholomew's wife, the one who is coming here, is not like that, either."

It was like a load had been dropped from me. I picked up the book and put it back in the case and tumbled into bed to sleep the dreamless undisturbed sleep of healthy youth.

There my boyhood really ends, and if I have been long over the telling of it. I have done so only that you might understand the background against which my life was cast.

Two days after that memorable night when Mrs. Burton told me the secrets of the past, Bartholomew's wife came home.

I was not there when she arrived, having been out all day through two tides at the trawls with old Matthew Prior. And though when we came home our boat was not heavy with the catch, I was full of the things of Life and the things of the sea. Old Uncle Matt was really my first mentor. When I could scarcely toddle, he had shown me how to knot. On this day we had talked of my future, and let me say it to my credit that I knew when it was wise to listen, and this day I had listened for hours to Uncle Matthew Prior.



Whispers, Whispers—how much misery they have caused!

By ETHEL K. BANNISTER, Graduate Nurse

It is to woman's eternal credit that frankness has become the outstanding grace of the modern age.

No longer is she content to have great truths come to her through the portals of bitter experience. She wants to face life frankly and openly.... enlightened and informed on every subject intimately related to her health and happiness. Old-fashioned prudishness, which denied potent truths to her girlhood—this is as obsolete as the hoopskirt.

To the enlightened modern woman, feminine hygiene and personal daintiness are subjects of infinite importance. They cannot be ignored. They are inseparably interwoven with woman's health, activity, happiness and charm. And medical science does womanhood an incalculable service when it points out with forceful candor that many of the ailments peculiar to her are primarily due to one thing—uncleanliness.

Woman's greatest error is reliance on old methods and old practices. Science has provided more effective means for the preservation of internal cleanliness and health the foremost being the wonderful Marvel Douche, or Whirling Spray.

Delicate internal membranes lie in folds.

It is within these folds that germs and bacteria take lodgement. Only the Marvel can positively and effectively reach and destroy them. Here's how it does it—by a whirling liquid action! The spray dilates or smooths out the folds and flushes them clean. There is no danger of injury. Medication is thorough and complete. Any reputable antiseptic or germicide can be used in the Marvel without injury to bulb or tube.

Send for Booklet

Read the virile and forceful facts on feminine hygiene as set torth by a prominent physician. These are available in a booklet which we have printed. A copy will come to you on receipt of the signed coupon below in a social correspondence envelope.

THE MARVEL COMPANY New Haven, Conn.





Remove hair with cool cream!

—a method you will enjoy

To well-groomed women everywhere, this new cream, called Pryde, is most truly It is so distinctly feminine Harmless to the most sensitive skin. And ... they to use as powdering your nose.

Removes hair with amazing ease

Pryde Cream combines amazing efficiency with delightful ease of use. ixing or messing. And nothing to melt. Like a cold cream, you merely press it from the tube and cover the hair to be removed. Then, after a few minutes, with ordinary water, simply rin e the hair away. skin is left cool, whitened, free from odor, and as smooth as satin.

Authorities now urge its use

Prvde is so much superior to old methods, authorities now tirge its use. The masculine is:

well known, does cause coarser growth. Fry the contrary its formula and principle to remove the hair, but also to act upon the contrary its formula and principle to the contrary its formula and principle to remove the hair, but also to act upon the contrary which is the gentle, the contrary which is the gentle, the production of the contrary is to deader it; which is the gentle, the contrary freed from hair in the contrary of the contrary is also present as the contrary of the

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My heart was light, and the clasps of has sea boots sang a little song to them-selves as I picked my path by the back to a up through the meadow to our house I entered the back door, and the moment I opened it I caught the lilting gold of a ce such as Salt Island had never known. My heart leaped at the sound. It must be Barth-lomew's wife. I stood irresolute a moment and then fled up the lock stairs to my reom. I think it was fear, or shyness, call it what you will, that caused my precipitant flight. But I remembered that I protended to myself that it was only because I wanted to get out of my sea-boots and et clothes and into my double-breasted Sunday blue. As the head of the house. I must do the house credit. The truth of it was that I wanted to appear at my best before Bartholomew's wife.

I MUST have been over long in my dressing, for I had barely knotted my tie and control my hair when I heard sounds on the stairs and I knew it was she. She probably going up to her room. the sounds continued. She was coming up the second flight. A moment later there was a gentle tap-tap on my door. swing toward it. My breath had sud-denly left me and I couldn't answer her summons. With both hands I gripped the edge of the chest of drawers. The tap-tap was repeated.

As I watched, I saw the knob of the oor turn slowly. Then it opened a crack door turn slowly. and the same liquid voice that I had heard

down stairs asked

"May I come in " made some jumble of words that might have been taken for an answer and the door slowly swung wide and for the first time I saw Bartholomew's write. And now gasped loud enough for her to She was dressed in black and hear me. white, even to the sheen of the silken shawl that clung to her shoulders. Her beauty left me speechless. Then that voice poke again to assure me that it was not

all a dream.
"I am Valaima. You-you are not afraid of me? Or wasn't it right for me to come instead of waiting downstairs for you? But you were so long and I wanted

to meet you."

I still stood as one entranced. I do not remember whether it was the lustrou-depths of her eyes, the enchanting curve of her coral lips, or the pale, clive slenderness of her throat—but there was a lure about her. And if I went forward to meet her, it was an involuntary movement. And I must have gone forward, because it was in the middle of the room. by my father's chart table, that I took her hand in mine. A hand that felt as warm and soft as the breast of a wounded gull—the gull I had given to Mary Strong Why should my mind have fled at that moment to Mary Strong? At any rate the spell was broken. Her soft hand still lay in mine, but I suddenly forgot the lustre of her eyes, the curve of her lips and remembered my duty.

"You are my brother Bartholomew's wife," I said in a voice that did not sound like my own. "I loved Bartholomew. Iwe want you to feel that this is your home. You are welcome, Mrs

"Valaima," she said.
"Valaima," I repeated after her. "We-

I'm glad you have come home.'

"Are you really glad I've come, Jethro?" she asked seriously, and her black eyes made me feel that they went right through me as though they could read the very workings of my soul "Really glad," I said.

And I knew that I meant it and I did not know why I meant it. Her soft, warm hand was still clasped in mine. Barely a minute had passed since she came in at the door. Yet, already I felt at ease, a the door. strange calm that was at the same time tinged with foreboding. I think it was her almost childish directness and method of approach that built up at once a sort common ground between us.

But back of all her directness. I sensed that something I did not quite understand hidden. As we gazed at each other, flushed and it was my eyes which fell first. And as I caught the quick rise and fall of her breast, for she had run up the stairs, I felt my own breath quicken. gently she withdrew her hand from mine and as my own fell to my side I was pericetly at ease. All the feeling of un-

"Yes, Jethro," she said quite soberly.
"I think you are glad I have come."

And when I had nothing to say in answer, she laughed, a lilting trill as lovely as the song of the thrush.
"But I surprise you." she said.

And when I would have contradicted her, she made a mocking grimace and put up her hand in a delicate little restraining gesture.

"You expected you would have to wel come a young half-savage. And I knew it before ever I came up the stairs. In fact, that is why I came. I was even half afraid that you weren't coming down. But I am glad that your delay was one because you were dressing in my honor. You are much nicer to me-than your father who has gone to London without so much as waiting to see me. But," and she caught both my arms, "I detain the young lord of the house in his dressing, and supper must be ready by now. run back again.

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She turned from me toward the door. and her movement was the lithe grace of a glide rather than a walk. There she half turned back to look at me doubtfully. Another trill of musical laughter, a roguisu smile-and she was mine

I REMEMBER that I slipped into my coat and after her before she had turned from the bottom stair. But once I came into the dining-room again my eagerness left Mrs. Burton was standing there at the head of the table, in her black satin dress with her white, lace apron.

Again I felt ill at ease, and I knew why had run off upstairs when I came home. was because I did not want to meet Bartholomew's wife in front of Mrs. Bur-

I wondered if Mrs. Burton would notic that my face was flushed and that I had dressed in my Sunday best. If she could know that the hand that had held the soft. little, warm one of Valaima's still tingled! I know I would have felt much better about it if Mrs. Burton hadn't been there at all. But if she was aware of anything strange or unusual in my behavior that night, she made no comment on it, and I was thankful for that.

The moment I had finished supper excused myself, and, getting my hat, I hurried out and down to the village.

It was good to be out in the air again I breathed easier and I liked the cool moisture of the sea-wind against my fore head. I thought of the pictures in the book of Captain Cook's voyages and laughed aloud. Wouldn't Valaima mock me if she knew how I had looked at those pictures. Probably she had read my mind more thoroughly than she had already told me on that score. But I had told the truth when I said I was glad she had come to us.

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She was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, and she couldn't be a year older than I was. I had read that girls become women quickly in the East. And what would Mary Strong think of her? I had decided that Mary Strong, the Mary Strong who was a woman, the woman I was to marry, wouldn't like her. Just then a fisherman brushed the sleeves of my coat as he passed me in the dark. Half-way down the crescent road two more fishermen passed. I didn't know just who they were in the dark, but I said "Hello," and one of them recognized my voice.

woice.
"Why, hello, Jethro Gale," he said in teturn with a ring in his voice. "I reekon the mackerel will run tonight!"

And suddenly at the words I was all hot and cold. I had been thinking of Valaima, Valaima of the golden laughter, Valaima of the lustrous eyes and warm, throbbing hand. And she was Valaima Gale—my dead brother's wife!

There is a tradition at Salt Island, that is as old as memory, and that goes back to the first Gale who settled there. It may be only a superstition, but it is a superstition that comes true. No matter what the season, no matter whether there has been a big season's catch of fish or no fish at all when a Gale comes home to Salt Island, the mackerel run.

And the village that had gossiped for more than a week, the village that had said things behind my back that it did not want me to hear, they—all of them—had taken the home-coming of Bartholomew's wife in the line of the Gale heritage. The tishetimen were off to sea this night to set their nets. They had not seen Bartholomew's wife; they had not seen Bartholomew's wife; they did not even know her name. But they knew that she was a Gale; they knew a Gale had come home.

"Tonight the mackerel will run!"

For all their go sip, for all the small talk they might include in later, they had thought of her only as Bartholomew's wife a thing that was impersonal; a thing that was wholly right and proper.

While I and I burn to think of it still

While I and I burn to think of it still I had thrilled to the warm touch of her hand, the quick rise and fall of her breast, the pale olive beauty of her throat. Now I knew the cause for the mingled case at I usrest I had experienced. It was both domey's wife I had welcomed and whom I had felt at ease before; but of Valaima of the soft, warm call of the Fast in hers of that I was afraid, afraid ami uneasy, yet fascinated. Here was the thing Mrs. Burton had hinted at when she told me that my father was going back to the Fast.

And once I had admitted and confessed that fear, standing in the crescent road with my face turned toward the sea, I knew I would have to fight it in the days and months to come. For the second time I was resentful of Valaima's coming to us.

BOTH she and Mrs. Burton had gone to bed by the time I returned, going roundabout by Hawk heach, and I was glad to steal up to my room unquestioned. But I did not go to bed that night. I arrayed the books on navigation Captain Strong had given me on my father's chart table, and the sun, when he came shining through the eastern windows, found me still bent over them.

The call of the East was in my blood. My father had had it before me and had passed it on. And I knew the slight contact I had had with Valaima had fanned the spark and would fan it again in days



"Jarnac WAS all my skin needed!"

What Jarnac DOES!

(The Proof is Free)

WHAT A QUANTITY of complexion creams the modern store displays! One could scarcely try them all.

Yet a hundred thousand women have lately turned to the new cream called JARNAC.

Is it not worth your while to read why?

There is a double reason for such happy results from anything so mild as Jarnac. First, it really cleanses. Second, it attempts nothing miraculous. Frankly, Nature deserves most of the praise being heaped on Jarnac. The skin that is kept clean and left alone will grow beautiful. Purge the pores of any skin and it soon becomes smooth and fair. That is why gentle Jarnac whips the dullest skin to a radiant condition of color and texture.

In short, dear reader, Jarnac does all anyone but a physician can do for your skin.

What happens when you Use One Essential Cream

Jarnac is so bland, its beauty power is hard to believe. But you soon sense the difference. And you soon see results! The pore-deep cleanliness (which the best soap and water efforts only commence) will tell within a week. The skin has a new softness of its own. You have a new color that stays.

Try Jarnac daily for two weeks! See what happens when you use a cream that is not ab-

sorbed. Jarnac cleanses, neutralizes and departs. It does not attempt to "feed" the pores, it cleans them—and a clean pore is never distended. Use Jarnac as directed two or three weeks—and you can forget all about coarse

Extraordinary Jarnac couldn't have an ordinary package! It is novel, striking. But more important, it is pure aluminum. No chance of broken glass, nor unseen particles in the cream. And a third more cream than a glass jar of same size would hold!

More Good News

And the new Jarnac powder ends all need of "powder base." No more filling of pores with "foundation" creams. No necessity for heavy powders. On a Jarnac-cleansed skin, a unique Jarnac powder of medium weight—adheres perfectly, evenly, and for hours! A soft, pure powder of low visibility!

There will always be times when you wish to intensify even the most perfect natural color. Use Jarnac rouge, and the heightened color will still be perfectly natural. A moist rouge, that's an actual blood-red. And just as perfect for lines.

You'll see Jarnac on very nearly every toilet counter today. You'll find Jarnac most moderately priced. Or may try Jarnac at no cost at all! Just use the coupon:



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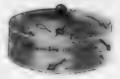
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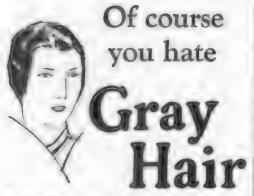
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Name

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VERY woman does, and most men! E Your friends may tell you it's be-- rung and distinctive. You know that ...ey secretly think you're getting "old."

The remedy is -scientific restoration the use of a famous hair cosmetic. Lav T. Geldman's Hair Color Restorer to s gray hair. Free trial bottle proves the -mail coupon.

Clean as water

You apply the clear, colorless liquid with comb and watch the gray disappear. In a few days there's a transformationthe original youthful color is back!

No interference with shampooingnothing to wash or rub off. Nothing whatever to remind you that once you were gray.

Mail coupon for trial bottle

Fill out carefully, using X to indicate color of hair. You'll receive Patented Trial Kit with directions for testing on .. - ngle lock of hair.

Then when you know how to get rid et gray hair, easily, quickly with perfect results, get a full-size bottle of Mary T. Go'dman's Hair Color Restorer and begin complete restoration. Your druggist em supply you-if he can't, order direct. Shipment by return mail, postage paid.

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	Develops Bust Like Magic! Iburing the past 17 years themsends have added to their captivating glory of wanneshed by wink GPOWDINA for hast, noch or arm development Great Inscreens day, certain results and the second of the s



"Lot was stretger, and I determined to out the one against the other. And then, on, there was Mary Strong and all that is meant to me.

I to not quite know how to tell of the uniter that so greatly followed Valanna's coming to us. It came in one night, as contens comes to Salt Island. It was tall, with the last of the bird migra-': ns. great flocks of them setting on the there was to the South. Then two or three days when the sky at dusk and dawn has black with them. Then a three-day llow from the nor east, a cutting gale fore it had blown itself out winter had e me in camest.

e me in carnest.

Valarra shivered and sat by the stive.

The great, square stove with the rosy mica doors, before which I had woven so many at the dreams of my boyhood. I spent of the dreams of my boyhool. I spent with Captain Strong's books and not often and Valaima come to me there. Bu But there

I did not hear her open the door that

to come. But the call of the sea in my day. My first ker being or her coming was when she learn't courst the back of my chair and put let letal on my shoulder. Without looking up. I felt suddenly glad she was there. I was tired from the long siege I let put in over Captain Strong's books. With Valuina's coming, the room seemed to lange, and my eyes, that had over studying the North Atlantic on the hydr graphic chart before me on the table, shirt I to the other side of the chart to the warm curvets of the Pacific Islands in the suo! Urends of palms, waving lazily against an azure sky. Life that was a succession of golden hours and Valaima!

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I leaned back and har hard caressed my cheek. But her head shook and was feverish I caught the court the her threat, and as I sprang to my feet I saw there were used tears in her Her hips trembled. I put my arms around her to comfort her and as she looked up a sink share through the

"Jethro," she whist red. "I I am going to have—a baby!"

To Be Continued in the May Issue

The Passing-Bell

[Continued from page 28]

I mind the day when the baby's first birthday came, and Mary made a little teast for him, the table all trimmed with lowers, and gay with an orange, and a jumping-jack, and the tiny cake she had made with its single candle. The baby made with its single candle. The baby was too young to understand, of course, but she wanted to make an occasion of 'us birthday, to show she wasn't ashamed I remember that the baby, lici som. ilmost too excited by the antics of the jumping-jack to eat his evening porridge and milk, puffed out his round, red cheeks in a great burst of laughter, and stretched

"It's to show your mother is glad that were born!" I remember that Mary tald him. And then she laughed, and to ed him toward the ceiling, and said. "A year from now, you great, big boy,

you'll be almost a man!"

But that night when she went up to her room, the child lay with flushed cheeks, m aning in his sleep, his breath coming in slow jerks. Mary caught him up in her arms, and ran down the stairs. all that she made an effort to pierce through the fog of years that dimmed the mind of the old, foolish aunt with whom

OH. AUNTIE, tell me what's the mat-ter with him?" she begged. I mind how the old woman peered down

at the sick child, poking his fevered cheek with a yellow stick of a finger. She seemed to be trying to answer Mary's question. Then her mind went drifting question.

off into the mist again.
"Mary," she mumbled, mistaking the baby for that other baby who was now

its mother.

I don't forget how Mary Macomber v.rung her hands in anguish at the thought of having to leave the child alone, before she sped out into a night as black as a crow's wing. And I mind the despair in her heart when the first doctor she called upon gruffly refused to leave his bed on the errand. He'd drop 'round in the morn-ing, he said, and if Mary'd behaved herself, he wouldn't be waking up respectable rolks in the middle of the night for a young-un that probably had nothing but colic, anyhow. Mary had to go beyond the limits of the village for the other doctor, a kindly old man, who came back with her.

"It's pneumonia," he said, the moment he saw the child.

I remember that terrible night-a thousand years long, it seemed. All night Mary and the doctor worked over the baby. Just at dawn he opened his eyes, saw his mother there by his bed, and tried to laugh. He always had been a laughing baby, as if he knew some secret joke on the world. And now he laughed one last time, a thin little whisper of a laugh that rattled in his throat, and died. couldn't believe that he was dead, at first

"Baby!" I remember that she begged him. "You wouldn't go away and leave me all alone, would you, my own? I couldn't live without you—you know that, don't you, my sweet? Open your eyes, darling. and tell your mother you wouldn't leave her!

I remember the doctor tried to comfort her. It was the best thing that could have happened, he said. He didn't mean

to be cruel, I guess; it was just the way

All that day, I mind, Mary Macomber went through the preparations for the baby's funeral like one in a terrible dream from which she tried in vain to awake. She still couldn't believe that the bahy Presently she would wake, was dead. reach out her hand, and feel him warm in the crib by her side. She stitched away on a black dress, she ordered the little coffin, she stripped her small garden of its flowers, but all the time she couldn't believe the baby was really dead

At last she went to the parsonage to ask the minister of the old, white church to preach her baby's funeral sermon

"And will you ask the pallbearers for me, Mr. Wick?" It didn't seem to her she could talk to so many people. "And she could talk to so many people. will you tell the sexton what time to ring the passing-bell?"

I remember how pityingly the old min-ister looked at her before he spoke. He wasn't really a hard man, I guess, but he

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had been brought up to believe that sinearth without waiting for the Lord to get around to it. Still, something about Mary's face made him sorry, I think, for

what he was going to say.

"Your child was born outside the church, not daughter, outside the law," he reminded her. "I could refuse to preach the sermon, you know; the congregation could refuse to have the grave in the churchyard. But we want to be merciful. I will preach the sermen, and I think I can promise that you will be allowed to have the grave in the churchyard. But I doubt if the pallbearers will be willing to act. And it will be impossible for the sexten to ring the passing-bell."
"No passing-bell?" Mary Macomber 1 ked at him, dazed. "But it always rings!"

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"NOT for suicides or murderers or ille-gitimate children," he told her. I think that Mary went a little crazy then. She thought so much of the passingbell, you see. It was so mixed up with her whole life that it didn't seem to her she could bear to let her baby go out into the dark without that sound to comfort him. She begged and prayed the old minister, and when he explained that he was powerless to change this ruling of the church people, she even tried to bribe the

the world, just a few worn bills.
"You, nor no one else can buy the passing-bell!" I remember the sexton told her. "It belongs to good folks, by right. But

1. one else can buy it."

All night long Mary lay awake, staring into the darkness. She thought how the baby had loved to hear the bell ring. On Sunday mornings when the sound had come to them clear and soft through the pring air, he had laughed at the sound. Lately, he had been trying to "go like the lell." She could hear it now, in his shrill, baby voice.

He would never try to "go like the bell" again. He was dead. And they wouldn't ring the bell for him. Her baby must go out of the world unheralded, as he had come into it. Her little, little baby, who had never harmed anyone, he must creep out of the world silently, as one who goes

I remember that for the first time then she blamed David Blair, she all but hated him. It was his fault that the passingbell, which was to ring souls on to heaven,

couldn't ring for her baby.

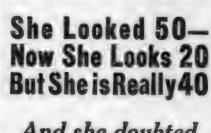
Morning came at last. Mary did the last things to be done, freshened the flowers, straightened the baby's dress, and clothed herself in her made-over garments of black. And all the time she could think

of nothing but the passing-bell.

I mind that funeral procession—the queerest one this village ever had. Usualy, everybody who can walk turns out to funerals here. But that time there was no one in the funeral procession but just Mary Macomber. The baby's little coffin was put in the old-fashioned, open wagon from the undertakers, with wilting flowers around it. The undertaker walked in front, with a friend he'd asked to help him, clucking to the horse, and chatting about the coming crops with the friend. Mary walked alone behind the wagon. That was all. The minister would be there waiting at the churchyard.

Up the hill they went. Mary could feel eyes peeping out from the corners of curtains. People who wouldn't look at the baby when he was alive would be taking their last look at him now. The best thing that could have happened, they would be

should be punished right here on without waiting for the Lord to get at to it. Still, something about Miracle



And she doubted Facial Film until she tried it!

The woman pictured here is forty years of age. When she began Facial Film treatments she looked like the picture on the left—fifty and over. After using Facial Film a few weeks she had become the youthful looking woman on the right!



Youth at Any Age—Youth Forever!

Youth in your heart-age on your face-what a tragedy! Yet, thousands of women are experiencing just that. They love life-have a deep capacity for enjoyment—the same eager zest in living that they had at twenty—but their faces are old—lined with wrinkles and disfigured with sagging muscles. Automatically, they are barred from the gay, good times they are the tall tale lines of age closely. The tell-tale lines of age classifies them with the grandmothers who are so totally out of fashion—and so pitifully unnecessary, for Science now says you can have youth at any age youth forever!

Look at the Woman in the Picture.

She was as young in mind and body as a girl of twenty—but her face was the face of an old woman! Why couldn't her face match her body—her mind? Why couldn't she LOOK as she FELT? Desperately, she tried every beauty preparation of which she heard. Some helped temporarily. Many improved the complexion. But Many improved the complexion. But always the facial muscles drooped. Always the lines crept back. Always the wrinkles reappeared-sometimes in a few hours-at most, in a couple in a few hours—at most, in a couple of days. A look of settled misery added to her unattractiveness. LIFE FOR HER WAS OVER AT FORTY. THEN CAME FACIAL FILM—the most amazing scientific discovery of the age! Doubting, yet hoping, she tried Facial Film as she had tried all the rest. But with what different results. JOY! BEAUTY! YOUTH!

What Is Facial Film?

The French are a vital race—they love life and youth and joy more perhaps than any other race on the globe. And because of that the Quest of Youth is the Quest of France. No nation has spent more energy, brains and money in scientific research on behalf of youth and beauty than France. As a result more marvelous beauty aids have come out of France than any other country in the world. But they all fell short of inducing perpetual youth until a French beauty expert tried Neoplasma—a pound of which costs \$2,500. Out of this idea,

Facial Film was born-a liquid film, crystal clear and pure.

What Facial Film Does.

What Facial Film Does.

A few drops of Facial Film will cover the entire face. As it dries the film forms an airtight mask and the Neoplasma starts its gentle action. In twenty minutes the film is removed—and you gaze with awe upon the miracle that has taken place. The muscles have been toned and lifted into place—much as if plastic surgery had been employed. The wrinkles have been smoothed away. The lines and sacs beneath the eyes have disappeared. The skin has been revitalized—has taken on a velvet-like texture, a rose-leaf appearance that belongs to youth itself! You would never believe the marvelous things that Facial Film will do unless you see them with your own eyes.

Send for a Demonstration Tube of Facial Film

You may be young—you may be old. But in any case, Facial Film will benefit you. Girls whose skin was as fair and clear as youth could make it have become far prettier through this new aid to youth and beauty. Women so old that the skin was parched and deeply wrinkled have experienced astonishing results. But a good average case is the woman pictured here. In one treatment she knew she had at last found a preparation to make her young. And in a week her joy knew no bounds. No one today would dream that she is forty!

We want you to prove to yourself that Facial Film is what we claim for it. The only way you can do that is to try it yourself. If you will mail the coupon below to our laboratory a generous sized tube will be sent you, and you will then be able to make the most surprising demonstration you ever witnessed. You need never again let your face betray your age—that is YOUR SECRET. You can be as young as you feel! Mail the coupon today—you can either send the \$2.00 fee with the coupon, or pay the postman when the package is delivered. But in any case, satisfaction is guaranteed, and your money will be returned unless you are pleased—delighted with the results. Mail the coupon today—become as young and charming as the woman in the picture!

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Fleese send me a large tube of Facial Film. I will pay the postman 52 and postare upon delivery, with the understanding that mency is to be refunded if I am not thoroachly actified with Facia Film after a reasonable trial. If more convenient inclose \$2 with order—same money-back guarantee applies.

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MEN! Fartal Film takes the place of the old-fashtoned massage. Adopted by better barbers everywhere, Accompitshes wonders for the complexion.



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wing as if no hing had happened.

They were there. The undertaker and the other man lifted the little estim out of the waron. Mary wished they would be careful how they litted her baly. He wasn't used to strangers, and they would mediten him.

I remember low hurrichly the minister dread through the familiar words. "Man that is born of woman-" but he was only a baby, and he wouldn't imferstand why he should be born to trouble as the sparks the upward

The minister prayed. He at logized to do not the baby. Mary hated him for Cold for the babs.

... VIII !! It.

No sives, and the baby hall lived them. was all over now, the scanty service. The chals began to third down on the tiny count. This was the moment when the passing bell should have started to ring. Only or course there wasn't to be any

passing hell.

Then sullenly Mary Macomber lifted her head, shaking off the black despair that bowed it, and listened. Suddenly, the below. It couldn't, it couldn't be the passing bell' But it gove to clear note of a bell came from the church passing bell' But it aers. It came again. Having rupe once, and died away to tell the buby's age, it began to ring again, to the him bonor. Slow and solemn and sweet reverberatingly sad, it rang on and on. It cared about the baby. It wouldn't let him go out of the world arguided, that passing bell. It rang, very tenderly, a last Inlaby for him.

Oh, baby, baby, do you hear it?" The trurs were running down Mary Macomfor's cheeks, the first tears she had been The to shed "Listen, my own! It's ring-um for you, the passing-bell!" It range as I rang. It was still ringing

when the little grave was leveled, and covered with lowers. I remember Mary Macomber thought proudly that it hel never rung become for anyone in the village. It was still ringing as she said good by to lear haby, and, her eyes wet with tears, stumbled down the hillside

I min! that just as she came up to the claired the bell stype I ringing. waited to bless the sext in it it were he that had done it. But when the door that led to the belief opered, it was David Blair who stepped out of it, before the eyes or all the village, and came up to

take her in his arms.

"Then they were married, I suppose?" I said to the aged woman, who still picked the tender dan lelien greens.

"Yes, they were married, and had other children, and lived as happy. I guess, as most folks do," she told me. "David's father left his money to the church, but dunno as it mattered so much to them."

"I'M GLAD." I said, drawing a long breath, "You must have known them pretty we'll, to know so much about just how they felt."

She turn d her dim, old eyes on me

for a m m nt
"Yes, I know them pretty well. In
fact "she s.id, but then there was something that a male lake a chuckle or a sob, and I und rsto !.

My Wild Impulse

didn't care—I wanted to hirt this gold and ivery creature with the insolent eyes, as had never wanted to hurt anyone before.

Her expression changed to one of surprise, and she lifted arched brows expressively. "How could you have thought I meant you. Diane!" She laughed lightly, all half-turned from me toward the boy who had stood in embarrassed silence beside

her "Oh, Di," May said in a hushed voice as we turned and went on, "I brete she'd hate you for going with Rodney Lanier' Anyvay, you are too pretty for her to like?"

she ended lovally "Rot" I snot "Rot" I snorted in a manner that would have done credit to Grandy. "Who cares what that little green-eyes thinks!"
But I did care, for I had never known direct antagonism such as I felt Jean's to be.

LATE in the atternoon, Road peninsula, trip out on the tiny, wooded peninsula, a short way down the water's edge from where we were camped for the day "It's getting late We can't, Rod!" I protested laughingly. Long shadows al-

ready fell from the trees on the lake

"Oh, come on! You have never been there and seen the cave! Don't be a spoil-

I hesitated a moment, undecided. Then a mental picture of how angry the excur-

sion would make Jean, decided me.
"All right," I assented briefly, and we swung off together down the narrow path. I looked back, and with a sense of disappointment realized that no one saw our departure. That took away part of the glory, and I wished passionately that Jean had seen us

But Rod was interesting, and I liked to

be with him: to feel his steadying hand on my arm as we crossed a boggy bit of ground, or stepped over a fallen log. spirits rose, and entered into the exploration with zest.

Soon the trees thinned, and we stood on the end of the tiny peninsula and watched the waves curl up at the water's edge.

A steady wind had risen, and the water was flecked with miniature white caps. Heavy clouds were banked against the horizon, and the red glow of the setting sun had faded with startling swiftness to

the grevness of coming night
"Look, Real It's getting dark, and a
storm is coming up! Let's get back to
the others: they will be leaving soon!" I

touched his arm.

He gave a swift glance at the darkening sky and laughed delightedly. "What a night to be out in the storm! There's the cave over there," and he pointed to a low cavern in the small cliff that flanked the water.

"Give me your hand. Diane. We'll have to make a race for the crowd, or get drenched!" He caught my arm and we began to run.

Great drops were already beginning to spatter the ground. Dimly, we heard the sound of a motor horn, then it died away.

"Rod, they are leaving!" I gasped as we stumbled on, finding our way in the darkness of the great trees as best we might by the glitter of the lightning.

Rod's hold on my arm tightened. "Well, we've got my car, haven't we?" he said reassuringly, but I sensed the note of worry in his voice.

We went on in silence, the roar and crack of the thunder echoing eerily through the dim trees. I remembered that I had heard somewhere that trees attract

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that ract At last we came out of the trees into a clearing beside the lake where we had it the crowd. It was deserted.

We raced across it, through the sheets We raced across it, through the sheets i rain to where the long, dark lines of a olitary car were revealed by a streak of rightning. Thankfully, I climbed into the wet seat, and cronched there shivering, while Rod tried the starter. Again and again he stepped on it, but the mater lay alle. He sat preparely will have manner. sile. He sat perfectly still for a moment, while I waited, my heart in my mouth at this new calamity. Then, "Dami !" he said convincingly through the stillness.

"What what is it, Rod!" I asked

"Xicest little 'what' is also ever seen" be answered tensely. "Wires wet, and the motor won't start!"

"But can't you dry them out someway."

"But can't you dry them out someway" I asked nervously
"Don't be silly," he retorted grimly.
We sat for a long time after that in theme. Rod humbled in one corner of the seat, and I in the other. After the fashion of persons in discomfort, each blamed the ther for the predicament.

"What a night to be out in the storm!" I mimicked Ro-I's gaicty of an hour b fore,

There was no answer for a moment sace the spatter of ram against the car. "Yes with a woman like with a word of the darkness. He was furiously angry with me at the jube And, woman-like, after this I felt more deeply minutely by the before miserable than before.

I SHIVERED sickly, and slow tears welled up in my eyes and slid down my cheeks. Thoughts, hundreds of them, crowded through my mind, terrifying in their unliness. I had been taught to respect convention, and while I had always boasted the flapper's sophistication. I found it had deserted me at the moment of need. May! What would she and her family think? And there was Jean Vincent, who would be only too glad of the chance to mail the "rural flapper" to the cross! And then there was Grandy, with all the pride of generations of untarnished SHIVERED sickly, and slow tears all the pride of generations of untarnished names behind him! And I thought of how we had sat together in the old living-room at home, the night before I had left, and how he had kissed me good-night and said. "Be a lady, Diane, my deah; be a lady. I was utterly sick and terrified.

A blinding flash of lightning seemed to snap my taut nerves, and I clung to Rod's sweater sleeve, whimpering. He pulled me closer to him, but his voice was hard when he spoke. "Diane, I got you into this mess, and I guess it's up to me to get you out!" And he added grimly, "No Lanier has ever slacked a debt of honor, yet."

My heart skipped a beat. "A debt of henor!" I repeatedly dully. So this was the romantic proposal I had always expected. I drew away from him, angrily. "Rodney Lanier, if you think for one minute I'd marry you now, you are a darned idiot!" I flared hotly.

He interrupted me collly. "Oh, ves you will. I don't care to have it said I'm a cad! You ought to realize what staving out here all night will mean, or how few would believe us! We don't have to stay married, thank goodness!

I was flaring with resentment, cold with fear. But I brief all right what would be said. I hadn't thought of anything else for hours. "Oh, I hate you, Rodney Lanier! I hate you!" I cried impotently But I fell asleep, finally, against the rough shoulder of his weater.

And so we were married, Rod and I, the next morning in a little village outside of Jacksonville. The rain had stopped enough

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for Red to dry the connections and get the car started. A sorry spectacle we must have been to the surprised Justice of I care. He regarded our bedraggled apparatec suspiciously, but I think his wife, he was the thinnest woman I ever saw. attributed it to the fact that we had eloped, and was nervously delighted.

The brilliant sun struck sparks from the androps that hung upon pine and palmetto, and the pine barrens were alive wh hirds, as we drove in silence back ward the city. As we passed the place state Rod had gathered the Cherokee ties the day before, a lump came up in So much had happened since then, it seemed ages are. And by the time we drove into the Lanier driveway. I was feeling so sorry for myself that I hal almost forgotten my fear of the future.

HERE is no need to go into details of THERE is no need to go had the surprints and congratulations upon our "rothric of princint" as everyone termed it. Red and I both had en uch pride to pretend accessfully to all save one—and Jean Vincent flicked gold lashes over amused green eyes, as she gave her congratulations.

Grandy wired enthusiastic benedictions Pour dear' I know he must have felt that I know he must have felt that an awful load was off his shoulders in get-"... Diane "settled"

On our wedding night, when the door c'ed behind us, and we stood alone in the ie looked at me levelly a moment and thed shortly.

Honeymoon nest!"he said mockingly, and without even a good-night, stalked across the room to the little boudoir adjoining and stammed the door. I stood there in the and the of the floor, and the knowledge that was an unwanted bride in a strange louse, seemed more bitter than ever. Jean's three seemed to smile tauntingly from the adows of the dim room, and when I went over to the dressing-table, with it's little cart-shaped mirror, I could hardly see the picture of the sweet-faced woman-Rod's tears! I was the only woman in this Tears! house of men, and the loneliness of it struck at my heart.

crept into the huge four-poster bed, and wondered miserably what Rod's brother and father would be like—and if they would hate me, as my boy-husband seemed I wished frantically for my room at home and Grandy. All the while I could hear Rod turning restlessly on the day-bed in the other room, and I hoped it was as uncomfortable as it is possible for a bed be: hoped he was as miserable as I,

and wouldn't sleep a wink all night
And the irony of it all was that I loved
my tall, young husband.

So I took up my life in the house of the Laniers, and strangely enough the father and brother seemed to like me quite well as Rod disliked me. But Rod's father was always busy with his law practice, in which Rod and Donald were junior partners, and if it had not been for Donald, I don't know what I should have done during those lonely days

I think he knew how very lonely I was, for he could not help but notice Rod's frequent absences from home, or the way he went about with Jean whenever the opportunity arose. I think he saw, too, the little efforts I made to win Rod's interest again

I gradually fell in the habit of going around a lot with Donald, when I found that all my advances were either ignored, or met with cold indifference.

One night we were sitting on the vine-clad porch, and Donald took out his pipe and fell to smoking.

"Diene" he said after awhile, "what is the trouble between you and Rod" There was no him of alle cornosity in his was no him or question.

I sat still a moment, with the fragrance of his tobacco drifting across to me, and the sound of a neighboring victrola coming across the lawn. I was neither startled nor angry: a feeling of peace stole over me—a feeling that I could share my secret someone who understood

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When I had finished, he smoked on in silence for awhile, then reached over and patted my hand gently. There was a world of sympathy in the touch, and I felt more at peace than I had since coning to the Lanier home. I could not help respect the fact that he had said no word or criticism against his brother, in hi

suspected that people must have to ticed Rod's attentiveness to Jean, for our marriage seemed to have made little dir terence to them, but I didn't realize the extent of their thoughts till the night of the masked dance at the Automobile Club It was during an intermission between dances, and I had slipped out on the lawn to get a breath of fresh air, as my head ached terribly. The faint odor of jasmine and oleander seemed to cling to the slight breeze, and I leaned gratefully against the rough trunk of a royal palm-almost hidden by its shadow. Idly, I watched the gay crowd of masked revelers, here Egyptian maiden laughing with a there a nun walking arm in arm with a lively clown

"And who would have thought," a soft voice laughed behind me, "that Dianc Lanier would shut her eyes and let Jean run away with her husband!"

"Oh, well," replied another voice: "it's absolutely sinful for a man to be as good-looking as Rod. And if Diane can't hold her own—" the voice stopped expressively. And then the talkers moved away.

A cold hand seemed to clutch at my heart and squeeze it. So everyone knew and was talking!

I saw a pirate coming toward me, and almost ran down the flagstone walk to the boat-house. I wanted to be alone-for once I didn't even want Don.

When I rounded the corner of the boathouse, I heard someone talking. I stopped, thinking I had stumbled upon a pair of lovers. A couple sat on the edge of the diving board, and the man's arm was around the bare shoulders of the girl.

I TURNED to go, but something about the man's voice held me. Then of a Then of a sudden I knew that it was Rod's voice I was listening to. Vibrant and tender it was -unlike any tone he used to me, and he was saying, "You are the sweetest little thing I evah did see!" soft, and all full of laughter. I could almost see the way his eyes crinkled up when he smiled.

I stood rooted to the spot, and listened to the girl's voice, all husky sweet, saying, "Kiss me-kiss me again, Roddie!" The moonlight gleamed on the round arm that stole about his neck, and flashed fire from the stones of a bracelet, and I knew that it was Jean's bracelet, an oddly carved thing that she laughingly said came from Cleopatra's tomb. Cleopatra! And I almost believed in re-incarnation as I stared at

I turned, sick at heart, and found the tall figure of the pirate blocking my path He had followed me.

Don, you heard?" I asked in a voice that sounded strange to my own

"Yes, I heard," he answered, "and I think it's time for you to give the young puppy some of his own medicine!

"You mean-" I stammered increduionsly

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1 1 11: ." "That from now on you'll go with me, publicly. See how he likes for you to forget that you are married!"

I drew back nervously, staring up into his set face from which he had taken the mask. "No, Don, I can't do that! I anythod, I've still a little pride left." I

ended stubbornly.

"Pride?" he smiled twistedly. "Where is it? You are letting that little vamp get away with murder! She is appealing, I'll admit, but so are you, and it's up to you to tight for your man if you want him "he bestated.

Lim "he hesitated.

I did want Rod, and badly. I thought of Grandy, and how he boasted that he never gave an inch on the fighting line, until he was down and out with a bull to in his chest. I was a Marshall, too, wasn't I? I had to fight!

So keeping a round of drives, golfing

So began a round of drives, golfing and dancing, always with Don. With studied carelessness we made our arrangements in Rod's presence. I began to cultivate Jean, much to her surprise, and Rod's. I learned to smile at her sweetly, while in my heart I could have strangled her cheerfully.

her cheerfully.

Whenever I had the chance I threw them together, making no secret of the fact that I wanted to go with Donald. Rod underwent all this with various degrees of indignation—no man enjoys having his wife pick out some other wo-man for him to bestow his attentions upon. He wants to decide all that for himself. Once he said to me:

"I'd like to have you remember you're my wife and not Don's!"

I went on, apparently unconcerned, glancing back into a nurror.

"Really?" I shrugged carelessly.

He stared at me a moment as if he had seen me for the first time. His tanned face flushed darkly, and he turned without

tace flushed darkly, and he turned without a word and left the room.

About a week later, he came into my room one night, just as I was reaching out to snap off the night light that stood by my hed. I picked up a negligee lying across the bed, and threw it about my lare shoulders. "What is it, Rod?" I asked, puzzled. He flashed his old care less smile, and I was angry to find that it still made my heart beat faster.

"I just wanted to tell you that you are the sweetest little thing I evah did see, Diane," he said softly.

A feeling of rage shook me. That he should repeat the same words to me that he had said to Jean! But he should never

he had said to Jean! But he should never know it! I smiled at him through halfclosed lashes.

"I SUPPOSE it has just got to be force of habit that makes you say that so often?" I queried softly.

He looked at me steadily a moment, "You drew first blood," he smiled ruc-fully, and sat down on the edge of the

bed, and lit a cigarette.

I stood watching him, and for the life

ot me I couldn't think up a single one of the witty and seathing remarks I had intended to use in such a situation as this. "Diane," he said after a moment, "let's surprise the natives, and go to the Yacht l'estival together?" He carefully blew a smoke ring.

"Why do anything so obvious? Besides, I have a headache—" I ended yawning

"Sorry," Rod said with a direct look that made me feel uncomfortable. And the incident was closed. Somehow, I was finding this game harder to play than I

I never dressed more carefully in my life than I did for the Yacht Festival.

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had ordered a new outfit, and knew that looked my best.

Red had just parked his roadster when we drove in, and he flashed a sneering smile at me as he stepped from the run-He barely spoke to us, and ak. Perhaps I had gone too mine located. my leart sank. Perhaps I had gone too iar . . . but I laughed as though I were enjoying myseli immensely, stilling a desire to call after Rod's retreating figure.

There were the usual boat-races, swim-ing contests, and water fetes. Afterming contests, and water fetes, said, nearly everyone donned marly everyone donned bathing suits and went in swimming.

I noticed with grim satisfaction that Red seemed moody, and not nearly so attentive to Jean as usual. He seemed maware of her attractiveness in the abbreviated emerald green bathing suit that displayed more of her charms than neces-

As we stood on the white sand, watch-

ing the bathers, Don suggested a surf-boat He went up to the boat-house and got the board.

"Sure you can stay on, Diane?" he asked as we splashed down through the waves to where one of the tug boats was beached. "Sure," I answered. "And it I can

"And if I can't, "Sure," I guess the water won't hurt me any," and

both laughed.

Things went well for a while, and I kept a firm grasp on the rope as we slid over the water. It was hard to keep my balance, as I was rather new at the sport, and the board seemed to slip from under my feet in an alarming manner. But I had seen Rod watching us as we started out, and I'd have ridden that surf-board or died! I knew that Rod was an enthusiastic sport-lover. And Jean couldn't

The boat seemed to be gaining speed, and I could feel the difference in the way I balanced. Then I hadn't been thinking of what I was doing. My body lurched wildly one way and another, and I desperwildly one way and another, and I desperately tried to regain my balance, but with a quick duck the board slid from under my feet, and I clutched wildly at its polished surface as I fell. I heard Don call to me, then there was a sharp pain as my head struck the edge of the board, and I could feel myself growing limp in the water-hear its rush over my head.

Somewhere there was the hum of a racing motor, but the drowsiness and pain in my head made me indifferent to what it was. I lay for a long time, it seemed to me, with my eyes shut, listening to the throb, and thinking how comfortable the arm felt that was holding me against a rough shoulder.

Gradually the stupor lifted, and I opened my eyes. I could see the grim lines of Rod's face above mine. I twisted upright. He looked down quickly, and the look in his dark eyes made my heart leap pain-fully. "Don, she's coming to—" he whisfully. "Don, pered huskily

"Good" I heard Don answer steadily. and I noticed that he was driving Rod's The telephone poles seemed to read ter be whizzing by, and it made me dizzy to look at them, so I closed my eyes again and leaned back against the comfortable shoulder. I think I must have drowsed, for when I opened my eyes, we had drawn up at the front entrance at home, and Rod was lifting me out of the car. I enjoyed the process of being carried up the stairs to my room, and pretended still to be asleep.

A FTER the doctor had come and gone, and I lay in the huge four-poster bed, with a bandage around my head, Rod came over from the window and dropped to the floor by my side.

There was something new in his face. The dark eyes were less assured-wistful

even.

He touched my bandaged caught one of my hands in his, "And to caught one of my hands in his, "And to He touched my bandaged head, and think I might have lost you! Diane, can you love me just a little?" His face was

close to mine, and I reached out and pulled the dark head close to my heart.

"Oh, I do, Rol I do" And I buried my face in the hair that I had always longed to run my fingers through-and

muss up . .

Afterwards, Rod tried to convince me how easy it was to make him love methat he had always cared and didn't realize it. But I—though assenting gravely—I knew how hard it really was—that fight!

Just Before Dawn

(Continued from page 80)

this minute. I hate myself for talking to you, for being with you. Please go, now."

He came and knelt by my chair.

"And I love you from mine!" he

He came and knelt by my chair.
"Eileen," he said, "what is it? What has changed you? You were different the

Then I heard myself speaking the words for which I could have bitten out my

tongue. Kenneth!" I gasped, "that woman-

that other woman, whom you and Hastings iought about!

Instantly I knew that I was lost. Those words had betrayed me. The smarting jealousy, the hurt pride! Kenneth recognized it almost as soon as I did. He gave a cry and a great laugh, and swept me up into his arms. He knew now that I could not resist.

OH, LET me go!" I, struggled. "Let me go! You don't understand, Kenneth, I love my husband-with a real love-so different from the temporary excitement that you give me! Let me go! This is a cheap and worthless victory for you, because I don't really want to yield."

"It doesn't matter—" he said, "it doesn't matter what you say. Down in your heart

you want to come to me. And you shall come. Not because I force you, but be-

laughed.

I felt myself ceasing to resist. That deadly power was drawing me, drawing me, and he spoke into my ear, caressingly insistently, telling me of his love. I wanted to struggle, but I could not. I felt the pulse pounding in my throat, and I turned toward him with a little despairing cry.

But at that moment there came another and from upstairs. It was the call of sound from upstairs. my baby, a frightened, pathetic call, freighted with loneliness and need. I broke away from Kenneth instantly, and he let me free.
"It's Alice!" I'gasped. "I must go to

I hurried to the door. Even in my concern I recognized that the fatal tie had snapped. Our very tenseness at that mo-ment had made the breaking more complete. I felt all mother now, and as I looked back at the boy standing white and silent in the middle of the room, I felt an unexpected throb of pity for him and the young life

that he was wasting.
"Wait for me, Kenneth," I said impulsively. "I want to talk to you. I'll be down soon."

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Kenneth waited, but I was not down soon. I found that my baby had a touch of what I feared might develop into croup. I stayed with her for over an hour, heated water, got the croup kettle ready, and did the little things that mothers do. When I saw that she was sleeping safely I went downstairs again. And not till that moment did I remember Kenneth.

He was waiting for me by the fire that had long since died to embers.

"Oh, Kenneth, I'm so sorry!" I exclaimed. I had lost all fear of him now.

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claimed. I had lost all fear of him now. Our episode was past.

"Don't say that," he replied, rising and pulling up my chair for me. "I've been thinking, for the first time in many weeks, and I believe it's done me good."

"I'm glad—so glad, Kenneth. I've been sorry for you. Oh, don't look surprised. I'm not going to preach. Heaven knows I've no right. But I have been sorry, for your youth and promise; that you go playing around with women, and married women. I suppose it's queer for me to playing around with women, and married women. I suppose it's queer for me to say these things tonight after what nearly appened. But somehow that seems to have burned clear the air, and made it possible to talk."

"I know," he said quietly; "I've been lurned clear, too—thinking, while you were with your child. I'd like to talk to you, Eileen."

vou. Eileen.

And so we talked, with a curious de-tachment, intimate, yet impersonal. What had transpired between us seemed very far away, in a misty, incredible sort of haze. I felt no affection for him, hardly friendship—only pity, and a desire to help him. After all, he was so much younger than I, and the hideous thing in which we had been involved must have been part ly my fault.

S UDDENLY he looked at the window, Supplies the looked at the window, and got to his feet with an exclamation. "Daylight! By Jove, Eileen, what an unpardonable thing for me to do! I had no idea! I ought to be kicked for this!"

I stead up and laughed.
"But we've cleared things up, Kenneth.

"But we've cleared things up, Kenneth, And that's something to be thankful for."

"I'll be thankful to you all my life," he said, and added in a lower tone, "and humilated when I think of you."

"I hope not. That will pass Goodinght, Kenneth."

"Good-by! I hope you get a me rest.

All my thanks. Good-by!"

He took his hat and went

He took his hat and went. I slept late the next morning. At seven I opened my eyes, and listened sleepily to the sounds from the nursery. The maid was dressing the children. They were all right then. I turned over and went back

to sleep.
When I awoke again it was almost ten.

I dressed in a hurry and went down into the living-room. My husband was stand-ing in the room, gazing out the window. "Lee!" I exclaimed. "But I thought

you were away!"

"I came back," he said. "They reached me by phone at three-thirty this morning. I took an automobile immediately, and just

got here."

"But what is it?" I asked. "Who sent for you? I don't understand."

"You haven't heard, of course." He sat lown in the big chair. "Eileen, this will be a shock. Hastings was shot and killed at three o'clock last night."

"Hastings! Killed!" I could not believe my ears. "Lee, how frightful! But who could have done it?"

"That's the dreadful part." Lee's voice was husky. "The evidence—the evidence till points to Kenneth."

I looked at my husband, and I could

I looked at my husband, and I could tot speak. I could hear the children laughing at their play. I could hear my heart

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to get out of order; produces an auto-

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strate that it is based on an entirely new and different principle. Your mirror tells the story! By the time you are dressed, your hair is beau-

tifully done! Or put it on at night—you'll never notice it—and in the morning you look as if you had just stepped from the beauty shop.

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pounding desperately, ominously. But I

uld not speak. Lee went on.
"Hustings was shot by Kenneth's pistel. They found the weapon, and it has been bentified. And Kenneth, according to his hardlady, didn't come in till six o'clock il is in rining

"But "I moistened my lips and groped for words, "but—it's impossible, Lee," "It seems so. But you remember the moistened my lips and groped

to able between these two men. They had guarrelled openly. Oh, it's the devil of a mess. Fileen. But I mustr't stay here talking to your. I've got to get over to

At the door he looked back.

"Why were you in bed so late? Not technic well?"

"I'm all right." I nauronated "Just cept I was up late" 100 111

Lee hoked surprised, but made no com-

The give you a ring from the office," sud. "I don't know when I'll be back. In said. "I don't know when I'll be back. God! I can't seem to realize what has happened."

I staved with my children most of the At dinner time Lee told me the progress of the case. Kenneth was under When they asked him where he had been between twelve and six the pre-ceding night, he had at first refused to answer. Then he said he had been for a walk in the country. An examination of his shees proved them quite free from mud, and yet there had been showers dur-ing the night. It was his revolver that had killed Hastings—That is still to me an unexplained mystery. Only I wonder what part in the tragedy that other woman

was hard to "Do you think it looks bad for Kenneth?" I asked my husband as we sat at table. I could not eat any dinner, but fortunately he was too upset to notice

"Very. I'm afraid. You see, he can't explain where he was "
"No." I murmure I desperately, "he can't explain."

PUSHED back my plate and sat staring into the candles. I had seen, and very

clearly, the ruin that lay ahead.
For I must tell where Kenneth was. have no choice. I must tell that until day-break he was with me. And then-my husband, my home, my children-will the be left me? Or will I be swept away from them, and lie broken in the wreckage of my life?

Lee is a reasonable man, as men go,

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but what reason could possibly explain the fact when it is laid before him? He is fact when it is laid before him? He is a stern man, a typical product of a Puritan upbringing. He demands much of his wife and the mother of his children.

And I do love him, and respect him. I addre my children with all the

adore my children with all the passion that I never dared give to him. If they that I never dared give to him. If they are taken from me, then indeed I will wish that I had died.

There is one chance, just the faintest, that he may believe me, that he may accept my word as to what happened in those hours before dawn. But is it likely?
Would most husbands credit such a tale?
I must be prepared—I am prepared to face the worst. He may believe me, but

do not think he will. Tomorrow I shall know.

The Story of Nanette

((entinued from page 43)

"Nanette! It's good to see you again"
She tried to smile "I'm glad. I."
Her voice cheked in spite of her efforts; the tears theoded into her eyes.

I sat down on the seat beside her. "Nan, cell me what's the trouble."

She started nervously. "Trouble. What what do you mean." Her eyes dilated. "You've been crying." I accused her. Something has made you cry. Can' all me? We're irriends you know aps I could help." Cant von . 11 1110-3

You were always a friend," she answered swiftly, impulsively. Then after a pause "Why why there is nothing, really. I girls just cry sometimes." She trued to laugh and failed, and her eyes, the clear, unafraid eyes of Nanette, did " I mee' mine.

YOU mustn't pay any attention to me." she insisted, trying to regain her poise. I -well, let's not talk about me. Let's talk alout you. You're a judge now, aren't

I redded. Judge Hadley" She repeated it slow-"It it sounds strange doesn't it? ms so sort of solemn."

blue eyes seemed vaguely fright-She was pale, I noticed, and looked She had indeed changed. There 11111 was an indefinable something in her that had not been in the clear, childlike eves of that other Nanette I longed to take her in my arms and comfort her, yet something held me back, semething told me this was not the time to speak. After awhile we walked slowly back to the 11011-6.

"You are free tonight" I inquired as I took leave of her. "It's been a long time since I've seen you, Nan.

She flushed and suddenly paled. "I'm sorry—Steve—I can't see you tonight. I—will be—busy." Her confusion was pitiful She twisted a lacy handkerchief between her fingers. "You see—I—" She paused 422111

"Don't mind," I told her, smiling to cover the disappointment in my heart "It's all right, of course. I should have wired ahead for this evening, shouldn't I?"

But she did not respond to my sally.

"I'm—sorry," she said again, very low
"So am I," I told her, "but I'll be hopefu" of seeing you tomorrow."
"Yes—yes," she said quickly, as if gli
of a respite. "Good-by, Steve."

She was gone into the house on flying

I returned slowly through the hedge pondering a little on what her trouble might be, but my joy at seeing her again was paramount to all else. Too much was paramount to all else. Too stepmother most likely, I decided. Well should soon take her away from all

After dinner I was restless and bord My mother retired almost at once and found myself alone. I was disappointed at not having had Nanette with me in the evening. It seemed I could wait to longer to tell her of my love and to hear that she could love me in return.

It was still early, and to quiet my rest lessness I wandered down through the grounds toward the orchard. In that place beside the stream, still filled with the spoof her presence, I could perhaps smoling evening pipe and dream of the morror and all it was to bring.

The moon was not fully up and the shadows were deep and long. The bable of the running water dulled the sound voices and my approaching footsteps, ur

with a start I found myself but a few reet from two figures in the dim light Someone was sobbing, and suddenly I realrzed it was Nanette. Something kept me rooted to the place. She was speaking now and there was agonized appeal in her

"But, Davis, you said we were to be married right away. You you promise I we'd be married. You said you loved me. Don't you? Don't you?"

"Of course." The voice of the man was

soothing, ceneiliatory, but I could detect in it no ring of sincerity. A match flickered and the flame showed me the profile f a handsome chap seemingly in his early thirties. The match went out and again he and his companion became dim figures

"But, Davis- isn't that what you came for tonight to marry me? You wrote-

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voi said—"
"Now, listen, Kitten." Again that suave voice. "Of course, we're going to be married. Didn't I say so? But it can't be right now. I've got to take that trip to New York for Dad. It'll mean something big for me."

BUT couldn't I go with you?" Again the appeal in the girl's voice. "Now, Kitten, you know it's nothing but

a business trip and you wouldn't enjoy it a bit. And we couldn't be married tonight now could we? You know that. I'll be back soon, Kitten-honest I will, and then

won're going to be my little wire! Kiss me, baby. Don't erv."

But only a sob answered him. "You won't come back. I feel it and we've got to be married—got to—don't you understand? Don't you see? We've just got to be way sold you see? We've just got

derstand? Don't you see? We've just got to. Oh, you said you loved me—you did—you did—I was so lonely—she hates me you said you loved me—and I believed you oh, please—don't you see?—"

My own heart stood still in sheer horror So this was it. This was the cause of her tears. My Nanette—my little trusting girl—Nanette. How I remained motionless I do not know. I wanted to leap out and confront him, that sneaking cad who had traded on her innocence. Only the numbing knowledge that she loved him—that I had lost what I had thought was mine, robbed me of power of movement. I saw him tense suddenly, start, and turn swiftly toward her.

him tense suddenly, start, and toward her.

"What! You—you're not—you're lying to me!" There was a harsh note in his voice. I could see he had swung her around by the shoulders, forcing her to face him. "You're making it up."

"No—no—" piteously. "Oh, Davis—I—I didn't know—I didn't—indeed, I didn't. I believed you. You said you—you loved me. Davis..."

"Well, stop crying. Let me think. God knows I'm sorry. Nan—honest I am. I—" Then with a swift reversion to his former conciliating manner. "Don't you worry. Kitten. I'll be back soon and then we'll fix everything up. You'll be brave until

Nor could her pleas change him. He was the dominating one of the two. He bent her will to his. At last she promised to wait for him—who had no intention of returning. Their voices were like a monotonous buzz to me. With sickening, agenizing revulsion came the realization of what I must do, Truly my cross was heavier than I had ever expected to be called upon than I had ever expected to be called upon to bear—but it seemed the only way—the only way—and Nanette came first. God in Heaven, give me strength to go through

After she had gone like a little wraith. lipping by me in the darkness, so close I could have touched her as she passed, he man remained for an instant standing where she had left him. Again came the

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thrills and lures with every soulful glance. It is the shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes that lends to them romantic depths.

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"Of course Jim's salary stopped—but the bills didn't! Our modest savings disappeared in no time, and besides the rent and food there was a payment coming due on our new piano, and a premium on Jim's life insurance, and—oh, so many other things.

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s not of a stolling noteboth the Sickering but of hight diminiating his race, and I beard him curse under his breath. When he turned to go, he found I barred his nath. He started, taken by surpris , much aside to pass, but I moved also.

"Say, who the devil do you think you

"You'll and out so not sigh." I not reel rimb. "Sit down. I want to talk to you." pointed to the rallon tree beside the

Cat out of my way." he respected actually, "or I'll knock you down!"
"Try it." I invited tersely, only too glot

t an exportanty to get my habits on

He struck out valuely and in another estant the light was on. Twice he nearly ested ne, but there was that within me that melt which would have made defeat impossible. Ten maintes later he was teach to listen to me terms regarding Natistic, and I fold him exactly what be

must do "You will go to her tonight now -" I will, "and you will tell her you wish to marry ber at order. You will say you have een Judge Hedley and 'te has agreed to harry vin. You will both meet me in half y...rry y n. You will both meet me in half it if ar. We will procure a license and lead marry you. If you fail in carrying nt my instructions to the letter I'll kill it like the sneaking cur you are—if every court in the country should condemn me. You understand? You will come!"

The resolve in my face frightened him, snivelling coward that he was

Even now, after it has been touched by e dimness of the years, I cannot recall the agony of that half hour without a thrust of pain

Thirty minutes, while I saw all my hopes pale into the dullness of despair and the sun of my happiness sink and set! Could a more cruel thing be demanded of any man? I must be the instrument that should Could sateguard her happiness. I must marry the woman I loved to an unworthy thing, enworthy of her smallest favor, and do this with no hint of the awful knowledge I possessed, must do this to save her from shame and because she loved him. After vears of waiting I must stand aside, must relinquish her without a struggle, without a word. The love that rose unbidden to my lips at sight of her must die stillborn the only words I might speak were those that would commit her to the keeping of another.

It was hard agonizingly hard. I remembered I had smiled and even hughed a little over the first marriage service I had conducted-little knowing of the ghastly ceremony I should some day be called upon to perform. Minutes were hours while I waited and the days that stretched ahead would be weary eternities of pain.

HE WOULD come I knew: fear would bring him, and it did. And with him came the one I loved. She was pale and her great eyes bright as if with fever. I tried to smile when I saw her, but my lips were stiff and numb.

"Going to surprise us all, Nan?"
She started nervously. "You won't tell,
Steve, until tomorrow?"
"Not unless you wish it," I promised

her

It did not take long to do the necessary things. Nan's hand shook so her signature on the license was almost illegible. Old Dan Brice, the clerk, whom we had dragged away from his evening detective magazine to get the license, consented to act as one witness, and Matthews, the night-watchman of the building, as the

It was nearly ten when, a strangely silent party, we reached my chambers in the old grayish court-house. It seemed like a dream—the light flooding over the worn, familiar belongings on the big desk, on the empty chair where I had dreamed

A ring had been forgotten. I pulled off a thin gold band I wore, which was my mother's. Rheumatism had a reed her long ago to take it et.

A S ONE in a daze, I took the book and began to read the words I had thought would brim my more happiness than mere mortal has a right to-and which were, instead, putting receiver beyond my reach the girl I leved. Tegether they is od me, and dimly outterever beyond my reach

lined beside them I saw the stolid face of Brice and Matthews. I heard a strange voice, distances away, reading the solem, marriage struct.

On and on drone I the voice I could not recognize as my own. In the stillness of the room a heart-beat was audible. I was addressing myself to Davis Garrett. An echo seemed to tling back the words taunt ingly. "...l ve. loor, and cherish her ... cleaving of unit for ... so long as you lith shall live."

I turned toward Nanette. I dared not look at her

At last I came to it, ". . . forsaking all others . . . so long as you both shall

There was a sudden throbbing silence as I waited for her answer, I looked at her Her face was glastly. The blue eyes wer. searching my own, mute appeal, stark fear, bewilderment in their depths. She opened colorless lips to speak, tried, failed, then threw out shaking, piteous hands to me. "Steve-I--"

How I remained calm I do not know. Perhaps one can become satiated with suffering to the point where nothing hurts And then the rest. My mother's ring, small, dully gleaming band!

'With this ring-I, thee wed . . ."

It was over. I turned to Nanette. I must say the customary things, must The hands she put in mine were icy, list less. She raised her head, tried to say something-and crumpled against me. a dead weight in my arms

"Get a doctor," I ordered tersely, and old Dan hastened to the telephone. I placed Nanette on the worn leather couch I kept for snatching a few moments' rest chafed her hands and called her by name When some minutes later I looked around for Davis Garrett he was gone-a coward run away from life

For two weeks Nanette hovered between life and death. I had taken her to my mother's home and she was too ill to be moved elsewhere. Only to her I tol: moved elsewhere. Only to her I tol: the story and her loving mother-heart un derstood. But for her tender care I are sure Nanette would have died.

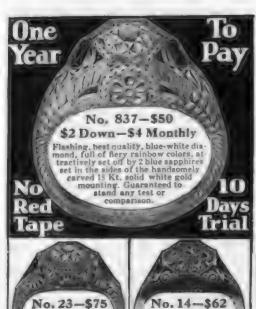
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At last, slowly, painfully, she began to struggle back to health.

Of the man who was her husband she never spoke, nor had she since that memorable night.

Once or twice I tried to get back to the old footing of happy friendliness, but was a miserable failure.

Summer days gave way to autumn and still Nanette staved with us. I returned early one afternoon to bring some yellow crysanthenums that I thought would crysanthenums that I thought would please her. She never seemed to weary of them. Slipping quietly into the big living-room to surprise her, I suddenly saw she was not alone. A man was talking with her and with a swift surge of anger I saw it was Davis Garrett. My first impulse was to do him bodily harm, then I remembered—this was Nanette's husband, the man she loved.



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I hardly recognized him. His face was miserable, haggard. The sullen pride was gone.

"It is true." he was saying doggedly. "It is true. You aren't my wife, Nan. I I wasn't free when I married you. I never told you—I couldn't tell you. I was trying to get my freedom when I met you, and I thought I'd get it before—I ran away." he continued huskily, "like a coward. I—I thought—it seemed to me that night you were dead—and I had killed you! I was afraid—I ran away. But I've come back. I'm free now. It's not too late, Nan. I had to come back. I—I love you! Nan..."

A strange wonder was growing in her eyes, a tremulous smile touched her lips, color stole into her cheeks. "I'm not—I'm not—married to you?"

He bowed his head. "It—it wasn't legal. I already had a wife then. But now—now I'm free. Oh, Nan, can you forgive me and let's start over? I want you so! I love you! Nan, it's not too late."

But she shook her head.

"No. Davis. It is too late. You didn't love me when I needed you. I knew you didn't love me—I felt it. Don't think me unkind, because I'm glad—glad that I am free. I—oh, I could never marry you

"You must," he cried, seizing both her hands in his. "Don't you see I love you, Nan—I love you!"

SHE made no motion of withdrawal. It was her very passivity that brought to him realization of the hopelessness of it all.

'You love someone else," he accused. She made no attempt at denial. "Yes," she admitted simply, "I have always loved—someone else, though I didn't realize it fully until that night. But I never thought he might love me. And," she paused for an instant, "I can never marry him. You see he—he believes in me—and I—I would rather die than destroy his trust. He has been so good, so kind—but if he knew—" She stopped, then her words came quick and passionate. "I should hate you, hate you—men like you. You came to me and made me think you loved me—at a time when I was alone and needed someone to love me most. And you tricked me—fooled me—you have put me beyond the pale. You—oh, please, please go away—please leave me in peace. That is all you can do now." Her voice broke.

"I'll go," he said miserably. "You're right, Nan. I guess I'm just no good. But you're wrong about the Judge." Her head came up with a frightened swing, her eyes were fixed upon him. He went on. "He knows all about it. It—it was he—who—who made me marry you that night!"

"What are you saying?"

"He heard us down by the stream in the orchard. He threatened to kill me if I didn't marry you—and I was too vellow to tell him the truth. I guess he'd pretty near kill me now if he knew I'd told you—but I don't think I'm even worth killing. He's decent, Nan—and he loves you. So do I but I've lost my chance. I'm sorry I've made such a mess of things. Could could you forgive me, Nan? I'll never bother you again."

"I forgive you—but please will you go

"I forgive you-but please will you go now? I—"

He stumbled from the room, a man who had jested with Life once too often. So low I could hardly eatch the words. I heard her speak. "He—loves me—Steve..."

And then she looked up and saw me-





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When a Man's Alone

[Continued from page 47]

showed him that I trusted him, anyway. From then on he worked as hard as del to get back in condition. The grub ran out after a month, and I had to make mother trip for provisions. I didn't date to leave the kid alone there, and I hate! to take him with me into the bright lights. with that dope habit just barely licked, and still showing fight. Then there was Mexistill showing fight. "I'll go," he said. "I've never figured

"I'll go," he said. "I've never figured anything was licked that you had to keep

running away from.

WE PACKED into Enseñada, five days of it. There we learned that Mexican Joe had got his. They caught him red handed and he got croaked in the fight that followed. That simplified matters. The kid made a game fight on the dope, but he daln't last. Somewhere between the time I'd bought the grub and when I got the henries up and ready for the packs, the kel lit out. There was an automobile stage that had left for Mexicali, and I learned he kid had taken the stage. I got another car and followed, leaving the burros with ome friends.

All the time I was bumping over those abominable roads I was cussing myself for not thinking of it before. There was a woman in the case, and I'd never even suspected it. He could have got dope in suspected it. He could have got dope in lensenada. She wasn't the sort of a will man he was proud of, or he'd have told me about her; but he sure was wrapped up in her or he wouldn't have given me

the slip that way.

I found the kid two hours after I got to Mexicali. Also, I found the girl. She Sidney hung his head when I caught him. I called him outside. an entertainer in one of the dance halls

"Listen, kid." I told him, "pick up your head. There's nothing to be ashamed about in falling for a skirt. I've been young once, and I still fall for them." 'It isn't that alone-I come from a good

tamily, and— "
"All right. Maybe she comes from a

and family, too. You're both a hell of a ling ways from home."
"That isn't what I was meaning." he said, steady-like, and then I knew he'd been hitting the dope again. "What I meant was that I'd come from a good family, and I can't stop half-way. Either I've got to go all the way back, or else there's no use starting. When I got back, here—well, things didn't seem any use. It's too far to travel back to where I'd have to go—Pete, I've been hitting the dope."

I didn't understand all of the speech, but I sure understood the last pearle when

was opening my mouth to speak when there came an avalanche of red draperies and a redheaded thunderbolt drew up in cont of me and began to give me hell

She figured I was trying to shame Sid bawled me out high, wide and handsom. waited until she'd got most of it out

her system and was coming up for air "All right, sister, now forget it. As far as you're concerned, you're jake a million with me. What's eating me is that this sweetie of yours has fallen for the lope again. I'd thought I had him cured." 'Cured!'

The way she said it I knew that she didn't know a thing about where the kid

"All right," I said, "I ain't much on aking speeches but I'm making one now. "I ain't much on The point is, do you like this kid, or is he a reg'lar customer?'

With that I drew out a bag of dust.



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wasn't dough.

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"All right, sister, all right. Forget it.

Now, here's the other angle. I can lick
this dope habit with the kid's help, because
we did it once. We're headed back into
t'e desert, and if you really care for
I in you'll help me head him on back."

"Where to?" she asked.

I tot her the whole layout. od to one side, thoroughly ashamed of hunseli. She turned up her big, gray eyes and drank it in.

"And and you're not ashamed of me because-because I'm what I am?

She motioned a hand back toward the dance hall where the blare of discordant music was screeching forth into the night.

"Ma'am, you're one of my sort. Maybe we've seen the seamy side of things a bit, but, as far as my standards are concerned, the only question is whether or not you're n the square with your friends.

'All right, then. I'm coming, too."

"You're what?"

"I'M COMING, too," she said. "Sidney can't make it without me We've got to keep him away from the towns until he's got it all out of his system, and we can't do it as long as I'm in Mexicali.

I looked at Sidney. He had perked up

his head a bit and his eyes were shining.
"Get your things, sister," I told her.
"I've got them," she said.
"We'll have to drive back to Enseñada to get the burros," I told her, as I led her over to the machine.

The next day I got a chance to talk with her alone while Sidney was riding on ahead.

"I've got an idea that Sidney's family

pretty much upper crust," I told her. She nodded her head.

"Suppose he gets cured," I kept on boring in, "he'll go on back to his folks—

in the upper crust—way up."

She nodded her head again. This time there was a tear running down one cheek.

'And that'll leave you here on the desert -in Mexicali. He wouldn't take you with him, you know. He couldn't. After all, the only thing that holds him to you is the dope.

It was cruel and I shouldn't have done it; but I had to know.
"Do you think I didn't know that, you great, big, ignorant beast, you! A woman knows those things without having to think of them. I tell you, I love him-love him so much that I'm going to help make a man of him again, even to lose him. Now, damn you, you've had your little say, and if you so much as open your mouth about it again I'll tear every damned hair out of your head, you old buzzard!

"Wait a minute," I told her. "I just had to know where you stood. Figure it ut for a minute and you'll see my posi-tion. I'm working for the kid."

She thought for a minute.

"You win," she said, and then she swept

her sleeve over her eyes

That was the beginning of her fight to nake a man out of the fellow she loved. She knew that she was going to lose him is she beat the dope, but how she fought!

About the time he was commencing to get control of himself again, there was stranger came up to the shack. He was

all in, and a tenderfoot proper. He gave his name as "Garver", and made himself right at home for a couple it days while he was "getting his wind". Out there in the desert we don't ever ask

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a man his business, and he can stay as long as he wants. Just the same a gentleman'll volunteer a little something about himself and move on before he's dented the grub much. This man did neither.

He was tall and thin, and his skin was sort of mummified, but he had a pair of eyes that glittered right through you. He was riding a horse that had cost somebody some money, and he had his clothes done up in a sheet on the back of the saddle. He didn't have any blankets and he wasn't a good enough rider to have come through in a day. Someone had guided him to within a few miles of the shack and then turned him loose.

The girl didn't like him and showed it. I kept my feelings to myself and did him the honors of the desert.

The fourth day he faded and I heaved sigh of relief until I noticed that he'd left his clothes all done up in the sheet and stuck under his bunk. I didn't like that.

After thinking things over I saddled up and started on his tracks, and I had my six-gun with me.

Four miles out of Mexicali I met a horseman jogging back, and something about the way he bounced about in the saddle made me limber up the holster of my six-gun.

It was Garver.

I rode up alongside. He pretended a lot of pleasure which was false, and a surprise which wasn't.

jerked out the six-gun and started ruffling up his shirt front with the front

"All right, Garver, come across and

come clean.

He was an attorney from New York. Old man Gleason had employed him to find Sidney, and he'd trailed the kid over half of the United States, but he'd struck hot trail when he came to Mexicali. With unlimited money he'd managed to corral all the information he needed. He'd come on in to send a wire to Old Man Gleason.

He had a reply, but he kept it to him-self. Threatening to blow daylight through his stomach didn't scare him badly enough to make him kick through with that wire. Knowing him as I did, I could figure what was in that telegram. He was trying to graft a few thousand.

I MADE him kick through with all the dope on the Old Man, though. He was a big gum in railroad circles, in the financial end. I started on into Mexicali. He called me back.

"Of course, on behalf of my client, I realize that young Sidney is in rather a doubtful position, one which will require some delicate handling, and, as I said, on behalf of my client, I am in a position to make you a substantial eash offer for your cooperation in forgetting all about the past few weeks. You understand what I mean by the word 'forgetting'?"

I was so sore I cut his horse over the rump with my rope. The lawyer spilled himself out into the sand with the first jump. I figured he'd be busy for an hour or so chasing the horse, so I rode on in.

went across the line into Calexico. and from there I put in a telephone call

for old man Gleason in New York.

I got Gleason in less than two hours. A secretary tried to head me off, but I explained what I wanted to central, and told her what I'd pay for and what I wouldn't, and finally the Old Man himself came on the line.

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"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm the only friend your son's got anywhere's around this end of the line," I came back. "My name's Pete Rodney."

"Do you know my attorney, Mr. Garver?" he asked.

answered in three words: "Like a

"I'll leave tonight," said the voice in the receiver, and there was a snap to it that I liked. "Meet me at Calexico. Register at one of the hotels, the best, and wait for me.

"I'll be there," I said.

"And reverse charges on this call," he added as he hung up.

I liked that bird from then on.

Old Man Gleason showed up on schede. I wasn't at the hotel. I met the ule. I wasn't at the hotel. ain. Right away I spotted him.
"Gleason?" I asked.
"Rodney?" he inquired.

I nodded.

WE BOTH looked at each other for a minute, and then his eyes softened. His hand came out.

"Glad to know you. When and where do we talk?"

"We don't talk. I can't tell it-not here, anyway. Maybe I could tell something of it around a camp fire, but I'm not a talker, and this is something I can't spoil by trying to tell it."

He looked right through me, then nodded again.
"When do we start?"

"Right away. I've got some horses."
"I can ride," he said.

He was right. He sat the horse like he was made for it. He had on riding clothes when he climbed off the train, none of those tailor-made dude outfits, but some regular he-man clothes. We rode all afternoon and didn't say a word. That night we were within ten miles of the cabin when it got dark, but I commenced to feel as though I could talk. I stopped, unsaddled and built a little fire and fried up some bacon and boiled a little coffee.

He sat down on the sand and dug into the grub as though it hit the spot. The stars burned down steadily and the silence commenced to creep around us like a

'It's a woman," I said after a while.

He didn't say a thing.
"A woman and dope," I went on. "She loves him, loves him enough to give up everything, and she don't know who he

"How do you know she loves him?"

and she knows that his folks are way up, and she's a dance hall girl."

"I don't see what that

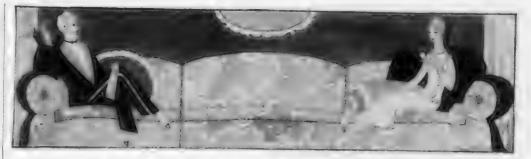
"I don't see what that proves."
"The hell you don't! Think it over. I didn't at first, but I'm not educated. Figure you're in her place. The man you love is a dope fiend. That's keeping him away from his family. You're a dance hall girl

are you going to try and cure him?" He sat silent for a long while, looking in the coals, then he got up.
"How far is it?"

"About ten miles," I told him, and then

started after the horses.

There were lights in the cabin as we came up. The sand muffled the horses' feet, and we shuffled up without a sound. In front of the door was another horse, In front of the door was another horse, the reins hanging over his head. I felt his flanks. They were still wet. Within there was the sound of a man's voice rolling out as though he were making a speech. I opened the door a bit, not knowing what was inside. Old Man Gleason was standing at my elbow.



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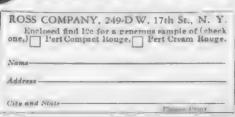
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Garver, the lawyer, had the floor There s just himself and the girl in the cabin. "It has taken me all this time to get word with you alone," he boomed like

he was making a speech to a jury. "Sid-ney Gleas in must leave. The time has

o me when society reclaims its own.
"I feel that I am not violating any
mirlenee in telling you that young Mr. On Ishalf of my client, who shall be numbers. I must return Mr. Gleason · his or family. Have I your co-opera-

"I have felt it since I first saw you Ves. he can go now. He is cured.

THE lawver nodded. That is the have here a draft for ten thousand dollars. It will assist you to-er forget

That was as far as he got.
"You col, you dirty cad! I've been a lance hall girl, yes, but I've been square. I've been straight and I've barely made n such to get my meals and clothes, and Eve been insulted by every rounder south of the Canadian border. You and your of the Canadian border. You and your i racting'! Bah! I'll give you something to rerget, you damned shyster. I'm Sidney Gleason's wife! We were married in Mexicali before I knew anything about his family, and when I was damned because I was a dance hall girl, and he was damned because of his dope--outcasts of society thrown together and married under the Mexican law. I thought he uldn't stop the dope-and those weeks that followed were the happiest of my

"Then Pete Rodney took him away and months cured him. When Sidney came to me. Rodney followed and told back me Sidney had been almost cured. That was the night I knew my happiness was I lied to him about the marriage told him it was irregular and simply a joke I played on him. I've worked and slaved and broken my heart for the moment when I could give him back to his family, when I could give my man back to the world that belongs to him, and blast my soul doing it—and they have to send a damned buzzard-necked shyster out after him that offers me money-

There was a motion beside me. some body crowding me against the door. Man Gleason's shoulder pushed me against the door until he nearly broke me in two, and then he advanced to that redheaded tury with his arms open. "Daughter!" he said.

She looked at him sort of dazed-like. Who are you?'

"I'm Sidney's father, and I want to meet my new daughter."

SHE pushed him away. "You don't savvy," she said listlessly. "I'm a dance hall girl---"

He swept her to him. "You're just the girl I've always wanted Sidney to marry "You're just the you're going to stay with us, Sidney and me. God, girl, can't you see that Sidney can't live without you, and I wouldn't want him if he could. It'll take you to keep him straight.'

Once more I v s crowded to the wall and Sidney broke into the room.

'FATHER!'

I stole a look at the lawyer. He was running his Adam's apple up and down his throat, and getting ready to say some-

"Get out! Vamoose! You're finished."
I told him, "and that's why your horse is starting to Mexicali tonight, with you on him, and I'm going to be hanging on to the lead rope just to make sure you don't get lost in the dark.

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Across the Shadow

[Continued from page 77]

ne native would walk the roads. But wait! Then I sat back stiffly. It was Lee. I knew it before I could see him.

"Why in the world walk in this heat? You know better!" I scolded with my urst words-filling my eyes with the sight

"I'm not so hot," he said. "But, Wong bring me a lot of cold drink."
"Not yet, Wong. He must cool off first. You act like an idiot, Lee."

He pulled a chair near mine and sat

down.
"A bath in a few minutes, Lee dear, and sit quietly awhile. Then have your cold drink. So foolish of you to walk."

She-Emmy-I must tell you about

"You rest and cool off before you talk." "No, I must talk first. You can clear up for me the thing that troubles me most. You'll know at once what a woman would do. It'll be easier for me, Constance, when I've told you.'

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I did not speak. Best let him alone. "You see, it was like this: We had traveled around a lot. We went in February up into the mountains for the snow sports. She was crazy about them and so was I. We struck an awful cold snap. Could only sit about the hotel. Everyone liked her.

'Mr. and Mrs.' you know, and all that. We'd talked about marrying, but-

He got up and looked through the win-dow for Wong. Sat down and went on:

I CAME in late that night. I'll—I'll tell it to you, Constance, just as I saw That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear." "She came out of the bathroom as I went in—out on the bare, cold ground. I can see her now—little Emmy. She wore soft, furry slippers. Her little flimsy nightgown was sort of pinkish-blue. She had a robe over it. Her pretty little curls were standing straight out from the steam of the bath. They always did that. There were drops of perspiration about her forehead, little, clear drops like water."
He paused again. I changed the position

of the books on the table before me and

"We had talked about marriage. hadn't seemed to care so much but suddenly then—she began to cry. And she told me why. There was a baby coming."

I waited again—nor looked up.

You will never know, Constance, what that did to me! I expected to marry Emmy. Intended to. But a baby! It turned the world over. A baby of Emmy's! Do you know what that did? It brought you. You—as you used to be."

I held my breath. Oh, Lee-blessedwicked-blessed.

You. As you were, Connie, when I first knew about life and marriage and babies. You used to wrap your hair about your head, Connie—and you were part of me. You were me. There was no life for me but you. Then the accident—I'd jut you on the horse; I'd said he was ife; I'd made you ride him—my fault."

"Oh, no, no! Not your fault! No, no,

"Yes, mine. You were made as you are by that fall. I have what is left of you here. But you know how I am—no exuse for me. I did as I pleased, built p the sort of life you have seen here. I et things slide. But when she told me of baby! Well—I went off my head, Contance. I'd been drinking, too. Emmy as





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Owe Men My beauty and my youth

By Edna Wallace Hopper

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this nice, isn't it? I am now designing and making a thick velvet evening gown. Wait until you see that " Why! I didn't know you could design and make gowns

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ns wife was one thing: Emmy with her baby, brought you. The you of the past. I couldn't bear a baby that was Emmy's. Nor anyone's—but yours.

"Lee, you did not tell her that! My

"Yes. I was entirely a brute. I couldn't belp it. I didn't know I was going to be. And I went out and slammed the door and left her standing there."

I feared what was coming and put out

hands to stop him.

"Oh, you must hear and help me. You must tell me what she meant. I did not go back that night and in the morning they found her-she had gone out on the balcony-the windows opened like doorsshe had gone out in her bare feet, .left her robe on the floor—gone out in that nightgown like gauze. And pulled the window shut. It had a spring lock.'

I COULD hardly see him, so swiftly a storm-cloud had come up, where light-

ning flashed.

"Now, I came home for you to tell me this: Did she want to get back into the issue? Did she try? Would she have come back if the door had not locked behind her? Or did she not intend to come hack because of what I had said? You know, Counic. You know what a woman know. Counic. You know what a woman would do. You know how a woman's mind works. Why did she go out? To me back, Connie, do you think?"

It is hard to tell this and show the

deliberation with which he spoke-putting down his pictures in words as he might have put them down with a brush-delib-

erately. Meaningly
The heat was sickening and the cloud
The sky was
Rack of reached down upon us. The brassy where the sun had been. Back of us the moon was coming. Would there be rain? In my distress of mind, I thought of rain. Rain. Water. Coolness for Lee and the story he had told. Would there be rain? Strange that I could have present the story had been applied to the story had to be that the story had been applied to the story had been ap

He was again speaking.

"You see, Constance, if she wanted to come back and couldn't, it is not so bad for me. It might have been temper. have tried to think it was temper—she had hts of it. Or to frighten me—she did such things. Could it have been that, do you think? But if she did not try to get back-then it was all my fault. All. And I did not mean it. I would have married her. I meant to. It was the baby—hers that I couldn't bear for the minute. Be-cause of you. And I went away and thought of you all night. You-when you were five-when you were ten-when you were twenty and we only waited to be old enough. Then the accident that was my fault." "No, no, no! It wasn't your fault!"
"And you as you are. I could have married her. Marriage is not so much But a baby—hers. I couldn't bear the thought."

"Lee!" I said it helplessly.
"Tell me what you think. Would she have come back? Don't mince matters. Constance.

I could not speak. He stood a moment, then turned sharply and went into the house. I waited. When he came back I must say something that would help. must not fail him.

I watched the storm-cloud. The moon was up and it was putting black shadows into the dust in front of me. Black and I had seen them once before, lying that like that-shadows of the house-gable. the stretching arm of the wind-mill-as in black paint on the ground. The great cross had been there once before. The high back of my chair a part of it. Such a cross once before. Did it mean anything at all? Omen? Or just a happen-so?

"Dear God," I breathed, "it frightens

I had not heard Lee come out, and I

started when he touched me. "Oh, I can't get away from it," he said. "I see her all the time—little heads of sweat on her forchead. Little, hot feet making tracks in the snow. Did she sink down by the rail outside, or did she stand up? You talk, Constance. You tell."

He had a piece of ice in his hand, run-

ning it about his throat, down into his

'You will make yourself ill doing that when you are so hot. Don't, Lee."

HE FLUNG it away and flung my hand away, too

"You can't say anything, can you! You can't help. You think she would not have come back, don't you? You think that it was my fault—all of it."

He did not wait for an answer.

"Well, I'll go to town and get a crowd out. The old bunch. I'll forget for awhile, anyhow."

I did not try to stop him. He ran down the steps. My eyes were on the black shadow cross. He did not seem to see it. He ran over it, followed its dark column to the center. I saw him fall there and I to the center. 1 so screamed for help.

They picked him up. He was chilling shaking-we could not stop it. day it was pneumonia. In New Mexico!

In June! In twelve hours it was over.
I have sat here in the corner at night ever since. Never the shadow again like Never the moon and the wind-mill and the gable just so again. I can't explain it. I don't pretend to. Maybe you

Far Into the Night

[Continued from page 64]

As I did so I heard William leave the house and then the closing of the gate.

To me it was a tragedy. I threw my-

self on the couch, wondering as to the outcome of it all. Lucy came up to me. Knowing well my indifference to her overtures, she began repeating the odious words again. I shook her and in my mind I was blaming her for our actions.

"Don't you ever say that again. Do you hear? Do you hear?" I almost screamed at her. She looked at me frightened and, with the questioning gaze of a child, left me. had said exactly to her what her father

William did not return until late, or rather in the morning. I heard him stumble up the walk, and it was my first acquaintance with intoxication. I will not go into details. It is too distasteful, but the mistake I made I forgave him. I sent a note to his partner that he was ill and some of the office men came out to see him.

I told them he was sleeping and that I

did not want him disturbed.

"Anything we can do for you, let us know, Mrs. Emerson," they said as they left.
Those were the days when the city in

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It was not long after Tom was born'that William became angered at his part ner and left him. We sold all our house hold effects and I went home for a visit I did not tell my people the real reason for visiting them, but I think they suspected and were very kind to me. I was there nearly five months, and they were very mantul ones, for I knew that my friends acre wondering why I was remaining so long from my husband. I realized the comment it occasioned in a small city. I pleaded that William was traveling on business, but I believe that they knew he was without a position or was hunting one.

At last he wired me to meet him in Chicago. I did so in all haste, to the great disappointment of my people.

"Since you have been away this lone it seems to me that you could stay until after Christmas, for we would so love to have the children," my sister said.

We spent our Christmas in one of those big, old rooms at the Old Palmer

House, and again I was happy.

The next six years were prosperous ones We bettered ourselves each year as to location, and finally my husband was taken in as partner with the Appletons in St fours. We lived in a beautiful, old place there. The house was an old one, which had been built during the Civil War, but had now been nade modern. The ground-occupied a greater part of the block. It was there we welcomed a little sister whom we called Josepha. Tom and Lucy were delighted, and she was the brightest

were delighted, and she was the brightest ray of sunshine in our lives.

Not until Lucy and Tom trudged off to school did I feel that my children were really growing up and beyond me—Lucy. with her dark curls flying in the wind, and Tom, walking along by her side. Their childhood days were as happy as I could childhood days were as happy as I could make them. They had luncheon parties near the rose-hedge, and sometimes Josepha would break up those parties by demanding everything on the table at once. They were patient with her and many times could persuade her to be a "nice girl," and more times they could not. Occasionally, the cook would give them their dinner which they would take to their playhouse built in the tree. This playhouse was the pride of William's life. He had placed in it everything a child would want.

UCY had the reputation of being a LUCY had the reputation of being a tom-boy, but she and her brother were so congenial that I said nothing, for I had so much to hide—and I felt they would have sorrow come to them some day.

One afternoon. I was entertaining callers when the children came in and asked to go to the attic to play. I immediately consented. William came in before my guests left and was cordial in the extreme to them, but the door had only just closed upon them when he said, "What is your object in letting the children play on the roof?"

"The roof?" I asked, amazed.
"Yes, the roof. They are both up there and they yelled down to me like Arabs when I drove up with Judge Henderson and Will Boyd. They will think you have no control over them."
"The workmen must have left the roof door open. I told the children they could

door open. I told the children they could play in the attic—" but William had gone. I felt the children were innocent of wrongdoing, and whether their punishment was merited or not, our quarrel was heated after dinner. When I told the nurse that Josepha could stay up half an hour longer, another quarrel followed.

"Night after night you leave me here with the children, and I am sufficient to guide and care for them then, but the few hours a week you are here you see fit to criticise them and me," I returned.
"Perhaps those few hours are too much



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for you. Fortunately, I am going to New York at midnight and will be gone a month," he said, leaving the room, and I heard him packing.

Of course, the month was a very uncomtotable one for me. William sent ourls exquisite hard made dresses and Tom a smt, but his notes to me were short and enry. Then came a telegram With Marku Six P. M. Whit.

I had Lucy and Josepha in their daintiest frecks and were in high spirits and wild with excitement. I still felt the sting of the quarrel I telepin ned to the station and learned that I telephoned to the station and the the train was some three hours late. The -tood at the big front window in the hall, waiting the arrival of the back. A struct of joy went up when the cab drove up. The nurse held Josepha up in readiness for the first kiss, and we were all crowded around the doorway. I waited to see the or Sung open, but instead the driver lumbered down and came to me saving.
"Mrs. Emerson, your husband is ill. I ven ler it you could help me

SAW a look of understanding in his Leves. He was old enough to be my tather, and I felt like crying on his big for-coated shoulder.

Together the old cabman and I got William into the house and to bed. He was ill. I sent for the doctor the next day. This spree had lasted longer than most of them. The children spoke in whispers and wanted to know if their father were going to die. I heard them tell their playmates what lovely things he had brought from New York to them, and they ought to see the new diamond ring he had brought for their mother. They shook their heads, saying they did not believe there ever was such a good father as they buch

Of course, I forgave Will. What was there to do? He said he had had the there to do? He said he had had the crippe and had so much to do and had taken whiskey for it to keep going. I smiled and wondered if he really thought I believed what he told me. Perhaps it

I found a number of stubs of theatre tickets in his dinner-coat as I unpacked his clothes, and it seemed that a faint perfume lingered within the folds of his clothes.

when Lucy was twelve that the partnership was dissolved, and we were without any kind of an income. Will went west-California-where he took a cure, and after awhile began to climb again. It was slow work, for even his friends had lost confidence in his ability to keep sober. There were many debts that I knew nothing of, and these were to be paid and our family fed and clothed. We did the best we I rented nearly all the house. lived on very little. I made over the girls' dresses and my own.

My sister and brother stopped off to see us as a surprise, on their way to the Orient. I had not told them of our reduced circumstances. Surprised?

"The idea of my sister doing her own The children look like beggars. washing! Why did you not tell us! You just pack up and go with us. It will be a wonderful trip for you and the children, and put some flesh on your bones. If you have a husband who will not support you properly, your family cannot let you live this Had we known this we would have sent for you to come home.

They meant it very kindly, but it hurt. I did not accept their offer. My brother sent a wagon-load of provisions the day they left, which proved a godsend that me a small legacy-large it was in those days

Then out of a clear sky Will received the most flattering offer! Back he came again At about the same time, a little piece of land he had bought when we lived in Ros. Edition developed oil and we began living on top or the wave again.

I begged to put some aside. Will said he considered it a man's place to pay all the bills, and he would give me all the money I needed. We did live well. I saved all I could from household money, but when Will saw anything like economy, he complained and asked if he were stint-

Tom was sent to Smith's Academy and Lucy was at a girls' school near Washington.

Josepha was laughing her way through school and bringing home a miserable re-port, but she was the sunshine of the

Tom was to graduate in June and Lucy

had just finished at National Park.
Will's and my lives were running
smoothly enough at that time. I felt from now on he had reached the age where he had settled into the man I knew him to He belonged to several clubs, and we were asked out a great deal. I saw he was more attractive at middle age than he had ever been, and everywhere we went women looked at him admiringly

Then the little cloud that we had been gazing upon across the water became so large it covered the whole sky, and to Will's satisfaction War was declared in April. Will had been strong in his denunciation of the administration that had kept us from war, and on April sixth Judge Henderson drove home with him. hey discussed the situation far into the night and Will said he was going, commission or no commission, and was outlin-ing what we were to do while he was away.

"I am sure the war will last several years." he said.

ars," he said.
"Dad, of course it won't, once we are
"Tom broke in, his young face earnest with enthusiasm

That is one thing, youngster, I do not want you to try to get in. You are too young, and someone will have to remain at home to look after the family." Will said, turning to our son suddenly.

"You mean that, Dad?" asked Tom, looking at his father as if he could no believe what his father had said. I do. Remember.

"I'll remember," the boy answered, and left the room

WILL received a commission in the enor gineers and went over early in July, and before either of us knew it. Tom had enlisted and had gone to Camp Pike. Ot course, his father could say nothing, as he had been an advocate for war, but I knew he thought Tom was too young. I was a mother and felt as all mothers did.

Will rushed down to Camp Pike on

his way to New York, and then we went and remained with him two weeks before he sailed—the girls and I. He looked very handsome in his uniform. There were so many in New York from our state and city who knew Will, which meant much entertaining-the girls and I always in

Josepha hung on his arm and would go right to the automobile when he left our hotel for his quarters. Lucy, too, was very proud of her tall, good-looking father, and I think he in turn was delighted that she would dance at his side and laugh up into his face. I dressed very becomingly in those days. I had passed the meridian of my youth, and it now took rich material winter, and in the spring the aunt, at and well-made gowns to make me anything whose home I had married, died and left like the former beauty that I had delighted and well-made gowns to make me anything

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in years ago. I think it was because I wanted to please Will, for years ago I had ceased to be interested in myself as a

We closed our house for the summer and went to my own home where we were made much over on account of the major and young lieutenant we had in our family. Lucy wanted to do war work, but I felt I could not give her up just then, but when we returned to St. Louis in the autumn, I let her have the two large rooms autumn, I let her have the two large rooms on the south side of the house on the first floor for use as local Red Cross rooms. She was very happy. A lot of prestige I received in those days, with a handsome husband in France who was doing credit able work. It was late in 1917 when Will all this process of the process of so distinguished himself as to win his first citation.

Tom got over late in the following

Will's letters were frequent, and many times dictated. I knew it was just the life he loved and craved, adventure, action. and thrills. Perhaps I had not given him enough thrills. I wonder, and sometimes I wondered if someone else were doing

Of course, letters from overseas at that time were censored, and there was much that could not be written and much that was not written, I found later. It was better so.

After the Armistice, Tom had typhoid fever and Will rushed down by motor from Paris to a hospital near Neufchateau. He cabled me that his condition was not hopeful. I went around dazed until I received the welcoming cable that he would recover. In those days of the war, every time the telephone rang I would jump, and the postman made my heart stand still when I sighted him in the distance. Letters came not in sequence and sometimes we heard of our loved ones after they had passed on.

Tom came home in 1919, in May, and was discharged right off. He went into his father's engineering firm.

After the Armistice, Will returned to Paris again where it was so crowded. Countess Attirel, a widow in the thirties, folds as greateful to the Americans also of

rooms there on his table was a basket of the choicest fruit, cake and wine, and every morning a maid brought coffee and rolls, opened the windows and curtains. exactly as has been done in literature for

"The officers tell me I am a lucky beggar to fall into anything so rich." Will wrote. "There is nothing economical in the servants amount to it, as my tips to the servants amount to

what I would pay at a hotel."
When he returned I asked him where
he had all his clothes monogrammed. and he said the servants who had charge of his laundry at the Countess' had had them embroidered. I never saw any work so exquisite, but I made no comment; it seemed queer that servants would take such Quick Easy Way to Become an Artist, together with full particulars of Free Artist's Outfit Offer to every new student Later on, when he had been home several menths and had mellowed one evening after a few drinks of some wine someone had given him, he became very talkative as to some of his life overseas

"Nelle, they were most appreciative of what we Americans had done, I mean the better class. The day I left the Countess City



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felt so grateful to the Americans she offered a suite in her home to any American officer who would accept it. So it was assigned to Will on his return from a trip he had taken down in Italy.

HE WROTE me the quarters were very wonderful—a sitting-room, bedroom, and bath. He sent me snap-shots of it and it resembled the pictures I had seen of Marie Antoinette's apartments at Versailles. Every night when he went to his personal supervision.

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Teeth We Love to Show

By Edna Wallace Hopper

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in I her house, the servants lined themselves in the broad hall to bid me good-by and godspeed. They all filed out to other parts of the house, leaving the Countess and me standing alone in the great, silent sall. I handed her the big, brass doorkev that I was to use for the front door if there was no servant-but there always had been. She took the key, and when I extended my hand she straightened out my fingers and laid the big brass key across my palm. 'The rooms are always yours, whenever you return. If you never come back, they will be always as you left them, you gallant officer.

My heart gave a little tug as Will told me that. It was a pretty story, but some-how I felt that the pretty widow in the thirties gave him something more than the y as they stood alone in the big, silent hall: but Will went on, gaily telling of other adventures, so perhaps that was just

an incident.

HE RETURNED on the George Wash-ington with the King and Queen of Belgium. It was of that trip he rarely spoke. Josepha insisted she wanted to know just like any other woman, and not nearly so lovely as some others in the party.

To was working hard. War seemed

Tom was working hard. War seemed to have sobered him. Will treated it as a huge frolic. He went right back to work but there were many demands upon him from the outside, and I think his popu-larity delighted his firm. He gave talks larity delighted his firm. He gave talks here and there for devastated France, and all sorts of people were calling him up as they went through the city. Very few times was I asked to meet any of them.

One day when I was at luncheon at one of the clubs with some friends. Will came in with a glorious creature. I suppose she was the woman who had called him up before he was out of bed that morning. She was very alluring as she swept over with him to our table. He told me later she was an entertainer on the other side.

I did not comment upon the life we were living, for war was a disorganizer, and I felt we would soon return to our old way of living. But we never did. More and more were there demands upon There were meetings here, and trips out of the city for days and weeks

at a time.

One day Will came into the house hurriedly and said he was leaving that night for the Pacific Coast. The government The government wanted him to look at a sight for a hospital for ex-service men and he was going to try to get the building of that hos-pital. There were several men from Washington, medical men whom he was to meet in Kansas City on the Limited.

Some kindly soul told me that they had seen him on the train, but most of his time had been spent on the way out to the coast with a very beautiful woman. I said yes. Will had written me about herjust as women always do who are trying to protect their men or themselves. not mentioned her to me.

His letters were short and not frequent, though he wrote often to the girls

Our lives drifted along aimlessly for some months, and then one morning I received a thick letter from Will which brought a warm glow around my heart, reading it my heart almost but upon stopped beating.

He said he had ceased to love me, in fact that was his state of feeling for some years, and was asking me if I would secure a divorce. Desertion would be adequate grounds in our state.

was some days before I could summon up courage to tell the children.

Lucy treated the matter stoically, and Tom said nothing at all, but later it came out by degrees as no surprise to him for

he had seen his father with various women in the city and had heard some rumors while he was in France.

Lucy declared she never wanted to see

her father again.

Tom about this time got the South American fever, for he thought there were many possibilities and many openings for I felt I had no right to stand young men. in the way of my son, so he went, leaving two weeping sisters and a very sorrowful mother with a prayer in her heart for

For a year we managed somehow, and then there was a scandal in the Government building, and Will lost out completely as he had gone in "on his own," as he termed it. He had established an office on the coast, and now he had not his St. Louis firm to care for him. War heroes

were not at a premium at that time.

The money that Will had been sending for Josepha's support stopped, so I took in roomers, for we had a large house. Then I had a few in for meals, then more and more until my place was noted for its Southern cooking. It was hard work, but so long as my health permitted and we had to live, I was only too willing to do all I could.

Lucy was storming at fate that she had not been allowed a career, or had been taught something she could use, but her father was averse to a business course and always our lives seemed to have no We had just drifted along direct policy. with the time and tide and now we were

washed ashore.

I could write a book on my experiences a landlady. There were all sorts of as a landlady. people to cater to, to appease, to please. The help was a serious question, and many times Lucy and I were left alone to cook for twenty. This period of our lives was a test of our friends. Many dropped us and many held to us awhileout of curiosity. I think—and a few there were who would have done anything for Judge and Mrs. Henderson were very fond of the girls, and frequently had them to their beautiful home for dinner, going to the theatre after. Lucy and Josepha would not leave the house until they saw that everything was running smoothly for dinner. The Hendersons always sent their

H

car for them.

"Are you sure, Mother darling, you will not miss us?" Joe would ask.

"Of course I shall," I would laugh.

"I mean that you will not be lonesome, when the mob leaves?"

"Oh, dear, no! I would really like to be alone. I have not read the paper, and there is a long letter from Tom I want to read," I would say. "Go and have a good time."

So our lives went on.
One night, Will called up from a downtown hotel and asked to see me. The girls that night were at the Hendersons.
"I was going through the city and wanted to see the girls."

TOLD him where they were; that they would not be home until late, as they were dining with the Hendersons.

"Then I am coming right out, as I want to see you on a matter of busi-

He looked very dissipated. I wondered this could be the man I had married He was ill at ease, and I wondered the object of his visit

He inquired about Tom. I told him

about our boy.

"I hope you are well," I said and I meant it, for I believed he had marred his own life more than he had mine.
"That is what I came to see you about

You know a man placed as I am in business is at a disadvantage. I must your signature to so many papers. I real-



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ize that I cannot obtain a divorce and hoped that you would have by now. I am sure when you see my affairs in their true light you will grant my request. I will do for the children, as I am again on my feet. I am sorry for the past and regret that we have no more in common than we have. We just did not hit it of than we have. We just did not hit it off, that was all." I sat and looked at him for a few min utes. All my married life I had done what he wanted, and it had done him no good and brought unhappiness to me, so why let the children suffer now from the stigma of divorce when we had lived as we had for so many years? "That is one thing I am not going to do. give you a divorce. You would not understand my reasons any more than you

have understood anything I have ever done. If you can secure one, do so."

WILL rose angrily to his feet. His eyes blazed. Then not another penny do either you

or the girls get from me."

"Very well, Mr. Emerson. I think there is nothing more to be said. Good-night, and I wish you well."

I stood descried in the big living-room.

The house was all quiet.

Everything seemed to go wrong that month. Bills were higher and more of them than ever. Tom wrote he was unable to send me a draft, and he felt so bad about it. When at the first of the worth Will's draft to Josepha failed to bad about it. When at the first of the month Will's draft to Josepha failed to appear, I heard her mention it to Lucy, and it was then I told them of their father's visit.

"You did just right, Mother dear," they both cried. I wondered if deep down in their hearts they thought so. Then followed a year of very hard work and

Every time the bell rang I knew it was a collector, and I would have to say, "I fear I cannot pay you today, but I will when I have the money. I never hear the bell now but that I do give an inward start, thinking of that unpleasant recollection of those old days. Most of my creditors were very considerate of my creditors were very considerate of me. They knew the effort I was making. Lucy wanted to go out and do something but I could not run the house alone, and it was Josepha's last year at school.

Josepha was very attractive to the men. The college boys were particularly attentive, and many a night Lucy would sit up late making her sister some light, summer gown for a school party or an informal hop.

Lucy, you are the dearest thing ever! Josepha would say, giving her sister the last squeeze as she went out the door, clad in her new frock. "When I get married to that rich man, you shall come and live with me and wear nothing but silks and satins."

silks and satins."

I often saw a wistful look in Lucy's eyes, for it was only natural that she, too, should be fond of young people, but she held herself strangely aloof, and rarely accepted any invitations except to dinners with very old friends. The older men liked Lucy better than they did her sister, but they looked upon Josepha as an entertaining child an entertaining child.

Josepha was at last out of school, and such a round of pleasure as there was! Her father sent her a check for one hundollars, which she promptly returned.

One morning. Judge Henderson tele-phoned that an ex-governor of our state wanted a private secretary, and he had suggested Lucy to him. She applied and went to Governor Lane the following week. The man's eyes had failed him, and Lucy would spend the morning read-



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for the daily papers to him, the last book or magazines, and the afternoon was spent writing. She went at nine and spent writing. She went at ni came home in the late afternoon.

'Mother, their home is so beautiful. d the library is a dream. Mrs. Lane kindness riself. We are always an our at lupchoon, and sometimes we have it in the arbot, sometimes in the library, and son times we even drive down to his club. He asks my opinion on the books I read. I his stated to tell him at first—he Ital. is such a great man-1 in he missts he wants an opinion of a young mind. Some-times he declares he doesn't believe I know a word I have read, but he always nds what I say interesting

Lucy seemed to blossom after she began this work. I saw she was very, happy at her work, and it paid well,

It was early the roon, as I saw the she rushed in at noon, as I saw the she rushed in at noon, as I saw the Lane car drive away, crying, "Mother, will you! I do not want you let me go? to leave you and Josepha, but will you let ID : 1:0]

"New Lucy, do tell us where in the world you want to go," asked Josepha, looking very housewifey in her big apron.

"Around the world."

Josepha fell right down in a chair.

They are go-Yes, around the world. ing to New York the first of the month and we will sail the eighth, that is if I a series of articles for one of the big magazines, and he says I have to help him, and Mrs, Lane will be back in an hour to tell you she will take good care of me. And Mother, my salary will be ci me. whee what it is now and you won't have to do anything any more and it will only he a year.

stared at her, dazed and stunned, s was life. I knew I would let Lucy This was life. go. I could not keep her. I would not

want to, of course, "But, Mother, I forgot; Mrs, Lane is coming to ask you to take another roomer and boarder. The governor's nephew is coming to our city the first of the month, and he is the new architect of the Park buildings and she wants you to take him and watch over him."

Another young architect! Was it going to be another Will and Nelle affair? I wondered—taking him into our house with the attractive Jessele.

with the attractive Josepha.

OF COURSE Lucy went with the Lanes. I retained only a few roomers, as Tom was sending home substantial checks. and I seemed to be getting ahead.

I found the young nephew all that was aid of him, and more, but he was older than I had supposed. He said I reminded him of his mother who was dead. When Josepha would go to a party, he would sit with me and many were the talks we had. He would tell me of his college days, of his ambitions, and I in turn would tell him of Lucy and Tom, whom he had never seen. He rarely spoke of Josepha, for he saw her every day, and she was there to speak for herself, but she seemed to avoid him and he her, though I knew she admired him.

One night he told me he was engaged to a girl in Boston but he found he did not love her, and after he returned from a short vacation in the East he told me his engagement was broken. "I would her, because she would have known I did not love her as I should."

told him he had done exactly right. and unless he could marry the girl for better or worse, and unless they were thoroughly congenial and very much in love, to let the girl alone,

One night he asked me if I had any

objections to his taking Josepha to see Mrs. Fiske in one of her hig successes I heard him tell Josepha that her mother had given her permission, if she cared to go. She told him that he should have asked her first, but he said, "No, Miss Emerson, I should consult your mother."

Josepha colored up, then throwing back her head, said, "Of course you are right; you are a dear." So they departed in one of the Lane cars, which he was using in

their absence.

I knew before long that Robert Christian was in love with my daughter. though she never said anything on the subject. I noticed that he always arranged that Josepha had little or no time for the many boys and younger men that frequented our house.

ONE chilly May night they came in from a walk, and the man came to me before he had taken off his top coat. I was sitting in front of the wood fire in the living-room.

Mrs. Emerson, I have a favor to ask

"A favor. Robert, I am sure I will grant it. You are always so kind and nice to me." I answered.

"And I always expect to be, for I want you to be my mother," he said. looked at them both as they stood

there, hands in hands, the light of the fire making their faces very radiant.
"Mother, Mother, don't you see that Robert wants to marry me?" the girl

"Yes, yes," I smiled, and quietly added

"How could he help it?"
"Mother." sobbed the girl, falling on her knees in front of me.
"And I do not see how you could help "Robert"

marrying-Robert.

Robert cabled the news to his relatives who were in Japan, and Lucy rushed right home for the wedding; Robert said there was no use in waiting. They were mar-ried in July. Lucy brought hom Josepha's wedding gown from San Fran cisco-that was the gift of Mrs. Lane's to the bride. The governor sent substantial check, and he and his wife went up into Canada, where Lucy was to ioin them within a month.

Weddings are unhappy affairs at the est. Josepha said if I shed one tear best. Josepha said if I shed one tear she would think I did not want her to

marry Robert.

Lucy came in with a great rush of boxes and trunks, which contained beau tiful things for both her sister and for me from Europe and the Orient. She was so full of her glorious trip that losenha and I did not her glorious trip that was so full of her glorious trip that Josepha and I did not have time to think. "It seem that Lucy's home-coming is a wedding, said Josepha as-she helped her sister unpack. "Think of dear old

Tom coming in tonight. We must all go and meet him:"

Tom was the color of leather, but he looked so well—and we were all so happy and all so sad! Soon we would be scattered to the four corners of the world, if the world has corners.

I wore a pale blue crepe that Lucy brought me from Paris. It was far ahead of anything I had seen in our city I felt twenty years younger as I look into the mirror, and Robert, coming in for the last look at Josepha Emerson said. "Now, will someone tell me who is my bride?" I am sure he saw a tear glistening in my eye. Josepha caught Tom in her arms, and I heard her whis-per, "I could hug Robert for that. Isn't he a dear?"

Tom said in a husky voice, "He sure

is some brother-in-law.

The Lanes wired their congratulations



1-11 1

ation-

and said that their house in the city was to be the bride's and groom's until they saw fit to leave and go elsewhere, as their servants had been left with the house.

Tom left the day after the wedding and wanted me to join him later, but I that my boy should have his chance, and would marry in a few years. I wanted him to, and did not want him to have the responsibility of a mother hanging around. I promised him I would visit

hit i when he returned to the States.

Lucy and I spent the next few weeks packing, and hard weeks they were, too. Much of the furniture was old and worn and I disposed of it. Lucy said there were some things she felt she could not give up, and perhaps she and I would some day have a home and she wanted me to keep them. Our china, books, and tow good rugs we packed, ready for shipment to my old home.

A woman does not expect a love story to come into her life at forty-six, with three children and a husband who had left her to shift for herself because she would not grant him a divorce-but

this is what happened to me.

I had taken each day as it came, after
I had returned to my girlhood home to
live. I accepted its sorrows and its joys,
and tried not to let the shadows of the past dim my future pathway. The strug-gle of the years was over, the children provided for, and Lucy was private secretary of a great man,

WAS going to California to join some friends, but as the result of a whimand there had been little opportunity to indulge in them in my life—was on my way to Cripple Creek, a place where my hus-band had sunk some money ye rs ago. I was on the rear platform, sitting near

the door, when a man moved his chair aside, saying, "If you move nearer the rail the view is better, and I do not think the sun will annoy you."

There was a familiar ring in his voice of long ago, but the dominant chord was

minor; it baffled me.

Never had I seen anything so beautiful. as I sat looking down upon the great shadowy valleys between those immense mountains, from the slowly ascending train.

train.

I wanted to tell someone what I thought of it all. If Lucy were only with me! I turned and raised my veil.

"Isn't nature wonderful?" and I was looking into the eyes of—Will

"Not half so wonderful as you are.

We had luncheon at Cripple Creek in a miserable little cafe, but I know neither of us knew what we were eating.

We talked generalities for awhile, and somehow we drifted upon life as it had been, is, and will be, and what we might make of it. It was the Will I had first known that faced me, grown older. There were lines of suffering about his mouth, and the lines of dissipation had left their path, but there was also a look in his eyes of a man who at last sighted a port ahead and was reaching for it.

There is a lot in forgetting—more than forgiving, I think—and I have tried to forget the years, the sad, sorrowful years, and have remembered the joyous first ones of my married life, and those of the present and those that are yet to come. if God grants them.

I am writing this on Will's ranch, rather it is mine now. I did not go West as I planned, but wired my friends of my change of plans and their return message was full of best wishes—not only to me, but my husband. Will and I are going on our second honeymoon in Ferry & Co., Dept. 1914, Chicago the spring.

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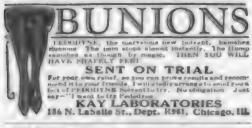
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How Do They Do It?

[Continued from fare 19]

styles, and every conceivable color of feather and flower has been pressed into until the sanctuary on Easter looks like a head-on collision between a flower garden and a poultry show!

The present altitude of the skirts and their condition of "unstable equilibrium" as Herbert Spencer would have phrased :: -'...s left us wondering whether there is any limit. Is there any limit? The terst chopping off of inches was quickly succeeded by more daring adventures still abbreviation, until it has seemed at times that her modern descendants would outdistance even Mother Eve. Mark Twain, in his famous pun at the Scotch banquet.
Locabed Eve's dress as "a modification of
the Highland costume." but the "smart set" er today have us wondering whether Eve's fig leaf will be left to modesty.

Hoping that ridicule might serve as an instrument of rebuke to these follies, I ventured some time since, in a sermon, to

use a couplet:

Mary had a little skirt. i he latest style, no doubt, But every time, she got inside, She was more than half way out!

IT WAS explained in the sermon that, in fighting the absurdities of fashion, we were not advocating a return to the old cumbersome, insanitary, street-sweeping skirt. Happily, there is a possible style for women which meets the demands alike of modesty, sanitation and sound sense. The effects of this retreat of the skirt

toward the equator have been amazing, and the unveiling of the nether limbs of American womanhood has presented a panorama that has oscillated between the sublime and the ridiculous, the ludicrous and If some audacious prophet had told American manhood that such a variety of shape, size and angle in feminine calves existed, he would have been driven out of town as an impossible prevaricator or a scandal monger too sordid to be taken seriously. But behold the tragic and terrible reality!

One with a touch of sentiment and imagination beautifully said, in the sweet long ago:

> The poem hangs on the berry bush, When comes the poet's eye, The street is one long masquerade, When Shakespeare passes by.

But the street today—and the hotel lobby and the theater fover, yes, and even the vestibule of the church—is more than such a masquerade. It is a vaudeville show and the hosiery bazar and statuary exhibit rolled into one. The variety of legs is absolutely appalling, and masculinity is suf-fering from satiety! We have had the knock-kneed and the pigeon-toed, the bowlegged and the slough-footed, "the ring-straked and the spotted," the gracefully tapering and the grossly fat, the parallelo-gram and the segment of a circle, the pipe stem and the ginger bread, the broom stick and the Indian Club-and all of them made tantalizing by an ever-changing altitude in skirts, and accentuated by the limitations of a greater or less hobble! Hence, Hence. it has come to pass that a man of humorous tendency does not have to go to the play-house for a good laugh. All he need do is stand on the street corner and watch the procession! One woman, slightly pigeon-toed, minces along as though she were walking on egg-shells; another faintly slough-footed, ambles the way a raccoon

paces; then comes another who, in her frantic effort to escape an automobile, has to hop across the street like a wounded jaybird or a hamstrung frog!

The greatest harm, perhaps, that flows from these modern fashions is their cheapening of womanhood. Women never win when they throw themselves at the heads of men. There is a certain reserve of femininity which is its chiefest charm and its greatest power—something of the at-mosphere of sanctity amid the staggering of mystery and the glamour of romance amid the cloying commonplace; something of the sweet holiness of the unattained; something of the sacred shyness which still knows a blush; something left to the imagination and the yearning for the ideal; some halo in the gloom; some softness to ease the crass harshness of the race; some little touch of transfiguration light to glorify the drab dunness and the prosaic plainness of the times. There is power in those things. The obvious is always un-There is power in desirable, and women have cheapened themselves in the eves on men-yes, good and bad alike-by their weakness and folly at these points.

Despite all the guilt and shame of man, and despite the wreck and ruin of innocence to which his weakness and selfish passion have so often led, nevertheless, one of the most beautiful things of earthly life has been man's innate respect and reverence for modest, refined and gentle womanhood. There is a touch of this chivalry even in the rudest man's breast, and it delights to find the object of its

reverence worthy.

YES, in the grace and charm of true womanhood, we have the one touch of heaven that makes tolerable the bleakness Her beauty has brightened life, her gentleness has softened its asperities, her voice has comforted its sorrows, her hand has cooled its fevered brows, and her goodness has purified its passions and lifted us all up nearer to God.

Must we lose these things for the sake of mere "smartness", or even for the sake of practical "progress" today? Some women complain that men are losing respect for them. Can you wonder at it, when they practice such folly?

What is the remedy for these evils? Well, for one thing, let American women assert their independence and refuse longer to pattern after Paris in their styles. We have in America the finest, strongest, sanest and most beautiful women on earth. Let them prove their true greatness now by breaking this degrading bondage, they will serve thereby not only the forces that are making for decency, purity and health, but they will also serve the great cause of justice to womanhood at every point, for the "woman movement" of today

is hindered by these follies.

Why should not American women develop here in this beautiful land of ours a distinctive, useful, and artistic national costume? The Greeks in their day did that, and the Japanese women of our day have also done the same thing. Such a costume, lending itself to pleasing variety, would not only serve the cause of commonsense and true economy, in this age of staggering high prices, but it would also serve the cause of art and beauty, by giving a wholesome and attractive substitute to take the place of the hybrid monstrosities of fashion, which are now brought from abroad to deplete our pocketbooks and debase our taste.



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The Other Mrs. Gray

[Continued from page 61]

watched down the shady street for the first sight of his tall figure. And when at last his dear, familiar figure swung into view, how joyously I ran to greet him, believing that we would never be parted again.

The next hour was one of absolute

happiness.

Still. I did not tell him my wonderful news. I was saving it for a last glorious sur-prise. He held me close, and after supper we sat in the firelight and recounted to each other all the intimate little details which had taken place in each of our lives since our separation. I know that I freely told him of every incident in my somewhat uninteresting life alone, and I had no reason to believe that he was withholding anything from me. His pictures were meeting with considerable success, he said

proudly, and then with boyish eagerness, he confided his "big news."

His instructor had offered a prize of one year's study in New York under a famous master to the one in his class showing greatest advancement during the past three months. This prize had been won by my Paul! At first, the full import of Paul's announcement did not come to me. All I could think of was this great proof of his ability, and so I rejoiced with him whole-heartedly.

Then suddenly I realized that this meant he must be away from me another whole he must be away from me another whole year! He could not take me with him to New York. And during that year my baby would be born! I sat silent so long that Paul asked anxiously:

"Lucile, darling, does it matter so much to you—one short year? Think how happy we will be when I return again, with the priceless experience under Monsieur Gar-

priceless experience under Monsieur Garnere's teachings."

Choking back my disappointment, I turned a smiling face toward him. I must not be his stumbling block. Too many times had I heard the story of a millstone wife who prevented her husband from climbing to his rightful place on fame's ladder. I determined not to tell Paul my beautiful secret, lest he give up this wonderful opportunity which had come to him.

The next day, Paul went back to his city and I went back to my work. Soon I was getting his enthusiastic letters from New York, and every letter enclosed a check for me, which steadily increased in amount as the months went on. I was very glad of this, as the time soon came when I was unable to work. Paul wrote that he had sold several pictures and had also won two more 'prizes of one hundred dollars each. When my baby, a lovely boy with eyes like Paul's, was born. I was about the happiest mother in the world. Only one thing was lacking, and that was to share my pride and joy with my husband.

'HE balance of the year passed slowly, THE balance of the year passes and indeed. I had resolutely stuck to my determination to keep little Paul's existence a secret from my husband. I had also formed a delightful plan to surprise my Paul. When I received his letter telling that he was on his way back to Detroit. I would take his son and go to his address there and surprise him! And what a surprise it would be! I laughed happily to myself as I pictured his face when he would first see little Paul.

At last, I held his letter in my hands. Eagerly, I opened it and found that he was already back in Detroit, and would be in Jackson the following week. Now was the time for my surprise! I could scarcely get the baby ready, I was so excited at the anticipation of our happy reunion. Wait



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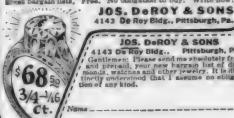
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for him to come to Jackson? Another will be week? Never! That week would - em longer than the whole year had been.

As the train sped along, I was lost in dreams of the future. Paul and I could elect an apartment, and then in a few days I could return to our modest cottage in lackson and get our goods ready for shipment to Detroit. From then on, I pictured to myself a life of case and happitess, which the sale of my bust and's won-derful pictures would bring to us. It had been well worth the sacrifice. I thought trumphantly.

Clasping my baby in my arms, I stepped into the Michigan Central Depot in Detroit, with a queer feeling of nervousness. had never before seen so many people at once, and they seemed to stream from the building. And so many automobiles' I was carried along with the crowd to the street and there managed to inquire for a street-car which would take me downtown. There I found the traffic much deces, and little Paul, not being accustomed to confusion, began to cry fretfully. Seeing a park a short distance up the street. I made my way to it, and sank weards down on one of the benches. After meting my baby, I searched in my hand-bag for my husband's address, which I had copied on a small piece of paper

Fo my terror, it was gone! I had pened my handbag several times on the train and I now realized that it must have

tallen out unnoticed.

I did not know a soul in Detroit, and bid no recollection of the number or street of my husband's residence. I suddenly realized that I should never have started on the trip without first telegraphing him.

I was on the point of inquiring my way to police headquarters to ask help in locating my husband, when I heard a sweet voice exclaim, "What a darling baby! Please, may I hold him a moment? You link so tired." wk o tired.

At the friendly sound of the sympathetic voice. I raised my eyes and beheld stand ing before me the loveliest woman I had She was young, somewhere ver seen. mear my own age. I judged, with beautiful brown hair which curled gracefully, and soft brown eves which grew very tender she gently lifted Paul from my arms. It was such a relief to me to see a friendly face, that I willingly permitted her to hold my baby and sit down on the bench beside

"You look worried," she said to me. Perhaps I can help you in some way.

Very soon, I was telling her the whole story. When I told her my name was Mrs. Gray, she started, and looked at me in surprise.

WHY," she said, "how strange! My name is Mrs. Gray, too!"

At that we both laughed and seemed suddenly to have known each other a long She said she knew of several Gray families in the city, and she would ask her husband to help me find my husband This I was very glad for her to do, indeed, and soon we were gliding along a smooth boulevard in the blue limousine which I had previously noticed parked near the curb at the entrance to the park. I was surprised to find that the expensive car belonged to my new-found friend, and now for the first time. I noticed how well she was dressed. She must be very wealthy, She seemed I thought, as we sped along. to be greatly attracted by little Paul, who seemed also to be quite content in her arms. It was plain that she loved babies, and she told me how she hoped some time

"And do you know," she said, turning to me with a smile, "I would like my baby to look just like yours His eves are just the color of my husband's, and even his li the chubby chin le des just like Paul's."
"Like Paul's!" I echoed, wonderingly.
"My husband's name is Paul."

For an instant she stared, and then we both laughed rather strainedly "Two Paul Gravs!" she cried. "Well. "Two Paul Grays!" she cried. "Well, our husbands certainly ought to get an well together. My Paul studied art, too, when he first came to the city, but soon found he could not sell his pictures, and Part it up.

At that my pride are e. My Paul's pic-res sold! They would some day be the tures soll! means of securing for us a beautiful car like this, lessues many other things. My I aul would n ver give up his career as

AS THE car slid mess lessly up to the curb before a large and handsome apartment house, a queer feeling of un-easiness came over me. Mrs. Gray led me into an expensively furnished livingroom in her apartment on the second floor. My friend apologized that she had no maid

at present.
"My husband and I have just returned from a year's stay in New York City," she told me, "and I have not yet notified my Detroit maid of my return.

Something seemel to spin round in my head as she told me this. It gradually became clear to me that we were both trying to down a horrible suspicion which had formed in both our minds against our

It was all very queer. Her husband was an artist. So was mine. He had spent the past year in New York. So had mine!

"My husband has written to me often, and once came to Jackson to see me since coming to the city," I flung out defiantly, although my voice trembled.

Mrs. Gray did not answer, but her facturned whiter, if possible. She walked

slowly over to a large davenport and laid

my sleeping baby down upon it.
"My husband." she said then, as if to herself, "gets lots of letters from Jackson, and a while back he went there on a business trip!

Suddenly, standing there, staring at each other wildly, we both knew the heart-breaking truth. Her Paul and my Paul were one and the same! She turned and walked haltingly into the next room, and returned carrying a small photograph, face down. Silently, she held it out to me. did not have to turn that picture over. No wonder my baby reminded her knew! her husband!

How long we stood there, gazing with fascinated horror into each other's eyes, I do not know, but suddenly a heart-rending groan from the direction of the door caused us both to turn mechanically. There, staring at us with agony in his eyes was Paul—my Paul!
"No!" I thought hysterically, "her Paul our Paul!"

For one terrible instant, his dear eyes traveled from me to the other Mrs. Gray, then fell with a start on my little Paul, still sleeping peacefully in the other corner of the room.

With a cry like a hurt animal, he turned and stumbled down the hall. Neither of us moved. We stood in stricken silence, as though stunned.

Suddenly, the ghastly silence was broken by the sound of a single shot, coming from the rear of the apartment!

Little Paul awoke with a scream, but for once his cries were unheeded. Again we stared at each other, and again each knew with absolute certainty what happened. With one accord, we made a rush for the rear of the apartment. We found him stretched on the floor of the bathroom, a hastily scribbled note bathroom. clutched in his hand:



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PERSONAL Appearance

is n w more than ever the key note of vives. both in social and busi-ness life. Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men-ad women, both young

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST 1325-L, W. U. Building, Binghamton, N. Y. Forgive me! I loved you both. I could not choose between you. This is the only way. Let no one ever say again that it is impossible for a man to love two women equally at the same time.

PAIII

Together we read the pitiful confession. And as we stood in the presence of the silent form of the man who preferred to die rather than cause either of us the pain of his love being given only to one of us, we could not but believe that he had spoken truly when he said, "I loved you

And how much need had we to believe! His death meant so much to both of us! Suddenly I realized how much more it must mean to the poor woman at my side. For hers was the greater wrong, as she had been no wife at all. I had often read of similar situations, and knew that according to those stories I should hate this

BUT there was no hate in my heart as I looked at her, broken and dazed by Paul's awful confession.

It is now six years since that terrible

Gayle Gordon, who was "the other Mrs. Gray," lives with me and passes as my sister. Bit by bit, I have heard the story of my husband's temptation and fall, from the lips of Gayle. She couldn't seem to tell me the whole story at once—just here and there.

She had been a young and wealthy so-ciety girl, having been left an inheritance of considerable proportions by her father who had recently died. At an artists' ball patronized by her set, she had met Paul, and her admiration for the struggling young artist had quickly deepened into

Paul had met with almost absolute failwhen he was in depths of discouragement, he met Gayle, and she it was who was always ready with sympathy and comfort. In short, she took the place which I should have been there to take have been there to take.

I am not blaming her, for only too well to I know how easy it is to turn in despair to the one who holds out a comforting hand. He had never told her that he was married, and she never suspected, believing his trip and letters to Jackson to be purely business, as he said. In time, she knew that he cared for her and also that he seemed to be going through some mental struggle which she did not, could not understand.

Finally, he had begged her to marry him, and she did, rejoicing that she could help him financially.

As she reached this point in her story. I winced, suddenly realizing that all those sums of money Paul had sent to me must have come from her!

GAYLE is so good, so sweet and so kind that I cannot blame even my own husband for loving her, and if I would let her, she would keep little Paul and me with her in her beautiful home at no expense to me.

However, I have secured employment in a large department store, and so con-tribute my share to our living, although I know that she has more than enough for us all.

And so we stand, side by side, the "other woman" and I, trying to fight down our memories, and lay the ghosts of our unfortunate pasts. Our only joy is in Paul, so much like that other Paul who gave his life rather than wreck the happiness of either of us!



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Life Is That Way [Continued from page 53]

"Mind! Why, all I want is you—a room—not even that, just anything if you were mine and we could always be together. My, how I would work to help in that make you happy—dear."

That was bard, that "dear," but I got that and Andy bissed me then. Dear

et out and Andy kissed me then. Dear,

He told me that he expected a raise the ext week, a two-dollar raise, making eight dollars a week-eight dollars all his own all our own. And he had two hun red and fifty dollars laid by That was beyond my grasp—two hun leed and fifty dollars! More money than there was in all the world. I had never had twenty-

Two weeks later. I was twenty-one. It was a Friday, and the next day Andy took We had it all arranged for two anticipation.

WE STOLE over to New York and got married without telling a soul, both so frightened we hardly knew what we were If anyone ever needed a guardian, we did. Like two lost children and Andy trying to pretend that he knew everything, and I not being able to even pretend.

Afterward, we just went back home by

way of Staten Island and walked from the steam train across to the Elizabeth Port ferry in the gathering dusk. Every once in a while I would make Andy stop and has me; then he would take me in his arms, awkwardly and tenderly, and just touch his lips to mine.

We walked right into Pop's saloon and told him while he stood wide-eved, too stunned to speak, before we went back to Mom. She cried and said she didn't now what she would ever do without me, and I cried a little, too. Then she went n her room and came back with a dirty ten-dollar bill-God knows where she got it!-and slipped it in my hand. Pop came att surly-like and shook hands with Andy ind offered him a drink, which he refused but everyone in Pop's saloon got drunk that night. It was a slim excuse for them, but all they needed was a slim ex-CHNC.

Mom helped me put my things in an old carpet-bag, while Andy went over to We staved in the grandest hotel get his. in Elizabeth, with great big chandeliers in the center of the entrance.

Sunday we got two little rooms near the mill for six dollars a month and moved in. At first, we only used about tifty dollars of Andy's money to buy things, and we walked for miles and miles in Elizabeth on Saturday afternoons to ave five cents.

Andy almost cried because he said we couldn't have a honeymoon, but I said I would much rather not spend a cent, just keep it for a rainy day, and then maybe sometime we could have a honeymoon, a real one, like I had read about in the news-

Andy said, "You know sometime, maybe, if I work hard and show them I mean business and study a lot, I can be head of one of the departments at the plant and get twenty-five dollars a week.

I just looked at him in awe and was afraid to even think of it. Somehow, it didn't seem right to think of getting so God punished the greedy! much money.

When our first baby came, it cut our savings down to nothing, but we didn't care. We didn't care about anything but that warm little thing that cuddled so close to us and cried. My, how it cried for hours and hours, until sometimes I got afraid! And Andy! He was so sweet

and considerate in doing everything for my comfort, all the time saying he was sorry he couldn't give me more. As though I wasn't the happiest person in all the world just having him!

We named him David. Our minister told us how a brave boy in the Bible lead the army of Israel and killed the giant Goliath, and quoted from a psalm he sung "For thou art my lamp, O Lord: and the

Lord will lighten my darkness."

While our second child was coming.

Andy and I used to take the little ferry across from Elizabeth Port to Staten Island, and walk up and down before the little, white house we hoped to buy. Andy would say

'Now, Ivy, right down there on the end we could put a shed and maybe get a few chickens, and I'd seed down the lawn and put it in good shape, and along over on that side we could make a garden and raise all our own stuff—"

Every week the same, until people began to know us along the road and speak to us. Finally, we get up enough courage to go see the man who owned it, and told him we would like to buy it if we got

enough money sometime.

He laughed, spat from the corner of his mouth, and said, "I reckon as probably you could buy it now, if you got any money at all. It's mine, and it's just been sittin' there empty for a year.

He stopped chewing for a moment and squinted his eyes, then spat again and said. "I'll sell you the whole lot, house'n fer four hundred and fifty dollars." T his eyes flew wide open and he began to

smile, waiting for us to speak.
Four hundred and fifty dollars! heart plopped down to the bottom of my feet. Andy looked so pitiful I wanted to cry, and little David did begin to cry as though he understood.

Andy stammered for a minute, but he dn't lose courage. "Would you consider didn't lose courage. "Would four hundred?" he asked. laughed. What on earth could he be talking about when we only had a little over a hundred dollars in the bank and our

next baby coming After a few minutes the man said, "Yes." So Andy said he would think it over and

let him know the next Sunday.
But we got it! A hundred dollars down and the rest as we went along. And right then, just when we needed it most, they Andy another raise.

Ten dollars a week!

A NYONE who has ever scrimped and saved and bled with every penny they spent, knows what that house meant to us when we moved in. Just a tiny wagon-load of stuff we had, and they put it all in the middle of one of the rooms and I sat down on the floor in the center of it all and cried for joy. The paper off the walls; cracks in the floors; and the roof leaked a little in one place; and no one could ever tell that the woodwork had been painted. But it was our palace—Cinderella's palace from the story-book—the most beautiful house I had ever seen.

Andy bought paint, a little each week, until he had enough to paint the outside. I went without a winter coat to get cheap wallpaper for the inside, and Andy went without a decent suit of clothes to get shingles for the roof. We spent our last dollar getting glass for the windows.

It was winter time then, and Andy had walk a mile to the ferry to get the little ferry across to Elizabeth Port, and it was frozen over for the first time in twenty years, so that they had to pole a



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rowboat through the ice. Those days I would sit by the window and pray for Andy, because I never could forget the day I first saw him, when they brought him in all dangling, and white, and halfdrowned.

After Carrie arrived, we had to struggle along, counting every penny a hundred times. The nights and days of pain were almost unbearable. But Andy sat by my side, holding my hand, and went off each morning to work with a few pieces of bread in a paper bag, and maybe a boiled egg to carry him through the day.

Then he got another raise and we took out a little insurance on both of us and on the children. It took so much for Andy to buy the material for a fence around the

place and the wood for a shed out back! Saturdays, we would go to Elizabeth to shop, hunting out the stores where things were the cheapest, counting every item, looking at things with yearning eyes, a sigh, and then a little laugh between us.
When Davie was ten, he got typhoid and

we almost lost him. But he lived and kept in at school with Carrie until 1907, when the panic came and we all nearly perished

Those days were the worst of all, be-cause we couldn't even give the children carsiare to get to school, and Davie got httle odd jobs with Andy to buy enough food to keep us alive. The man we food to keep us alive. The man we hought the house from helped us then, or we never would have got through. He would bring in a part of a sack of flour and a few potatoes, put them on the kitchen table and begin to talk so fast that I couldn't get a word in edgewise. I tried to thank him, he would begin to swear to hide his feelings. I couldn't say much, because I didn't want him to see the hunger and tears that were in my eves.

BUT we came through, and started right in scrimping and saving again when Andy got his job back at the mill. Yesterday's troubles were as nothing; it almost seemed that things had always gone on the There was just the uncertain dread same. of the future, but we were brave.

When Davie finally got through high school, he got a job in New York during the day and went to college at night at a big university. Carrie stopped high school at the same time, got a job as a wrapper in a store and studied stenography at night school. They would meet and come home together, then get up at the break of decree for their long tip to the break of dawn for their long trip to the

They both wanted to take music les sons, so we got a shiny oak piano on the installment plan and Carrie took lessons at fifty cents apiece. Davie bought a cheap violin, and it wasn't very long before they could both play real well. Sundays they would stay at home, and after dinner they would play for us and Carrie would sing. Andy and I would just sit in the little living-room with the light of love and adhving-room with the light of love and admiration shining in our eyes, drinking in every move they made. And when Carrie sang "My Rosary", Andy would get up and go out in the kitchen to hide the tears that were in his eyes. Then in the evening, if they went out, we would sit on our little front porch, holding each other's hand, planning for the future. One night Andy said: night Andy said:

You know, Ivy, sometime we got to take our honeymoon. Look at us, not either one of us ever been more than New York away from home, just scrimping and saving all the time. And what have we

I turned to him with my eyes wide little "Oh!" on my lips. Sacrilege! What did we have? Everything—everything in life that was worth having. No one in

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the write, wide world I deany in re! For a moment Andy sat quiet, then he will my hair and cheek and said, Sometime God will have you for an argel in Leaven, Ivy

called him an old sills, undered by has age, and went in to get a wrap. control my voice was choked with tear-

happines.

Atter Carrie had been working about there every Sunday. She didn't have to tell me that she loved the very ground to walked on, always hanging on every word he said as though it were the gospel, and brushing little things off his clothes. at I seowling at me and Andy something wrong before him.

It is seemed only the day before that God had given her to me to have for all she was gone—married and living in New York. But it was fun to boast to the hand, a clerk with fine chances for adwith ment. It wasn't as though he didn't keep what a dollar was worth, either. "A Andy called him. SHIT.

WHEN Davie got through college, his firm kept him in their New York firm kept him in their New plant for a year. Then one night he came home with his face all aglow and picked me right up off the floor and swung me iround until Andy shouted at him, and I and to sit down and gasp my breath back. He had been made manager of one of his firm's factories in Pittsburg and would go there to live. My, how proud I was, but at night I cried into my pillow life seemed to give and take so fast!

After the war, Andy's firm made him the head of his department at forty dollars a week. Thirty years before, we had spoken in awe about the time he might get twenty-five, our highest pinnacle of success. With the children gone, I had more money; but we put it in the bank and continued to buy sparingly in the same old way, taking our weekly trip to Eliza-beth and seeking out the least expensive stores.

Sometimes I went to New York to see Carrie. I took her five or six nice fresh eggs and a box of ginger snaps or little candy. But instead of seeming pleased, she tried to hide it away from people and it hurt me. Five or six eggs were a blessing from God when Andy and I were first married!

One night out on the porch, Andy cleared his throat like he always did when he was going to tell me something that might not please me. I waited.

"Ivy."

"Yes. Andy."

"We ought to get around more, see more things now."

"I suppose we had, Andy,"
"Bill Santz showed me his new Ford oday." Then I knew what was coming.
"Was it nice?" I asked, and thought of

all those days of scraping and saving "It's fine, with a self-starter and dows on the sides to keep you warm in the winter—a sedan they call it. You know, Ivy, I think we ought to get one!"

He hastened the last few words to get t over, and I did just what he expected me

to-said, "Oh, Andy!"
"Yes, sir! With the children gone, and me still riding on my bicycle down to the ferry every day, and you cooped up here alone all the time, you could take me down in the morning and come get me at night and get down to the stores in the

daytime, and go calling on people."
"Me run it, you mean?" I asked
"Sure! Why not? Bill says his wife
runs his all the time."

"Do you suppose I-I could, Andy?" "Certainly, you could. I guess you could do anything his wife could—and

more, too, for that matter."
"I expect I could at that." We sat there quiet for a few minutes, and finally I said, "Andy, do you suppose we could go some place in it-some place far away

like—like a honeyn at the way he did then. He just laughed and laughed. like he used to years before, and after a while he said. "We never did have that honeymoon, did we?" And I shook my honeymoon, did we?" And I shook my head, because I couldn't speak. Oh, what a dream! A honeymoon after all those years of being cooped up in one place, seeing a thing, no real happiness like other people seemed to have.

We got the sedan the next Saturday. It took Andy three weeks to learn to drive it right. It took three months to teach me. That was the closest Andy ever came to getting really mad at me in all his life. He used to drag me out of the house when I was cleaning, an old dustcap on my head, and make me back it in and out of driveways and turn around. couldn't remember the name of the pedal you put your foot on to go ahead, and would call it the "go-ahead" pedal and the other one the "back-up" pedal. Andy would laugh and kiss me right out in the street, and both of us over sixty years old!

Andy built a little garage out in the back-yard. Then he cut a driveway down through the lawn beside the garden and got a man to bring cinders from the mill to cover it, because we felt that we couldn't afford regular gravel.

In June we began to plan our honey moon like a couple of children. We got pamphlets and circulars from all the rail-We got road companies and newspapers, and looked at the pictures and studied them over until all the world seemed so much more beautiful than our little home Somehow, all our years of happiness together seemed wasted, we had seen so little of what the world offered!

Finally, we decided that the best thing to do was to go down through New Jersey to Philadelphia and out Pennsylvania to Pittsburg to see Daviejust surprise him. Andy had two whole weeks of vacation with pay, mind you, and that seemed like enough time to drive all the way to California and back again.

MY, HOW we worried and fretted, get-ting things ready, locking up the little house we had never spent a night away from since the day we moved in, thirty years before. Andy spent the last two days in the garage tightening up every-thing that he had tightened three times before, looking at the oil gauge, kicking the tires to test them-as though that did

we drew three hundred dollars from the bank and bought a money-belt that Andy could wear next to his skin to keep We looked at the crisp fifty dolit safe. lar bills in awe, and Andy said

"We'll spend every penny of it and not

worry a bit.

The first day it was glorious. We went down along the Jersey coast as far as Asbury Park and saw all the lights at night and all the people. The waves, roaring in from the ocean, frightened me, so big and strong. they seemed there were ships way off on the horizon, their lights blinking in the night like fireflies. People, people, millions of them, it seemed. How I envied their having all the world to roam! I had always been just in one little place-a terrible place, it began to seem

Somehow or other, we never thought

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They vanished so quickly I was astonished at the wonderful results ~ By Miss Karsten

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Name about where we were going to stay until it was most ten o'clock. It just seemed that there wasn't any place to sleep other than our own bed. We started to look ior a hotel and finally we found one that

looked nice and clean.

But five dollars for the two of us for one night! It seemed terrible. And yet, there was the three thousand dollars the man left us from whom we bought our house. And our own house and lot were worth four thousand now, and we had nearly four thousand dollars in liberty bonds and in the savings bank. But you never could tell when something might happen! We counted our money before we went

to bed and found that we had spent nine dollars already, not counting the room. There was grief in my eyes and I couldn't

hide it from Andy.
"Now, remember, Ivy," he said sternly,
"we said we wouldn't worry about what
things cost!"

But everything seemed so strange! The bed was hard, and I wondered if everything was all right at home.

TWO more days—the longest days I had ever known—and I was so tired! No place to lie down like my own little couch, and it was so hot without one of my gingham work-dresses on! After a while I noticed that Andy didn't look out the window at the scenery any more just straight ahead, grim and worried-like. I tried to cheer him up, and he would turn and smile at me and say, "Isn't it all just fine?" and I would nod my head be all enthusiastic. But I wasn't

The fourth day was the end. When Andy said, "Isn't it all just fine?" I burst out crying all in a second and said, "No, it isn't—it's all uncomfortable and it's not as beautiful as home, Andy. Please let's

He looked at me rather startled for a moment. Then he pulled up alongside the road and smiled the first real smile I had seen for four days.

It was just getting dusk when we drove in our driveway at home two days later. The sun had gone down behind the meadows, leaving a great splotch of pink and lavender and purple in the sky, and the shadows crept out across our little garden and into the windows of our little white house-our Cinderella palace.

Andy stopped the car and we got out, Andy stopped the car and we got out, slowly, our faces like persons who have just seen the light of God. We walked around the garden and out to the little tool-shed and Andy picked a few weeds out of the flower-bed. Then we sat down on the bench under the apple tree and Andy took my hand and said, "Remember that song Carrie used to sing?

'Are as a string of pearls to me—
I count them over every one apart—
That's it, Ivy. Our Rosary—yours and mine—all this. No place in all the world could be so beautiful and wonderful to We've scrimped and saved too long

to have this. We're old; we're in our groove of happiness."

There were tears of joy in my eyes and I put my head on Andy's shoulder—dear, dear Andy. I heard him gulp like a big overgrown boy, and when we got up and went into our palace our eyes were wet.

APPLE CORES

A little boy had always wanted to have a great, big, red apple all to himself, instead of the halves and the cores. But when he grew into manhood he understood the real meaning of it all. This powerful story is coming in the May issue.





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The Aristocrat

[Continued from page 55]

with strangers, and this so-called Aristocrat with his skinny body, scrawny neck, "Well." said Uncle Dan, "we'd best be

We got up and watched his face when 'e found the tar had soaked through the bundkerchief and smeared up his pants. He e it white and shaky and violent

"I believe you knew this would happen!"

"Now. now!" drawled Uncle Dan.
"What's a pair of pants, Mister Dewy?"
"Du Casse!" said he, pronouncing it

"Do Cassey."
So Unch Dan and I helped him tear pants trying to get the tar off, but we couldn't quite enjoy ourselves for thinking of Hilda, and when he had gone, Uncle Dan looked hard at me and said

No reason to talk too much, Billy, like

a dumn' aristocrat!

So we grinned at one another, and I never said a word.

But I couldn't help but think a bit.

HILDA! Gosh, she had got pretty since I had been out to Boston. I was there three years, shipping out with my imcle as third engineer on a tramp steamer, had become homesick and come

back for a season of fishing.
I'd seen a little of the world: Cuba,
Porto Rico, Panama, Rio, and over in
Belfast and Liverpool, to say nothing of New York, London, and those places where you expect to go, anyhow. I had my cond engineer papers, and had expected to get back to the old ship before Christ-

Well. I had not thought Hilda was so

lovely!

I knew that Uncle Dan liked me. He had liked my father when they were young men together, and at one time they had been partners in the boats.

I walked slowly up the road, not minding the drizzle very much, and thinking about Hilda and even dreaming a little, as a man is apt to do. But when I came to Uncle Dan's house, I just kept on walking. because I had an idea that if I went in, my face was liable to get red and give me away. I never did have a girl.

I did a bit of thinking that evening. It was only September as yet, and I might as well try her out, and see if she liked why, there was my berth waiting for me! But if she kind of let me know she rather liked me, why-that was another story!

So I studied around the subject, taking oundings to see how I stood, and decided that the best way would be to ask her to come to church with me next Sunday. But then I saw that might make her feel like I was going too far, so I would ask her if she wanted me to come with her family, and walk with her

Of course I knew that as soon as the ther men found out what I was up to, I would have to face a lot of teasing, but, matter. She was worth it.

But next day, which was Saturday. erw Hilda, and my mouth got to feeling dry, the way it did when I was a stoker went on duty after smoking too much sort of dry and choking. So I just So I just isked her opinion on the weather, and she gave me a steady look, knowing well enough that I was not in the habit of asking anyone's opinion on the weather. She answered so sweetly that I felt that

I could go a bit farther.

"Hilda," I asked her, "would you mind if I—sorta, kinda—walked with you and Dick and Dan and Uncle Dan from the

"And brother Bill?" she asked solemnly. And I shied like a horse, for she had Uncle Dan's exact manner.
Then I said, stern-like, "Hilda, would

you walk with me from church?

My face got red, then, and I knew she'd know, but I stopped being careful, and she hesitated

And will you be my girl, Hilda?" I

Then everything stood still, and I somehow forgot everything else, it was so important. I had not meant to speak so soon and so suddenly, but—shucks! It was out!

Then she laughed at me, and teased me, but she didn't say either she would or she wouldn't, but only teased me some more. It was torture, but it was sweet, too!
"We'll see!" was the nearest she would

come to saying she would, but she got a bit red in the cheeks, and looked sideways at me from her eyes, so I felt that things

could be worse
That day I was a bit light-headed, and laughed a good deal, and said I was thinking of the skinny city aristocrat whenever they asked me why. But Amos Andrews took most of the fun out of the whole day when he said to me, right out before the whole post-office: "Well, Billy, perhaps whole post-office: "Well, Billy, perhaps you'll sort of stop laughing about that aristocrat guy when you find he's cut you out with Hilda!"

Darn them, anyhow! Knowing I liked her before I knew myself, almost! "I could throw him over the Bay!" I

said.

"That you could, Billy!" said Amos An-ews, "but so could any man with the drews. least heft to him. No, my boy, you will have to fight him some other way, if you'd get any credit out of it!"

So I saw what he meant. If I fought the city fellow with my fists, it would be so easy a victory that it would not count. But I thought of him calling on Hilda, and all at once a red haze came down on me, and I went down to the cove and sat by myself in the old fish-house that is not used any more.

I sat for a time, grinding my teeth, but then I began to think of Hilda, and how pretty she was, and her shy way of sitting when she was in church, and the color of her eyes, and how she had teased me. Then things got brighter, and soon I got up and walked, casual-like, up the road to Uncle

Dan's house.

UNCLE Dan was in the kitchen. He looked at me, slow and thoughtful, then asked:

"You come to see Hilda?"

Darn him! How did he guess that? 'Yes," I said, and sat down and looked

'Th' damn' spindle-shank's took her for a walk!" he said.

So I just sat still for a while, and after

a little things got quiet in my head.
"Then I'll he going!" I said.
"You young fool!" said Uncle Dan in his old time quarter-deck way. "D'yuh mean to sit there and tell me to my face that you'll let that berry-bellied, stalk-legged, wall-eyed, triple' damned idiot beat you all hollow? I always thought the McIlwains had guts!"

They have!" I said, and put my hat

back on the table.

"They have not! If they sit back and wait for someone to bring the fight all the way to them. Get out of this house, and look down the wood-lot of Jerry Ferguson!"

I turned that over in my mind, and



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then I grinned for a second, and got.'
But when I caught up with them and
sort of wandered right into their company, I saw that I was to have a harder
light than I had expected, for Hilda was
on the right of the city popular.

on the side of the city man.

Don't talk to me about quitting! I warn you right now, don't talk to me about quitting! I stuck and kept shut up, even when that bony imitation of a man called me a boor and a buttinsky. Hilda said little, but she looked mad. I stuck all afternoon, until they had to go back, as Hilda cooks supper for Uncle Dan and his boys, and the only time I grabbed that fool was when he kicked my shin real hard in a sneaking sort of way.

But he was so skinny and silly that I just lifted him off the ground for a minute and stood looking into his eyes. Then I began to notice that he was

squeaking. "Let me down!" he said. "Let me down

I figured I was maybe hurting him more than I had thought to do, so I set him down, quick and careful. Do you know what he did then? You do not, but I'll you.

He stepped back and sneered.
"You see?" he said to Hilda. "My
superior mind compelled his obedience!"

MY MOUTH sort of hung open for a minute, then I looked at Hilda, and hope to die if she didn't look as if she believed him!

But the only thing I could do was to So I stuck.

Well, I put in a pretty hard week, just icking. I never have been much of a sticking. talker, unless I was all ready to say what I wanted to tell, so I must have seemed pretty darned dumb beside that chattering ape. But I stuck.

Sunday he had walked home with Hilda from the church.

Monday he stayed around Hilda all day. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, likewise.

But on Saturday he thought he'd show me a trick, and took Hilda for a ride in an auto. Shucks, I borrowed Uncle Dan's Ford and as soon as I got used to the way she answered her helm, I got after them, myself.

I went down to the end of the road, and they weren't there, so I saw that they must have ducked up the Point road, but the Point is my land, which is where I get the name of Billy-on-the-Point, to show me from my Uncle Jim's boy, Billy,

Sure enough, there was his auto near the end of the road, so I stopped and cast anchor, tying the Ford to a tree because I wasn't quite sure of the brakes, and began to hunt around.

There I found them up on the banks, overlooking the Bay. The banks are the

cliffs that line the coast up around here.

He was asking her to marry him!

I felt myself getting red-hot, and then
the idea that Hilda might take him came to me, and everything got sort of dizzy for a while. Then I heard Hilda teasing him, but very gently.

"But. Mr. du Casse." she said. "you do not seem to understand that with us a

man and a girl go together for about a year before they even speak of love!"

"That," he said carelessly, "is all right for country people, such as most of you are, but,—" I could fancy him playing with that trace of a mystacle." my dear girl, I am a du Casse, an aristocrat, if I say so myself! Better think it over, my dear! You will not get another chance like this!"



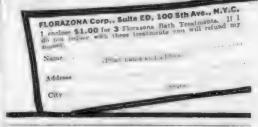
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I was grinding my teeth so that it is Just send name and address (a post card will do). Fay a wonder I had any teeth left, but I held in, waiting for Hilda's answer, and I am Paul Rieger & Co., (Since 1872) 153 First St., San Francisco



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"Aristocrat!" the said, scornful and right out loud, "You! Oh, for heaven's scornful and

"Can you." says this du Casse person.
"count your ancestors back as much as two, let alone four generations?

I peeked, and it was worth it, for Hilda was staring at him with her eyes wide and surprised. Then she saw me, and she laughed, and the laughter was hard, at first, but then it got to be deep and full, and I came in, grinning.

"You boor!" shouted du Casse. "Get

away from here! Can't you see — "Say." I said, gently, "are you forget-

"Say," I said, gently, "are you forget-ting that you told Uncle Dan that your interest was not serious? Are you for-getting your family, Mr. du Casse?" He stared at me, and then he put out

his hand and drew me a bit aside and said in a low tone:

"See here, my good man, that was only -er-so to say—the bait. When I leave, I should think you would have no trouble

in getting her to marry yeu—''

I jerked up my head, and I saw his eyes, and I saw Hilda just beyond, and then I grabbed him by the sack of the trousers and carried him in one hand to his out?

his auto.
"Get!" I said, and grabbed the front wheels and lifted the car around so that it was pointed back the road, "Get, you slab-sided, yellow-skinned, pop-eyed seacook!"

And he got.

Then I felt very tired, and a bit uncertain as to what I ought to do next, but I went back and sat down beside Hilda and we stared over the Bay for

"It-it's sort of pretty!" I said, after a time.

SHE didn't answer, and I couldn't think of anything more to say. But after a time she spoke.

'I heard what he whispered to you!'

she said, but her face did not change "I couldn't kill him!" I said. "He was so darn skinny and helpless. I guess he

doesn't know any better!"
"I guess that's right!" she said, and then she turned and looked at me. "Just between ourselves, Billy, when did your family begin—I mean, how far back?"

My neck got to be hot, and then my cheeks, and I looked hard at her, but she was not fooling, so I told her, serious-like:

"Just about the time yours did, Hilda. Back in the time of the English invasions under Edward. Your folks were with the Percies at that time. They came over the border later, and we've always got along since then. But, gosh, Hilda," I said, "did it ever seem strange to you that there hasn't been a marriage between our families for two hundred years? And they're so triendly!"

She looked at me, and I looked back at her, and all the fool notion about being careful and slow went-poof!-like that. Then she dropped her head, but in a

proud way, and when she answered, it had a bit of teasing in it.
"I guess—" she said—"I guess I had better take you, Billy! I may not get nother chance, you know, and I hear that aristocrats are hard to get now.

So we sat there for a time, and then I spiel :

"The Bay is pretty today,—dear!"
At last I looked at her, and her eyes met mine.

I wonder, sometimes, if my own face had the same proud, high passion; the ame deep affection that goes too deep ior, empty words.

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Joan

[continued from page 59]

my chair, a sickly smile on my dry lips.
The District Atterney paced back and forth A clerk's voice came to my cars in a dismal monotone. The gavel banged upon the desk. And the District Attorney swung about and began addressing the bench.
"If your Honor, please:
"I would call to your attention this morning the case of State vs. Daniel Case."On the day of July, 192—, the accused was found over to this court by the City Court of Soundview on a charge of murder in the first degree, growing out chair, a sickly smile on my dry lips

of murder in the first degree, growing out of the death of Mr. Judson Caston of L. Beverly Road, Soundview, Connecticut.

The facts disclose that on the of July, during the evening, Judson Caxton was driving his automobile through the streets of Soundview and in the course of his citive passed along the west side of Main Street, going in a north direc-tion. The map which is over there to Your Honor's right shows the location.

MR. CANTON, who was driving north along this street, evidently passed the Scarborough Hotel, passed the corner of Congress Street, and reached the intersection of High Street and Main Street. The electric lights were burning, in it was peaks

as it was night.
"When he reached the south side of High Street at the intersection of Main, a man approached from the sidewalk, a man approached from the sidewalk, raised the muzzle of a revolver, took careful aim, and fired a fatal shot. Mr. Caxton immediately lost control of the car he was driving, and it careened across the sidewalk, narrowly missing several pedestrians, and crashed into the plate glass window of a shop. Mr. Caxton was seen to crumple in his seat as soon as the shot was fired. He died in St. Vincent's Hostital without regaining consciousness. The murder was committed about 7:45 P. M. "The weight of the testimony indicates

that immediately upon firing the fatal shot, that immediately upon firing the tatal shot, the assassin turned westward into High Street and, running up the hill, disappeared. There were several eve witnesses to the shooting, and there were other witnesses who saw a man fleeing westward on High Street. None of these witnesses recognized the assassin. The weight of recognized the assassin. The weight of the testimony indicates, however, that the slayer was of more than average height, comparatively young in years, were a white shirt and a striped necktic and gray

"An autopsy was held, and disclosed that Mr. Caxton came to his death from a gunshot wound in the lobe of the left ear. passing in the rear through the cerebellum upward through the cerebrum and stopping on the right side.

on the right side.
"At the time of the shooting, three persons, to-wit Jane Orr, Hannah Cain, and Harry Boyd, were walking together on the south side of High Street. They heard the shot and shortly thereafter saw a man running up High Street toward them. He was running in the street, and, as he approached them, turned to the right

and went on to the north side
"Edmond Samuels, who came out of
St. John's Church at about 7 55 P. M., saw a man running across the junction of Congress and Harrison streets, who stumbled upon the curb and continued running south in a brea bless condition.

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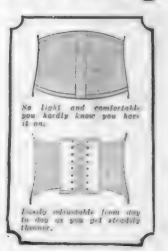
go, III.

"This was substantially the situation of the case up to the time of the arrest of the accused, Daniel Case.

"On July — along toward midnight, two detectives observed a man acting in a rather peculiar manner. They ultimately engaged this person in conversation and engaged this person in conversation and



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t k limit the pelice staten. There was mill upon his person a .32 caliber reliver. Four chambers of the revolver is loaded, and the other chamber was strictly empty. This person gave his name limit Case and said that he lived in Soundview, which was later corroborated

Till recused was dat tall questioned the pale station and made aned to a modern a station at the death of the station.

Linear certain of the witnesses heretory referred to acre call of most the power station, and some of them identified the accused as the person seen running a as from the scene of the crime.

At this point, another witness against the used, Sarah Manley, appears in the case. At the time of the shooting of bulae Caxton, Sarah Manley was a wait to in the line Restaurant in Soundview This restaurant is located at the northwest there of Main and Arch streets. The unider was committed on the southwest there of Main and High Streets. In other words, the Elite Restaurant was in the same block and only one block from the scene of the murder

When the arrest of Daniel Case for murder of Judson Caxton became known, she was heard, while in the Elite Restaurant, to say that she knew Case and that she thought he was guilty, as the had seen him pass the restaurant with before the murder, and that upon a previous occasion when he had been in the restaurant with a friend he had exhibited a revolver to her and said that he was going to kill somebody with it. A customer in the restaurant, overhearing her a theory was sent down to request her attended the police and an effect was sent down to request her attended the police and an effect was sent down to request her attended the police and an effect was sent down to request her attended the police and an effect was sent down to request her attended the saw pass the restaurant on the night in question.

Up to this time Daniel Case was subiected to questioning by various members the Soundview Police Department. There is no evidence that he was subjected any physical violence or any form of torture or inquisition commonly associated with what is known as "The Third Dewith what is known as "The Third Decree". He was, however, subjected to a relonged and vigorous interrogation, con nuing for hours at a time. This process was continued at intervals for about wenty-four hours during which Case mad -undry conflicting statements, finally adnutting that he had killed Judson Caxton on the night in question in the way described and that he had fled over the course which the escaping assassin was supposed This confession was reto have taken. duced to writing and signed by Daniel

"When asked where the fatal cartridge could be found, he informed the police that it could be found at a certain point below Soundview Beach. An examination if the place in question by the police resulted in the discovery of a discharged cartridge, which was assumed to be the me that was used in the killing of Judson Caxton.

"Thereafter, during the evening, he was taken in an automobile over the course of his flight, and it is said by the officers that he pointed out the course he had taken.

"Subsequently, the police department got n touch with Harvey Stone, an engineer n the ballistic department of the Savant Arms Company. Prior to that, he had had army experience and was an instructor in marksmanship and ordnance work. He was shown the revolver which had been taken from the person of the accused and the bullet which had been fired through the Case revolver. After making certain experiments he reached the conclusion that the fatal bullet had been fired through

the Case revolver no doubt about it. "A coroner's report was submitted on the — day of July, 19—. Summarizing the charge against Case, the coroner very logically divided it into ten points, which in substance are as follows:

"First—Case was seen by an acquain tauce. Sarah Manley, within a block of the place of the shorting from two to ten muntes before the shorting.

minutes before the shorting.
"Second -The slaver wore a white shirt, striped tie and gray trousers.

Third—The witnesses, Donald Hanson and Scewart Larma, saw a man, wearing a white shirt, a striped tie and gray trousers, shoot the deceased and run west ward up High Street

"Fourth—Jane Orr and Hannah Cain, eastbound on High Street, heard the fatal shot and saw the fleeing slayer cross High Street about one hundred feet west of Main Street, wearing gray trousers and a white shirt. Hannah Cain also noted the straged size.

"Fifth—Edmond Samuels saw a man, apparently exhausted, wearing gray trousers and a white shirt, running away ten minutes after the shooting, and observed him when he stubbed his toe at the curbing, but continued on.

"Sixth—The witnesses. Stewart Farman. Jane Orr, Hannah Cain, and Edmond Samuels, identified Case at police head-quarters as the person they had thus seen fleeing from the scene of the shooting.

"Seventh—Case made a statement in writing, admitting the crime.

"Eighth—Case, accompanied by members of the police department, went over the course of his flight and designated the various spots above referred to.

"Ninth—Case informed the police where the empty shell of the fatal bullet was placed by him. It was later found by the police.

"Tenth—The revolver found on Case was a .32 caliber of Spanish manufacture, and it was the gun from which the bullet found in the head of the deceased was discharged

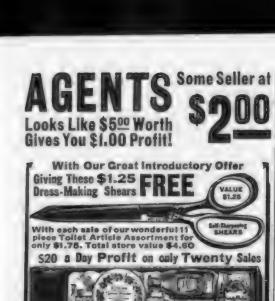
"The functions of the City Court and of the coroner having been discharged in due course, the matter naturally came under the jurisdiction of the State Attorney's office for action. The case against the accused is overwhelming. Upon the surface it seems like a perfect case, affording but very little difficulty in the matter of successful prosecution. In fact, if Your Honor please, it seemed like an 'annihilating' case. There did not seem to be a vestige of reason for suspecting for a moment that the accused was innocent. The evidence is described as '100 per cent perfect'!"

THE District Attorney stopped and poured a glass of water from a pitcher that stood on a table beside him. I watched him like a man entranced, and through my mind beat his words, "100 per cent perfect," over and over.

And there flashed through my mind what my own lawyers had said: that they would ask for a second degree verdict if necessary. And that would mean twenty years to rot and rust in jail. Twenty years . . . and Joan! A sob came in my throat, and my head went forward on my chest. I felt Dad's arm go about my shoulders. I brought my head up and caught the eyes of the judge, and in them I could see pity and contrition.

That was it! They were going to let me plead guilty now and ask for a sentence immediately.

Not so long as there was a God above would I rot in jail for twenty years! I determined to take my own life before



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Some Seller at the day was through. And Joan waiting for me!

The court-room was as still as death as the District Attorney began again, so still that its very silence seemed to bear down and smother me. His voice crackled forth in the silence like the bark of a gun, and I waited breathlessly.
"Despite these facts, however, there

were certain people who, without any particular assignable reason, felt that the accused was innocent and that he had been the victim of a most extraordinary combination of circumstances.

"My own view necessarily was that if the facts above stated were subject verification, the accused was undoubtedly guilty. But it goes without saying that it is just as important for the State Attorney to use the great power of his office to protect the innocent as it is to convict guilty.

"In the study of the case, I have not spared myself. I have interviewed personally every person of consequence who had anything to say for or against the accused. I have carefully studied the great mass of testimony which has been accumulated. I have made a careful scrutiny of all the exhibits. In addition to this, I have had the benefit of the advice of several reputable physicians and have studied the ballistic aspects of the case with gentlemen who are skilled in mat-ters of this kind. I have personally in-terrogated all of the key witnesses and have personally gone over the scene of the crime and the course of flight of the murderer. It has been a long, tedious and exacting experience, but I have reached certain definite conclusions which with Your Honor's permission, I shall now proceed to develop."

A S HE rested for a moment I found myself sitting on the edge of my chair, my hands gripping the arms so that my knuckles showed white. For in his voice I could detect a note that gave me hope.

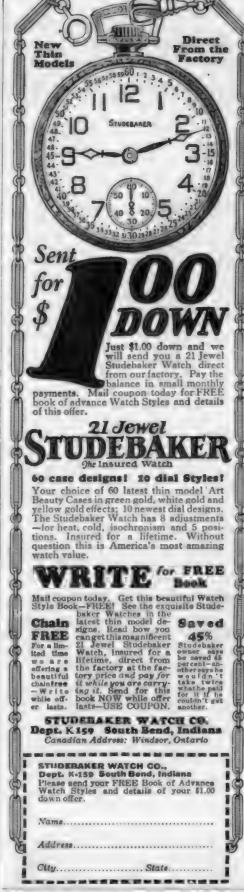
"On the — of July, when Daniel Case was bound over from the City Court Soundview, he was interrogated at length by my assistant. Also, he was examined by three physicians. They he united in a written report to the effect that on the day in question the accused was in a highly nervous condition, physically and mentally exhausted, and was incapable of making a dependable statement. These physicians also reported that three days later, after a physical and mental rest, the accused was competent to conter with a representative of the State Attorney's office and with his own counsel and with physicians. Up to that time it was their judgment that he was wholly incapable of rendering a coherent, dependable statement.

"When in this restored condition, he denied his guilt and reasserted his inno-cence and has maintained his innocence ever since. When asked why he had confessed, he said, in substance, that it was because he was so tired that he was willing to admit anything in order to get a rest and because everything was against

"After weighing the reports of the examining physicians, I think the conclusion is inevitable that the so-called confession is without value!"

Almost without taking a breath he went on:

"Now, if Your Honor please, perhaps at this point, and as illustrative of the manner in which 'appearances are demanner in which 'appearances are de-ceitful', I call attention to the ninth point in the coroner's summary. This point, Your Honor will recall, deals with the finding of the empty shell on the Soundview Beach by the police. After the



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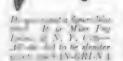
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police had found the supposed fatal cartridge, my assistant found another cartridge, also empty, at substantially the same location. It appears that the accused and his companion occasionally used the pistol in shooting practice and carelessly threw the empty shells wherever they chanced

"Thus we are forced to eliminate from the state's case the ninth point, so-called.

"We now turn to the testimony of Donald Hanson and Stewart Farman, referred to in the third point of the cor-oner's summary. Mr. Hanson is a man of undoubted probity. He witnessed the murder. He stood within six feet of the murderer—closer than any other eye-witness. He speaks of seeing a little fellow behind a big fellow. He did not, however, see the revolver in the hands of the slayer. In other words, the man of all others of undo bted character who stood nearest to the scene of the crime could not identify the slayer.

"THE other witness, Stewart Farman, stood within thirty feet when the murder was committed. He states that he did not get a good look at the face of the slayer. He further testifies that the assassin wore dark trousers, whereas practically all of the other witnesses say that the accused wore gray trousers. And, as a matter of fact, the trousers of the accused are neither gray nor dark. They are of a slightly greenish or olive tinge.

"Witness Farman also makes a rather remarkable and possibly significant statement. He says that he thinks the revolver was 'one of those black pistels', and adds that 'it did not shine'. I am quoting his exact words as he testified before the coroner. Now, it so happens that the Case pistol is nickel-plated, and under electric lights it is quite likely it would have

glittered.

"Let me now take up the fourth point in the coroner's summary. This point, Your Honor will recall, deals with the testimony of Jane Orr and Hannah Cain These two witnesses in the company of Mr. Harry Boyd were coming down High Street some considerable distance from the corner—about one hundred yards, to be exact. They saw a man running toward them in the center of the street. Jane Orr asserts that she was struck by the pallor of his face. When asked to identify the accused at the police station, she said she could not do so. She returned said she could not do so. the next day, however, saying that she 'worried about it' in the night, and identified him. In the meantime, however, Case had confessed. Even so, her testimony is of dubious value because she uses such phrases as this: 'I haven't much doubt about it'; 'He looks like the same man'; 'Yes, I am pretty sure it is the same person'.

"The witness, Hannah Cain, also re-fused to make an identification until after the confession. Mr. Harry Boyd, who was with these two ladies, is totally unable to identify the accused as the person then

"Therefore, it passes all credulity that witnesses, seeing a running person they had never seen before, for a fleeing moment, could in that dim light carry an impression which would enable them to identify that person several days thereafter. I have no hesitancy whatsoever in placing out of the case the identification of Jane Orr and Hannah Cain as set forth in the fourth point.

"And the same is true of the testimony of Edmond Samuels who identified the accused from a distance in a dim light. There is a tinge of imagination about his testimony that leads me to doubt its pro-bative force. I personally experimented



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at the corner in question, and I confess that I am shocked when I think that any person would, in a case of this character, assert a positive identification based upon such circumstances. I, therefore, have no hesitancy in saying that I could not upon

my conscience ask any trial jury to place credence in the fifth point of the case.

"Now, Your Honor, let me call attention to an incident which actually happened subsequent to the arrest of Case and while he was in jail. During this term of court, immediately following the murder, there has been a large attendance of persons apparently drawn there by the possibility that this case would come up for consideration. We formed a practice of looking into the crowd of spectators to see how many people who sat on the benches resembled Daniel Case. On one day, for instance, the sheriff picked out seven people, and another person, after a conference with the State Attorney, picked out eight people. Seven of the eight were that is, they picked the same identical, people all as resembling the accused!

Then another interesting thing happened. I saw in the court-room one day a man strikingly like the description of Daniel Case. We sent for him to come to the State Attorney's office. He was questioned as to his reason for being in court. He showed signs of extreme terror, distress and anxiety. He nearly fell to the floor and collapsed. He could not to the floor and collapsed. He could not give a reason, but finally admitted that he was there because of the Case trial, and exhibited symptoms which under ordinary circumstances, would cast grave suspicion upon him. Even down to his wearing apparel, he resembled Daniel Case. That actually happened and it shows how cases actually happened, and it shows how easy it is for similarities in appearance to be made the basis for a mistaken identifica-

"This brings us to the testimony of Sarah Manley, the first point in the coroner's summary. The presumption is coroner's summary. The presumption is that if she saw him pass the restaurant in which she worked she would recognize him because she saw him not as a stranger, but as a person she had previously known. She looked at the clock at 7:35 P. M. She remembers this because she had an appointment at eight o'clock. She glanced out the window as she walked toward the cash register and saw the accused walking by in a leisurely saw the accused walking by in a leisurely manner, going toward the direction of the crime.

"IT WILL be remembered that Sarah Manley said she saw the pistol in the hands of the accused and that he said that some day he would kill someone with it. However, she made no complaint to the police of this remark until after Daniel Case had been arrested. It will also be recalled, for what it is worth, that there was a substantial reward offered for any testimony that might lead to the conviction of the assassin, and I must say, in passing, that this particular witness, through an attorney, has made application for the reward.

"It is quite likely that the accused did show Sarah Manley the pistol in question. It is probable that he made the remark referred to, although Sarah Manley ad-mits that she thought he was joking at

the time.
"I have done a good deal of strolling about the streets of Soundview lately. therefore went to the Elite Restaurant. I placed myself as nearly as I could in the position that she must have occupied at the time. And I found very much to my surprise, that it is practically impossible to distinguish any person passing on the sidewalk because of the brightness erst Bidg., Chicago. of the light in the window and because



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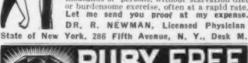
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mination to prosecute those who are

guilty.

"I feel that the State Attorney's office is entirely justified in the recommendation that has been made, and it is so ordered."

I heard the State Attorney say, "I thank Your Honor."

Then everything went black. When I regained my senses, I was lying on a couch in a little room off the court. Mother and Dad were beside me. Mother's tears ran down over my cheeks as she kissed my forehead and held me so close to her that it seemed I would suffocate. I managed to smile at them, and a doctor came in and gave me something in a glass of water that took the roaring out of my head. Then I said, looking straight into Mother's eyes, "I want to go to see Joan now, Mother."

And she looked back into my eyes and said, "You can go, Danny, right now."

They helped me out to Dad's car and, with Rolly driving, we whizzed through Soundview and out on Beverly Road, the cool winds whipping some color in my

When we drew up at Joan's driveway, Dad said gruffly, "You go in with him, Rolly."

We rang the bell and a maid came and looked at me in a startled way. Then she turned about and went running down the hall. And Rolly pushed open the door and we went into the library. He gave me a pat on the shoulder and said, "Guess you won't need me, old fellow," and went out just as the curtains parted and Joan,

my Joan, came in.

She stood framed in the doorway for a moment, her hands pressed against a bunch of red roses, her face gone white. I couldn't move; I couldn't speak. I just waited while she crossed the room and reached for me with arms that seemed to have the strength of terror.

After a minute she whispered, "My poor, poor Danny."

I tried to smile and say, "It doesn't matter, dear. Nothing matters now." But my voice broke in a sob, and she took me in her arms as though I were a tired little boy.

boy.
Then I said, "You will marry me now, won't you, Joan. He's gone and I'll never remember."

A ND she looked at me for a moment and said, "Oh, dearest, dearest, you didn't understand. He was my real father, but he and Mother-oh, don't you understand, Danny?"

In a moment I did understand, and joy surged through my heart such as I had never known before. I damned myself until Joan put her soft little hand over my

lips and quieted me.
"Do you want me now, Danny?" she

asked, her eyes looking into mine.
"More than I wanted my life, Joan," I told her. "Now—today, so that we can't lose a minute of all the rest of our lives

Just then Rolly put his head in. "Your mother wants to know if you're all right, Danny," he laughed.

"Get out of here and tell them we're going to be married this afternoon."

[THE END]

Have you seen page 14? Of course this offer may not apply to you, but you may know someone whom it will interest. Keep on the lookout and you'll find your



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